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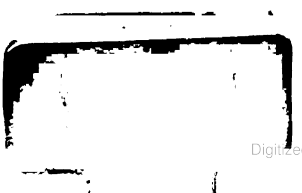

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THE

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVI. JANUARY, 1893. NO. 334.

LOUIS PASTEUR AND HIS LIFE-WORK.

AMONG the men of science whom it has been my good fortune to meet, no one more nearly approaches my ideal of the true savant than the eminent chemist and biologist, Louis Pasteur. And among the various institutions that I have visited, which are specially devoted to the prosecution of science, or are the outgrowth of scientific research, no one has ever possessed for me a greater interest than the famous *Institut Pasteur*, in Paris. This noble foundation, a monument to the genius of Pasteur, and a witness to the liberality, and the intelligent and humane spirit of the French government, is the best illustration, if any were now needed, of the value of experimental science, and of the practical results that accrue from the quiet and patient investigations that are being carried on in so many of our modern laboratories.

For the past forty years the name of Pasteur has been a household word throughout the civilized world. For ages to come his memory will be held in benediction, and France will point to him with pride as one of the most illustrious of her sons.

To give even a *résumé* of Pasteur's life-work would fill a large volume. The record of his achievements is the history of a great and important branch of science. He has opened up new avenues of knowledge, and has given an explanation of many facts and phenomena that had before been involved in obscurity and mystery. He has enlarged the domain of chemistry and biology, and has raised medicine from an empirical art to a veritable science. Columbus-like, he has discovered a new world—

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"The world of the infinitely little," as Pouchet was won call it—and demonstrated that it is this world that is the agent of all the changes that we witness in organized ma and that it is the prime, if not the sole, cause of all form disease.

Now that the eyes of the world are turned towards Pas as the one whose researches have promised a cure for dread visitant of Asia, the cholera, I am sure the reader THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be pleased to learn somethin the one who has been officially designated "the glory of Fra the benefactor of agriculture and of French industries"; of too, who is no less distinguished as a devoted Catholic tha an eminent scientist; of one who, while an ornament to sci as well as an honor to religion, glories more in being know a son of the Church of Rome than in being recognized as of the immortals of the Institute of France.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Louis Pasteur was born December 27, 1822, and hence soon have reached the allotted term of "three-score and years." He was an only child, and from his earliest years exhibited the germs of those talents that in after-life were render him so famous. His good and devoted parents, altho of humble means, determined to give him a good educati and to attain this end they spared no efforts and considered sacrifices too great. "We will," they proudly declared, "m him an educated man"; and how well the youth seconded th wishes is attested by his subsequent career.

At an early age he manifested a marked taste for chemis and physics, the pursuit of which soon became his controll passion. He loved to converse with those who could add his information on these subjects, and never felt happier th when in the company of those who had already won distincti in some of the departments of chemical or physical scien Scientific experiments always had a special charm for him, a he eagerly embraced every opportunity by which he could e tend his knowledge of Nature by laboratory work. While yet young man he evinced a talent for the art of experimentati that commanded the admiration of all who saw him, and whi eventually made him an adept without a peer.

Joined to his taste and talent for experimental work, and his dexterity and skill in the manipulation and designing of i struments, he seemed to be imbued in an eminent degree wi

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the spirit of the inductive philosophy. No one, indeed, has ever employed the inductive method of research more generally or more successfully than he. And the facility with which he could make inductions, even in the most puzzling cases, was marvellous even to those who knew best the genius of the man. But with all this he never lost sight of the natural limitations of the method that served his purposes so well. Unlike many scientists of our day, he never permits himself to use the method of induction where deduction alone should be paramount. When dealing with questions of philosophy or religion he employs the principles of Catholic theology and metaphysics, and not those of a system that is available only for sciences which are based on observation and experiment. Like his distinguished countrymen, Mersenne and Ampère, he seems to possess an intuitive knowledge of the best methods of questioning Nature and of drawing from her those secrets which she discloses only to the favored few. Like Faraday and Koenig, he is endowed with a mind fertile in resources, and a genius that is quick to devise apparatus and methods for proving or disproving a theory. No one can interpret more readily than he the language of experiment, or recognize more surely the principles which underlie the phenomena observed, or discover more readily the laws to which experiment leads.

HIS THEORY OF FERMENTATION.

Pasteur's first honors were won in the domain of molecular physics. In this branch of science, which he pursued in the celebrated École Normale at Paris, he was fortunate enough to offer a solution of some questions that had long baffled the ablest chemists and physicists of Europe. But scarcely was he fairly started in this line of work, for which he had a special inclination, when an incident occurred which changed completely the nature of his investigations. This was his appointment, at the early age of thirty-two years, as Dean of the Faculty of Science at Lille. Here he soon found himself engaged in the study of the then obscure subject of fermentation. Some experiments which he had made while at the École Normale led him to suspect that fermentation was in some, if not in all cases, due to the action of certain microscopic organisms. He was not long in proving the truth of his assumption, and in opening up that new world of "the infinitely little" whose discovery has made Pasteur so famous and rendered him such a benefactor of his race. One experiment suggested another, and

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a number of the most brilliant and far-reaching discoveries lowed in rapid succession. According to the old theory, w the great German chemist, Justus von Liebig, revived, ferme tion was only a form of oxidation, and could take place in contact with air. The illustrious chemists, Berzelius and scherlich, gave a different explanation of the phenomenon. cording to their view, a ferment was endowed with a very m terious force, to which they gave the name *catalytic*, wh brought about the decomposition of fermentable matter by mere presence, or by simple contact.

Pasteur was not slow in demolishing Liebig's theory, by monstrating that fermentable matter never ferments when in c tact with perfectly pure air or oxygen. More than this, proved, in the most conclusive manner, that in many cases and oxygen not only impede but are absolutely fatal to mentation. He demonstrated the falsity of the theory of B zelius and Mitscherlich by showing that fermentation, far fr being the result of some mysterious catalytic force, was in rea only a phenomenon of nutrition. He showed that what h previously been regarded as a ferment, was only matter capa of being fermented; that the real ferment was, in every ca a minute microscopic organism that had hitherto eluded det tion.

Observations made by Leuwenhoek, Cagniard-Latour, a Schwann on the nature and action of yeast seemed to point a possible connection between the phenomena of fermentati and living organisms, but these observations, important as th were, remained barren of results until the subject was tak up anew by Pasteur. Touched by his magic wand, one ferm shed light on the nature and habits of another. Indeed the fi successful experiment made by the eminent biologist regardi the cause of fermentation was to him an open sesame wh disclosed a new order of life whose existence until then had n even been suspected.

He not only discovered that fermentation was due in cases to microscopic organisms, but that different fermental bodies are acted upon by different ferments. Thus, the ferm of milk is different from that of butter, while that of beer different from that of wine. Milk curdles, butter becomes ranc beer deteriorates, wine sours, not because of oxidation by t air, as Liebig and others imagined, and still less because some mysterious catalytic force as others conjectured, but b cause they are acted upon by countless microscopic organisn

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which find in these various substances their proper aliment. What serves as good for one ferment will not afford nourishment to another. In this respect these lowest forms of life are as different from one another—probably more so—than are forms of life which are much higher in the scale of animated nature.

From the phenomena of fermentation to those of putrefaction and slow combustion was but a step. The clear vision of Pasteur saw at a glance that the difference between these various phenomena was nominal rather than real. The putrefaction of flesh and blood, the rotting of wood and leaves, the decay of all forms of animal and vegetable matter were only modifications of the same process that obtains in fermentation. Owing to the presence of sulphur and phosphorus in animal matter—elements that are not found in vegetable tissues—the fermentation of animal compounds is attended with the evolution of certain foul-smelling gases that are never found among the products of vegetable decomposition.

In all these cases the agents of change and destruction are microscopic animalculæ of various species and forms, sometimes little round cells, at others minute rods of varying length, in one case straight and in another curved or spiral-shaped. They attack dead matter internally and externally, and multiply at a rate that the imagination fails to grasp.

These little cells and rods vary in diameter from the one-twenty-fifth to the one-fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter. But if thus infinitesimal in size, they, under suitable conditions, soon become almost infinite in number. One of these microbes, it has been computed, will in a single day give rise to no less than twenty millions of similar organisms, each of which is capable of producing other microbes at a similar prodigious rate.

Early in the course of his investigations Pasteur discovered that the micro-organisms which are the causes of fermentation, putrefaction, and slow combustion might be divided into two distinct classes. Some required a supply of air or oxygen in order to live. These he called *aërobia*. Others, he found, could exist without oxygen. To some, even, air is fatal. These he named *anaërobia*. In some cases of fermentation only aërobic microbes occur, while in others anaërobic organisms alone are present. In still other cases both *aërobia* and *anaërobia* are at work, the former on the surface of the decaying body, the latter in the interior away from contact with the atmosphere. These investigations and discoveries threw a flood of light on a number of phenomena which many men of science had essayed to

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explain, but in vain. Their first announcement in the Fr Academy, of which Pasteur at an early age had been elect member, came as a revelation, and opened up a vista the ex of which even now, after so much has been accomplished, not be fully realized. To Pasteur himself each new disco served as a powerful search-light that illumined the broad unknown field before him—a field which he had determine explore; with what success the whole world now knows.

HIS STUDIES IN MICROBIAN LIFE.

Forms of life that were unknown before Pasteur be his researches were now found to exist everywhere and countless numbers. The atmosphere is so filled with th that only by special precautions can air be obtained tha absolutely free from them. Every object that meets gaze swarms with them. Smaller even than the invisible mo in the sunbeam, they can be seen only under the higher pow of the microscope, and then frequently only as simple, structu less cells. And yet they are endowed with a vitality and a pacity of changing and destroying the higher forms of orga matter that excites our astonishment more in proportion as study them more closely. They are the veritable masters of world. They preside over the work of death, and return to atmosphere all that which has been endowed with life, whet animal or vegetable.

After having demonstrated the ubiquitous character of th micro-organisms, and shown what powerful agents they are the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, Pasteur fou himself the possessor of the key to the solution of a number problems of the highest practical importance. Among these w problems regarding the manufacture of vinegar, wine, and be

From time immemorial manufacturers of these staple artic of commerce had experienced numberless difficulties not only their manufacture, but still more in their preservation. All so of theories were advanced to explain the difficulties encounter Some thought that the real cause of the trouble was to be soug in the oxygen of the air. Others imagined that the vario constituents of these liquids have a tendency to react on ea other, and that the character of the product is determined b the nature of this molecular agitation. Pasteur, however, d monstrated, by a series of experiments that were as brilliant they were decisive, that all these views were radically wron All the changes observed, he showed, were due to certain *livi*

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ferments which filled the air, and swarmed on the surfaces of the casks in which the liquids were contained, or existed in myriads in the liquids themselves. In this wise he explained the turbidity and impoverishment of vinegar, the acidity and bitterness of wine, and the sourness and putridity of beer.

Pasteur, however, was not content with directing attention to the causes of the change, but continued his researches until he was able to indicate how such deleterious alterations might be prevented. Naturally, the first thing to do was to destroy the active agents of fermentation, the little microscopic organisms that cause the deterioration of wine and beer. And this he did by a method that was as simple as it was scientific. He soon found that a temperature of about 140° F. was fatal to the life of the microbes that infested beer and wine. Nothing then was easier than to raise these fluids to this temperature and thus destroy all the organisms and germs of organisms that might exist therein. By this short and simple process both wine and beer are rendered proof against fermentation, and can be transported from place to place, and in any climate, without danger of deterioration. This process of preserving wine and beer is extensively employed in both Europe and America, and has already been the means of enabling the manufacturers of these articles to guard against the very heavy losses which they formerly sustained. As applied to beer, the process, in honor of its discoverer, is known as *Pasteurization*, and the beer itself is called *Pasteurized* beer.

HE REFUTES THE THEORY OF SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

While engaged in his investigations of the nature of fermentation Pasteur was suddenly confronted with a problem that had occupied the mind of philosophers since the time of Aristotle, viz., that of spontaneous generation. For centuries it had been taught that many, if not all, of the lower forms of life—especially animal parasites—come into the world spontaneously; that is, that they do not proceed from pre-existing germs, and have not parents like themselves. The distinguished Italian scientist and ecclesiastic, Abbate Spallanzani, the naturalist Redi, and Malpighi, physician to Pope Innocent XII., were the first to show that the alleged cases of spontaneous generation have no foundation in fact. It was, however, reserved for Pasteur to give the death-blow to a theory that had obtained for nearly three thousand years, and to demonstrate, by the most rigorous and precise experiments, that in the lowest and simplest of mi-

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croscopic organisms, as well as in the higher forms of life, e
living thing springs from some pre-existing germ and has,
must have, a parent like itself.

At the termination of his researches, which were characte
throughout by logical acumen and consummate skill, Pasteu
nounced in the Sorbonne, with all the positiveness of one wh
certain of what he declares, that "there is not one circumst
known at the present day which justifies the assertion that
croscopic organisms come into the world without germs, or
ents like themselves. Those who maintain the contrary h
been the dupes of illusions and of ill-conducted experime
tainted with errors which they know not how either to perc
or avoid. Spontaneous generation is a chimera."

The controversy about spontaneous generation consequent
Pasteur's experiments excited the keenest interest throughout
scientific world. The atheistic school of science ranged th
selves against Pasteur in a solid phalanx, because they foresa
the disproof of spontaneous generation a scientific demons
tion of the falsity of their theories regarding the nature and
gin of life.

Atheists and materialists, like Haeckel, Vogt, and Büchner, h
boldly denied the existence of a Creator on the ground t
such a belief was unscientific. Starting with the assumption t
matter and force are eternal, they proclaimed that all the p
nomena of the universe could be explained by the interaction
known physical forces, and by the action of these forces on m
ter. Under the influence of magnetism or electricity, or bo
brute matter, they contended, would give rise to the lower for
of animal and vegetable life. These primitive organisms on
formed would, in virtue of inherent forces, and under the inf
ence of a proper environment, in time develop into higher for
of life. The conclusion they drew from such reasoning was th
God is unnecessary, and that, therefore, he does not exist. T
such scientists Pasteur's demonstration that spontaneous gene
tion is a chimera was an *argumentum ad hominem*, that, on the
own principles, was simply unanswerable. So much is this t
case that no scientist deserving the name ever speaks of spont
neous generation except as an exploded theory, a theory th
was long lived, it is true, but which is now dead and beyon
any possibility of resuscitation.

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HE FINDS A REMEDY FOR THE SILK-WORM EPIDEMIC.

While engaged in his researches on fermentation and spontaneous generation, Pasteur was urged by his friend J. B. Dumas to examine into the nature and cause of the silk-worm epidemic that was then rife in the south of France, and which threatened soon to destroy one of the most important industries of southern Europe unless a means could speedily be found for staying the plague and preventing further ravages.

Until this time Pasteur had never handled a silk-worm. He could not, however, resist the appeal made to come to the relief of his suffering countrymen, and although the work he was called upon to do threatened to withdraw him indefinitely from the researches in which he had met with such signal success and which promised him still greater triumphs, he determined thoroughly to investigate the silk-worm disease and not relinquish the self-imposed task until he should bring it to a successful issue. His researches on fermentation and spontaneous generation had prepared him for the work, and he was better qualified for such an undertaking than any man living. From the outset he was led to believe that the real cause of the trouble would be found in certain micro-organisms similar to those which occasioned the maladies of vinegar, beer, and wine. Nor was he long in demonstrating the truth of his assumption. Pursuing the same methods that had led to such happy results on former occasions, he was soon able to show that the plague was due to certain corpuscles and microbes with which the silk-worms were infected.

Having discovered the cause of the evil, the next step was to provide a remedy. This also he was able to do, but only after countless experiments and the most arduous and protracted labor. So incessant, indeed, was the toil, and so numerous were the difficulties that beset his path, not to speak of the criticisms and opposition which his investigations provoked, that his system yielded to the pressure and for a time his life was despaired of. In 1868, three years after he had entered upon the study of the epidemic, he was stricken with paralysis of one side, from which he still suffers. Two years subsequently, however, he brought his researches to a close, and had the gratification of seeing his method of preventing the plague in successful operation in all the great centres of silk-husbandry, and of feeling that he had rescued from what seemed to be certain destruction one of the favorite and most profitable industries of his native country. His discoveries saved thousands of people from penury and starva-

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tion, and secured to the treasury of the nation an annual rev of millions of dollars that would otherwise have been dissip perhaps for ever. As a mark of appreciation of his work N leon nominated Pasteur a senator, and learned societies of ferent nations hastened to show him that honor which admirable achievements had won for him. But Pasteur's g est reward was the general outburst of gratitude of the t sands of the laboring poor whom the pest was on the verg depriving of employment, and, with it, of home and the m of subsistence.

Having so completely triumphed over the silk-worm epide Pasteur next directed his attention to the study of infect diseases in man and the higher animals. From the time he gan the study of microbian life, each of his researches see to be the stepping-stone to that which followed, and to corr rate the theory that he was the first to promulgate regar the nature of fermentation and virulent disease. He be everywhere those "infinitely little" forms of life—which to were infinitely great. He knew, too, that these were in cases the offspring of antecedent life, and hence he was abl conduct his experiments and guide his researches with a cl ness of vision and with a certainty of induction that other would have been quite impossible. He took nothing for gran He proved or disproved every proposition as it was presente him, and always cleared the way of all obstacles before atten ing an advance. His logical, perspicacious mind would not p mit him to pursue a different course. Past experience had sho him that this was essential to success, and the rigid induct method by which he had achieved such marvellous results h become so engrained in his mind that working in strict acc dance with it had become to him a second nature.

HE FINDS A REMEDY FOR SPLENIC FEVER.

Previous to the investigations of Pasteur a theory had c tained among certain naturalists and physicians that contagio diseases might be due to animalculæ and microscopic parasit but no definite information had been obtained on the subje And then, too, doctors and chemists were slow to accept a theo that was so diametrically opposed to that sanctioned by the nam and fame of Liebig. According to the illustrious German che ist and his school, vital action had nothing to do with the gen sis of disease. The contagia of disease were not, according t them, living things, as we now know them to be, but were rath

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the results of certain molecular changes, entirely chemical in their nature, which communicated themselves to different portions of the living subject. According to this view diseases, especially those of a communicable character, were engendered by certain viruses, morbific influences, pandemic waves, atmospheric invasions, pythogenic media, and other equally mysterious agencies, all of which were entirely independent of any definite living organisms.

The first of the infectious diseases to engage the attention of Pasteur was the terrible malady known as splenic fever. From time immemorial this devastating plague has created greater havoc among domestic animals than any other cause. In France alone, in certain years, the losses amounted to from fifteen to twenty millions of francs. In other parts of both the Old and the New Worlds equally formidable losses are occasioned by the pest. Man, too, as well as his flocks and herds, was subject to the disease, and large was the tribute of human victims annually demanded by the fell disorder.

Not long after commencing his researches, Pasteur was able to show that the cause, and the sole cause, of the malady in question was a peculiar form of microbe known as a bacillus or bacterium. Having discovered the cause of the disorder, he set about with characteristic determination to find a counteractive. The work was long and difficult, and not without danger. But great as were the difficulties encountered they succumbed perforce to the genius and perseverance of the experimenter.

Pasteur was successful in finding not only the object of his quest, but had at the same time the good fortune to make a discovery which was as important and as far-reaching for pathology as was that of gravitation for astronomy. It was no less than an extension of Jenner's great discovery of vaccination.

After long and toilsome vigils, and a series of experiments whose number and ingenuity fill one with admiration and awe, Pasteur found that he could attenuate the virus of splenic fever to any degree of potency, and that such virus could be employed to inoculate against the disease itself. When he first announced his great discovery in the Academy of Sciences it was received with loud applause, but so extraordinary was it deemed that there were few who did not consider it too good to be true. Every one saw that the discovery, if real, meant a complete revolution in the theory and practice of medicine and surgery. If the virus of splenic fever could be attenuated and the disease could be prevented by inoculation, was it not reason-

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able to suppose that the same processes would yield simila sults in the case of all infectious diseases? As for Pasteur self, so thoroughly had he studied the nature and habits of m scopic parasites, and so thoroughly had he mastered the a ogy of contagious diseases, that he was convinced that hi coveries in connection with splenic fever would eventually a of universal application. Subsequent experiments and inve tions by himself and others have fully realized his most sang expectations and furnished to the world another and strikin stance of the remarkable clearness and compass of his viev an interpreter of Nature and Nature's laws.

GERM THEORY OF DISEASE.

Since Pasteur commenced his researches on fermentation putrefaction, the trend and goal of medical and surgical sci have been in the direction indicated by the germ theory of ease, as contradistinguished from the misleading and unfru theory of Liebig and his followers. As a consequence the res obtained have been as marvellous as the germ theory is com hensive.

No sooner was Pasteur's great discovery made public than was called upon to give a demonstration on a large scale of efficacy of his method of treatment. And so successful were experiments, that all doubts as to the truth of his predicti were at once dispelled. Even those who had been most sce cal united in admitting the conclusiveness of the demonstrat which had been given, and in proclaiming that Pasteur's covery marked the beginning of a new era in the annals of v erinary science, as well as a grand step forward in econor stock-raising. The vaccination of sheep, horses, and cattle so became general, and was everywhere resorted to as a sure p ventive against the malady that for centuries had so decimat the flocks and herds of Europe and the Orient, not to spe of the ravages it had caused in the New World, especially parts of South America.

But Pasteur's researches, important as they were in conservi and promoting some of the most important of the world's indu tries, were of still more value when applied to the treatment of h man diseases, which annually claim so many thousands of victim Not to speak of splenic fever, to which allusion has alread been made, of septicemia and other equally grave maladies, will suffice here to instance the antiseptic method of surger introduced by the celebrated Lister, which is almost universall

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employed and which has been productive of such beneficial results.

Previous to the introduction of the system of this famous surgeon the mortality in hospitals consequent on wounds and surgical operations was frightful. Acting in accordance with principles based on Pasteur's discoveries, Lister was able to reduce the percentage of deaths to a small fraction of what it had previously been. In a letter addressed to Pasteur the eminent English surgeon writes: "Allow me to take this opportunity of sending you my most cordial thanks for having, by your brilliant researches, demonstrated to me the truth of the germ theory of putrefaction, thus giving me the only principle which could lead to a happy end the antiseptic system."

In Listerism, as in Pasteurism, the practitioner or operator is not left in the dark as to the agencies he is combating. He is not fighting against some problematic virus, or some mysterious influence, but against a visible, tangible entity. The problem before him is to remove or destroy certain parasitic organisms, whose habits and life-history have been carefully studied and are thoroughly understood. Knowledge takes the place of theory, and certainty supersedes speculation and processes which were at best only tentative.

Pasteur's researches on splenic fever, septicemia, fowl and swine cholera, and his discovery of vaccines, together with a method of attenuating the most virulent viruses for combating these maladies, paved the way for still greater undertakings and for more brilliant conquests.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Encouraged by the results he had already realized, and confident of the general applicability of his discoveries, he next proceeded to investigate that formidable malady which had hitherto baffled all attempts to arrest it by therapeutical agents. For generations rabies, or hydrophobia, had claimed annually a large number of victims, especially in France and Russia. When fully developed it was regarded as being as incurable as the leprosy, while the intense sufferings which characterized the disorder were such as to make it the most dreaded of bodily afflictions.

For several long years Pasteur, with a corps of devoted and enthusiastic assistants, labored at the problem with all the zeal and energy so characteristic of his nature. Thousands of experiments were made and recorded, tens of thousands of observa-

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tions were compared and classified, and all with the most pulous care and exactitude. Finally he was rewarded by fi himself able successfully to inoculate dogs against the mo ulent forms of the disease. Just at this stage of his inve tions he was visited, July 6, 1886, by two persons from A who had been bitten by mad dogs. One of these was J Meister, a lad nine years of age, who had received no fewer fourteen wounds, and whose death seemed inevitable. consulting with some of his associates, and not without anxiety as to the outcome, Pasteur determined to try o hapless young victim the method of inoculation that had yi such promising results in the laboratory. He awaited the of his treatment with the greatest solicitude, until after the of some weeks he was assured that the patient was out of ger, and that he himself had achieved a glorious victory the most terrible malady with which humanity can be affli

It may interest my readers to know that young Meist bright youth of sixteen, is now connected with the *In Pasteur*. He accompanied me through the laboratories and out-buildings in which are kept the scores of dogs, rab guinea-pigs, pigeons, etc., which after inoculation supply virus used in the operating-room, or which are required for experiments that are here being conducted by physicians an ologists from all parts of Europe and America. The highest a tion of young Joseph is to become a doctor, and to spend life in the *Institut Pasteur*. It is needless to say that he has unbounded admiration for the one who snatched him from jaws of the most frightful of deaths. "I think," said the boy me, "that Pasteur is the greatest man that has ever lived."

In a short time a magnificent structure, the *Institut Past* was erected to serve the double purpose of laboratory and h pital, and here for a time might be seen patients from all p of Europe. But so pronounced was the success of the r treatment that similar institutions were called for and establis elsewhere. Now there are upwards of twenty of them in dif ent parts of the Old and New Worlds.

From the very great mortality which formerly characteri the malady, the percentage of deaths has been reduced to a sm fraction of one per cent. Hence it will be seen that the meth is well-nigh perfect, and success in any given case, if taken time, is almost certain.

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THE CHOLERA.

For some years past "the great savant of France," as his countrymen love to call him, has been devoting special attention to that dread scourge of Asia—the cholera. Will he be as successful this time as he has been in his previous undertakings? As to myself, I have no doubt about the result. Armed with the accumulated knowledge and experience of nearly half a century, endowed with a genius for experimentation such as no other man probably ever possessed in such an eminent degree, and provided with all the appliances that ingenuity can devise or that the most liberal institution can supply, we need entertain no doubts as to the outcome of the experiments that are now being conducted at the *Institut Pasteur*. Even at this writing there is reason to believe that Pasteur has arrived at a solution of the problem on which he has been so long laboring. But he is so cautious and conservative that he never makes an announcement until he has studied every phase of the case, and made allowance for all contingencies. When he does finally announce a cure for cholera, we may have the same confidence in its efficacy as every one now has in his treatment of the other virulent diseases over which he has so signally triumphed.

In the researches with which he is now occupied Pasteur is not groping in the dark, or dealing with some occult power that eludes his observation. On the contrary, the enemy he has to combat is as real and tangible as a corps of Prussian soldiers. He is fully acquainted with its nature and strength, and with its methods of advance and attack. The problem now before him is not the location of the foe—for he has it always under his eyes—but to devise some means of staying the progress of the invader, or, if possible, of destroying it by turning it against itself, by the same system of inoculation that has worked so admirably in the case of splenic fever and hydrophobia.

Until, by observation and experiment, he has made himself sure of the ground on which he stands, Pasteur is the most diffident of men. But once he has experiment to back him up, he fights with a boldness and an impetuosity that to an onlooker savors of rashness. But he is not rash. He is the most prudent and conservative of scientists. He is bold because he is certain that he is right. Woe betide the unfortunate adversary that falls into his terrible hands! for, as a member of the Academy of Science once said to a member of the Academy of

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Medicine, who spoke of scientifically strangling the illu
biologist, "Pasteur is never mistaken."

To few men has it been vouchsafed, as to Pasteur, to v
the beneficent results of their labors and discoveries. N
has encountered more opposition than he; no man has
more and fiercer battles; no man has won so many vic
He has now the satisfaction of seeing his theories almo
versally accepted; of knowing that his principles are
where triumphant, and that his discoveries have been
mental in effecting untold good for the amelioration of th
dition of suffering humanity.

Honors have been showered upon him by his own a
foreign countries, and throughout the civilized world he is
ently spoken of as one of the greatest benefactors of his

In 1862 he was elected a member of the French Acade
which he has ever since been one of the most indefatigabl
successful workers, as well as the most distinguished repre
tive. The French government has granted him a pensi
20,000 francs "in consideration of his services to science
industry"—a form of recognition that has but few if any
cedents in France, but something that was more than me
In 1868 he was awarded a prize of 10,000 florins by the
cultural Minister of Austria for his researches on the disea
silk-worms. Five years later the *Société d'Encouragement* awa
him a prize of 12,000 francs for his studies on fermentation,
for the remedy discovered by him for the silk-worm disease.

A recent writer, in referring to Pasteur, speaks of him as
"whose researches have yielded so much material profit that
thinks of him as of the orange-tree standing in all the glor
blossom and fruit at the same time." With truth, therefore,
Professor Huxley declared that "Pasteur's discoveries suffic
themselves, to cover the war indemnity of five milliards of fr
paid by France to Germany."

This is a great deal to say of the work of one man, bu
any one acquainted with the marvellous achievements of the
tinguished Frenchman it will not appear as an exaggerat
But extraordinary as is the work that has already been acc
plished much yet remains for future observers and experim
ers. Pasteur himself acknowledges that his discoveries are
the beginning of the grand triumphs which the future shall
ness. "You will see," he frequently remarks, "how it will
grow by and by. Would that my time were longer!"

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HIS WRITINGS.

For the past third of a century Pasteur has been a prolific writer. Besides his communications to the French Academy and numerous contributions to scientific journals, he has written several works on fermentation and on the maladies of wine, beer, vinegar, and the silk-worm, which since their publication have been the acknowledged standards on the subjects of which they treat. He has a clear, trenchant style, and in all his productions shows himself a consummate master of the art of exposition. Some of the addresses he has delivered before the Academy are models of chaste and polished diction, and exhibit a *verve* that betokens a highly cultivated imagination as well as true poetic instinct. They are especially remarkable for the manner in which he champions the cause of revealed truth, of which he has on all occasions shown himself an ardent and intrepid defender.

In his discourse pronounced on the occasion of his reception into the French Academy he referred to the teachings of faith as an instrument of progress and as a safeguard for the man of science, and declared that if we were deprived of the conceptions due to these teachings "science would lose that grandeur which it possesses in virtue of its secret relations with the divine verities." On another occasion, two decades later, when delivering the eulogy on M. Littré, one of his *confrères* in the Academy, the old man eloquent tells his associates of the *Institut* that "the conception of the infinite in creation is everywhere irresistibly manifest. It places the supernatural in every human heart. The idea of God is a form of the idea of the infinite."

HIS RELIGION.

Not only has Pasteur on all occasions the courage of his convictions, but he puts in practice the faith he so openly and courageously professes. I have said that he is prouder of being a Catholic than of being an Academician. This is characteristic of the man. Worldly honors are to him but ineffective baubles and hollow gewgaws, except in so far as they are an evidence of what he has achieved for the betterment of the condition of his fellow-men.

Of a charitable and generous nature, he is ever ready to extend a helping hand to the poor and the afflicted. Shortly before my last visit to the *Institut Pasteur* one of our brothers brought to him a boy that had just been bitten by a rabid dog.

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The brother explained to M. Pasteur that the parents of t
were in very straitened circumstances, and would not b
to pay much for the treatment of their son, or for his n
nance at the hospital. "Leave that to me, please, *mon fr*
shall provide for the boy myself and see that he receives
attention. Call for him ten days hence, and he will be we
out of danger." Ten days later the lad was returned to his
joyed parents—and without a centime of expense to th
sound and whole. It was difficult to tell to whom this
action brought the greater happiness: the parents, whos
had been rescued from an imminent and frightful death, o
teur, who had given the patient a new lease of life wher
for his skill there was little or no hope for its conserv
But this is only one of the many instances of his liberality
kindly disposition. He is always in a quiet and unobserved
performing just such noble actions, and there is not, I ve
to assert, a single person in the whole of Paris to whom
poor and unfortunate can appeal with greater assurance of
fort and relief.

Notwithstanding his long experience in the laboratory
his familiarity with every phase of brute and human suffe
Pasteur still retains a nature as gentle and a heart as tende
a woman's. While talking with him one day in the *Institut*
teur, in a hallway adjoining the operating room, we prese
heard the smothered cry of a child who was being inocul
against rabies. Pasteur started with an expression of deep
guish. "Come away," he said, "where we cannot hear t
cries of pain. I am neither a physician nor a surgeon, a
cannot bear such sounds of distress."

Contrary to what is generally supposed, Pasteur does
operate on any of the thousands of patients who annually fl
to his laboratory. He delegates the work of inoculation t
staff of trained surgeons, who prepare and administer the prop
lactic virus under his immediate supervision. I have never s
him in the operating room, and he studiously avoids it un
called there by stern duty, which he never shirks. He can
endure any exhibition of human suffering, and he is as little
ured to it to-day as he was when he began his researches
the ætiology of virulent disease.

THE RESULTS OF HIS LIFE-WORK.

It is difficult to appreciate the magnitude and importance
Pasteur's life-work, or to over-estimate the extent to which ma

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kind is his debtor. Like Copernicus and Galileo, Kepler and Newton, he has cleared away difficulties that before him were insuperable barriers to progress, and has demonstrated the existence of law and order where previously all was thought to be chance and chaos.

Alexander is called great because he worsted in battle the barbarous hordes of the East. Cæsar is awarded the laurel crown of victory for his conquests in Germany and Gaul. Napoleon is honored with triumphal arches, and saluted as the world's greatest chieftain, because he was able to vanquish the combined armies of Europe. In Pasteur we have one who, in the seclusion of his laboratory—without noise and without bloodshed—has proved himself a greater conqueror than either Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon. In him we honor the hero who has triumphed over the plague that for centuries had demanded such formidable tributes from all the nations of the earth. To him suffering humanity is indebted for illumining with the search-light of his genius a world—the world of the infinitely little, the world of microscopic parasites—that, prior to his time, had been shrouded in more than Cimmerian darkness. Chemists and biologists, physicians and surgeons, have to thank him for transporting them across a gulf seemingly more impassable than Serbonian Bog, and putting them in a position to cope with an enemy which had hitherto occupied a coign of vantage from which it could not be dislodged. Hence, so long as disease shall continue to claim its victims, and so long as suffering may be assuaged; so long as men shall esteem worth and merit, and so long as gratitude shall find a place in their hearts, so long also will the world applaud the achievements and be moved by the example of that illustrious votary of science, and that loyal son of the church, Louis Pasteur.

J. A. ZAHM, C.S.C.

Notre Dame University, Indiana.

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BISHOP FLAGET, FOUNDER OF NAZARETH.

A FAMOUS CONVENT-SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.

VERY often, to the contemplative, subjective so there comes a pause in the whirl of life when ask ourselves why this toil, this strife, this eff so often fruitless? Our puny blows leave su little impress on this great world about us; in year, a decade, a century, our very names will have disappeare Such is the annihilation when we work for earthly ends wi earthly means.

But when we "build the more stately mansions, O my sou as the swift seasons roll"; when we build not of bricks, but character; not of matter, but of mind, the obliterating wave stayed in its progress, and the work endures.

Thus, when we consider the work accomplished by thes grand educational institutions throughout our land, that buil

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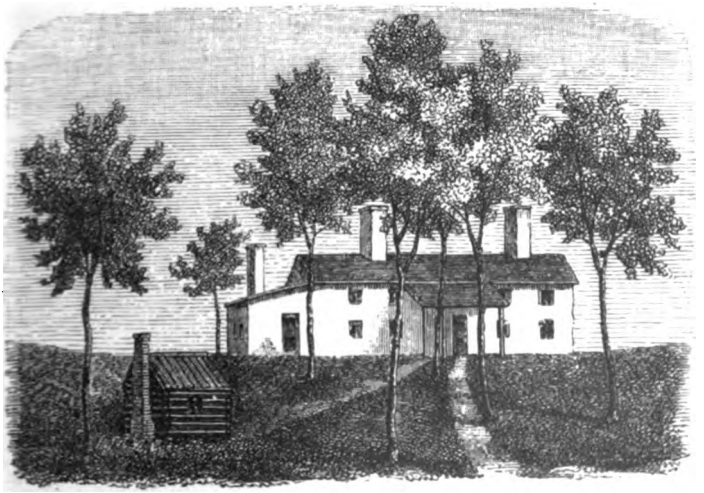
Mother Frances Gardiner.

Mother Spalding.

Mother Columba.

not for time but for eternity, we cease to ask the listless question, "Cui bono?" and by a higher transposition render it, "There is good here." This work has not been ineffectual. Not unto



Nazareth as it Was in 1822.

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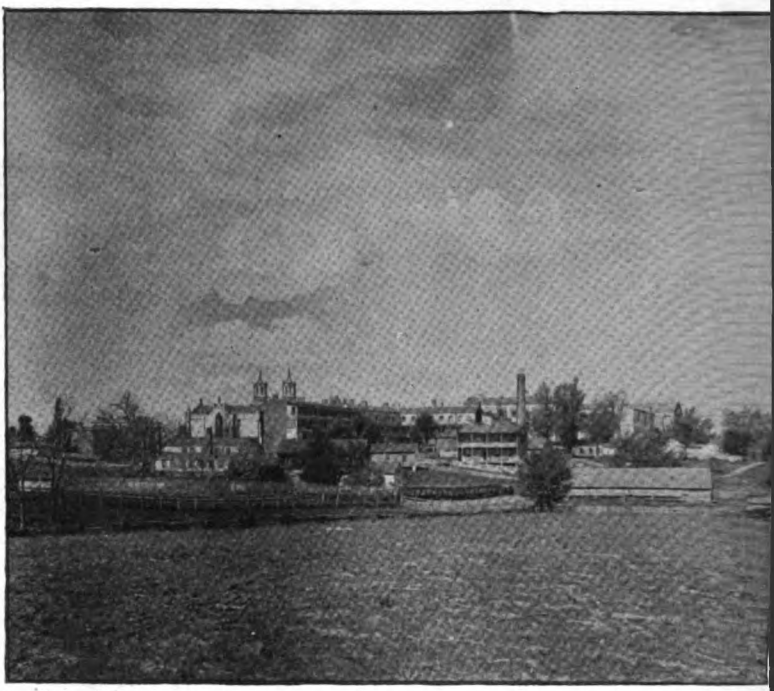
the present generation alone, but through the white chan souls far out beyond to lives yet unborn, the pure, strong ence of a good Christian education finds its way. It is o of these strongholds of our faith of which I write. As the of many fall on these pages memory flies back along the rowing lane of years, and sees again the crowned height jus yond Bardstown, Kentucky, where stands the old, well-fou



East View of the Convent.

school, the house bearing with its name the aroma of sanctity Nazareth.

Long, long ago, while yet this world was young, a scoff said: "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Yet from th despised hamlet came the Light of the World. "He came un his own, and his own received him not. But as many as r ceived him, to them he gave power to be made the sons God."

It was one of these sons of God, the saintly Bishop Flage who founded the organization known as "The Sisters of Charit of Nazareth." This holy man, of whom Henry Clay said, "H is the best representative of royalty off the throne," from hi

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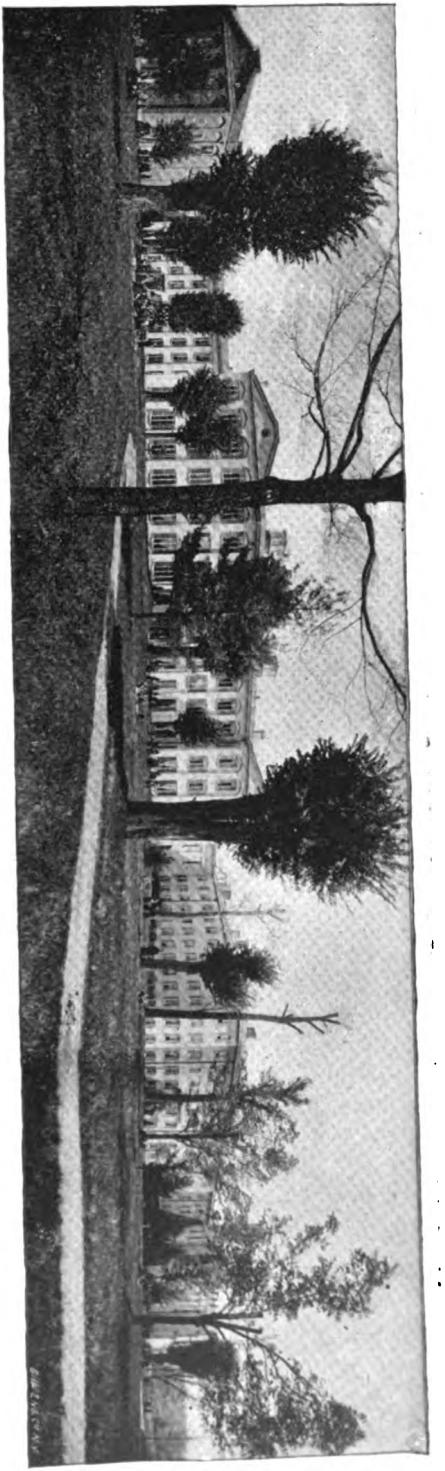
boyhood loved Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and grew up in the shadow of the tabernacle. He was raised to the Episcopal See of Bardstown in 1808 and was the first bishop of the West, when there were only six priests for an area of over forty-two thousand square miles. The Catholic Church in Kentucky has been blessed with many edifying sons, but none among them is enshrined more deeply in the hearts of the people than this truly pious servant of God. At this time this part of Kentucky was a wild, beautiful region, sparsely settled, mainly by Catholic families. When the bishop entered into office his first thought was for the education of the young. Not being able to import a teaching order from his beloved birth-place, France, he had no resource but that which he happily adopted, and established the order whose fame has grown with the growth of the State.

Bishop Flaget, himself a tireless worker in the vineyard of his Master, chose as the director of this new community his friend and companion, Rev. John B. David, superior of the newly-created theological seminary at Bardstown. From out the shadows of the past Father David's character glows with a most beautiful light. He was a man who had



NAZARETH AS IT NOW IS.

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received the benediction of hard work. He was incess
busy, the only hours of recreation he allowed himself outsid
necessary amount of sleep were spent at the organ improvi

The Chapel.

The gentle musician, whose life was in itself a perfect harmon
awakening sweet melodies, is a very sweet remembrance for tho
who knew and loved him. He had cheerfully offered to accor
pany Bishop Flaget into his new field of labor, and was at onc
appointed superior of the new seminary. Here he worked wit
tireless zeal among the young Levites who had cast their lot i
this fertile though uncultivated portion of the vineyard of th
Lord.

In December, 1812, it was these young seminarians who buil
the little log-cabin, about seven miles from the present magnifi
cent structure, that sheltered the five earnest souls who formec
there in that rude, poverty-stricken home the nucleus of wha
is now a noble organization, the fame of which as an educationa
and benevolent institution has spread throughout our land.

But in these early days only God, who saw the pioneers o
this great work working, sewing, reading, spinning, and at the

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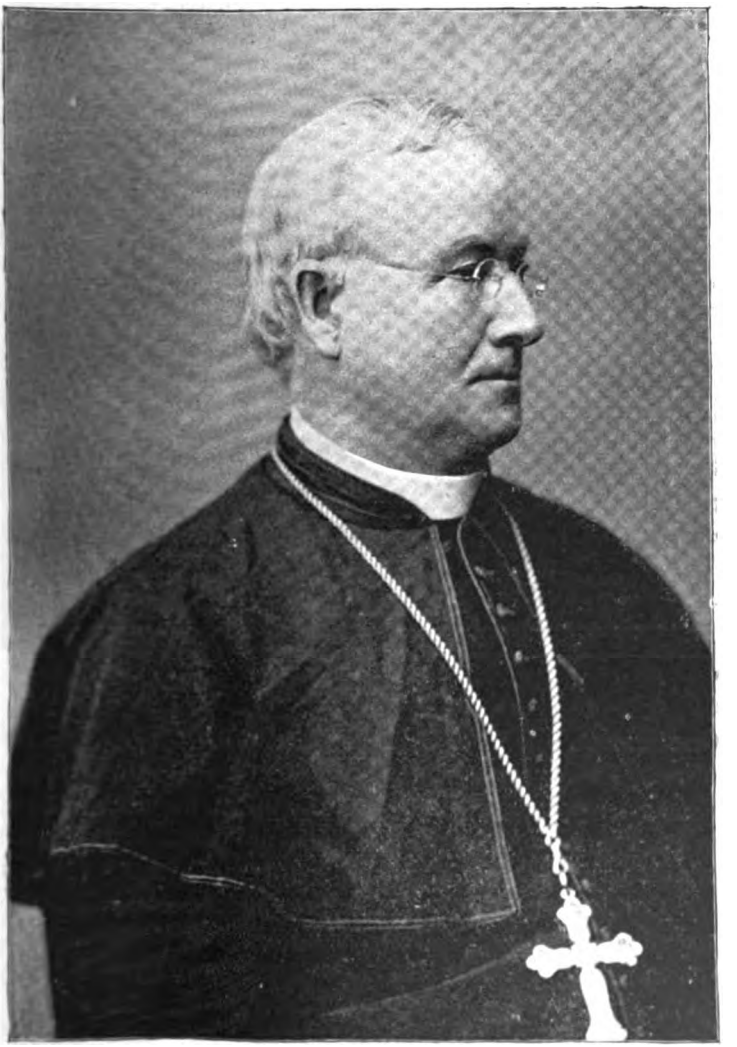
same time receiving instruction, could have had any idea of the wonderful growth and extension with which the small beginnings were to be blessed. We, who at the close of this century enjoy all the privileges that civilization can give to make the road



BISHOP MCCLOSKEY.

to learning a royal one, cannot conceive of the hardships and trials these pioneers of eighty years ago had to suffer.

The success of Nazareth in the beginning was largely due to the very superior mothers they had. There were three in the

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early history who stand out prominently, a trinity of str beauty, and devotion. Catherine Spalding, a member talented Kentucky family of that name, joined the commu

The Studio.

the first month of its existence; and shortly after was ele superioress for a term of three years, a position she held eight successive terms. She was the pivot on which the af of the growing sisterhood turned for many years. She was a t remarkable woman. Among the saintly religious of the W Mother Catherine's name stands pre-eminent. She had the tributes of mind that peculiarly fitted her for leadership—pu of intention and indomitable will. Straightforward in purp never vacillating, she had a clear understanding of duty and formed it most faithfully. It is related that when once ca to testify in a court over which Henry Clay presided, her te mony was given with such perfect grace, candor, and intellige as to elicit from the great statesman the highest complimen a proceeding, as we may well suppose, not at all in keeping w her delicacy and modesty, but nevertheless a spontaneous trib from one great mind to another. At her death, in March, 18

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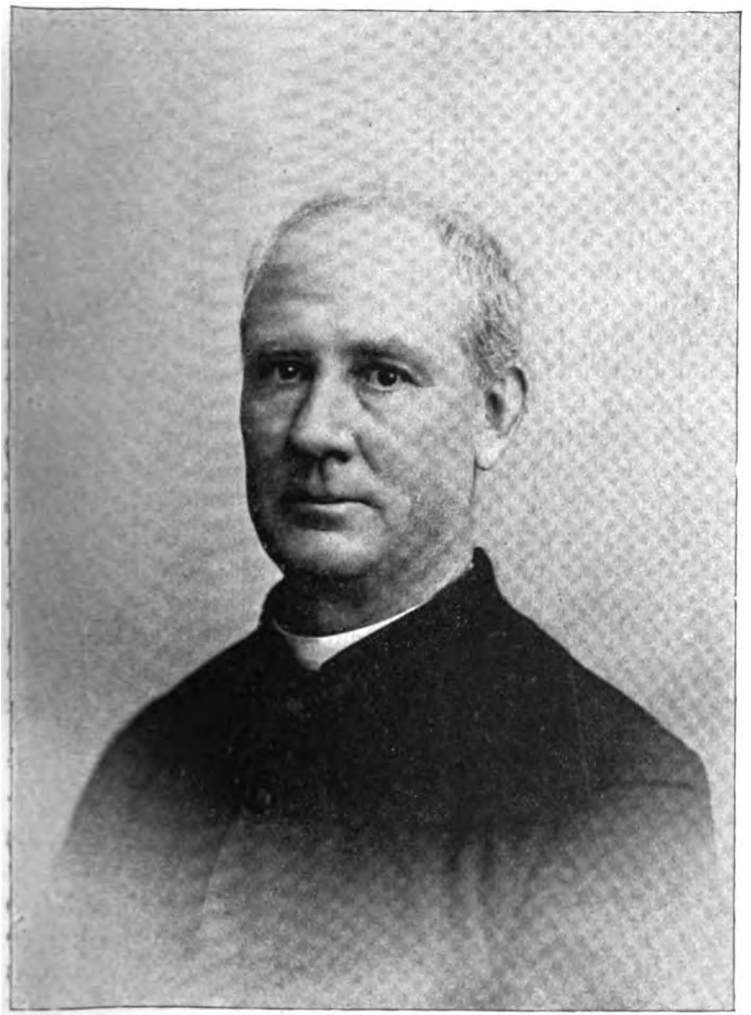
she was attended by her friend and distant relative, one of Kentucky's glorious sons, Right Rev. Martin J. Spalding. Surely



FATHER RUSSELL.

when her white soul entered heaven its greeting was, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mother Frances Gardiner, the second of this wonderful trio, had a talent for administration; but it was not on that account that the hearts of her spiritual children went out to her in love and reverence. It was rather because there was seen in her every word and act an extraordinary love of God. The firmness of her

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faith and piety, her absolute devotion to our Lord in the E
Sacrament, are the traits most remembered and admired.
passed sixty years of her life in the community, for thirty-f
which she was superioress. She was succeeded in office b
gifted and beautiful Mother Columba, of whom too much c
be said.

After Mother Catherine Spalding's there is no name s
known to the Catholics of Kentucky as that of Mother Col
Carroll. It was Sister Ellen O'Connell, a most accomp
woman, for many years directress of studies, who trained h
tellectual gifts, and Sister Columba Tarleton, a saint of the
munity, who directed her spiritual growth; and to these t
ascribed the greater part of the development of this rare
pure young soul in the religious life. Their influence wa
erted not by words alone, but by the silent force of the exa
of most saintly lives. Margaret Carroll was a pupil of Naza
graduating at sixteen, she immediately entered the novitiate
upon Sister Columba's death took her name, and with it
the spirit of sanctity for which Sister Columba Tarleton i
membered to this day. United to exquisite beauty of soul
an unusual beauty of face and figure, the embodiment of g
and dignity. For thirty-five years she was directress of stu
and teacher of the first and second classes. It is impossibl
estimate the good this beautiful woman accomplished as a te
er, because a teacher's influence is never ending. In 1862
was elected superioress, and for more than ten years ruled
extraordinary tact and zeal. One of the red-letter days of
community was her golden jubilee, on February 22, 1877.
drama, written by Sister Marie, entitled "Religion's Tribute
our Mother on her Golden Jubilee," was rendered by the pu
and was the most pleasing feature on the programme. Addres
musical and poetical tributes, gifts and congratulations poure
upon her; but perhaps the most touching evidence of the gr
love borne for her was the accompanying lines, written by
Sister Martha, one of the original five who started at "Old N
areth."

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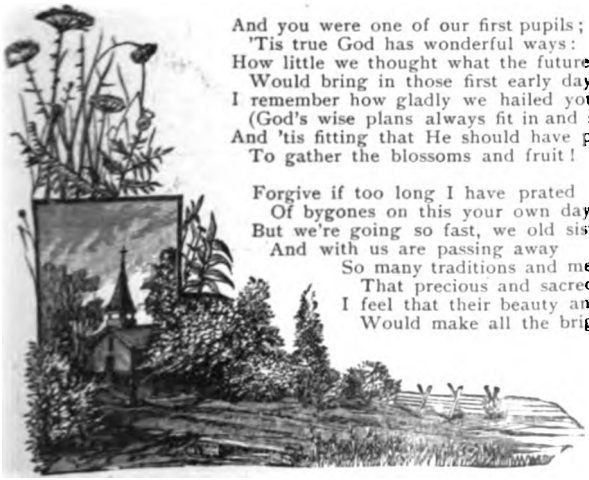
THERE are many to-day, dear Mother,
Who are crowning your head with gold,
And writing fine things of the record
Your fifty long years have told.
And I too should come, with the others,
My offering before you to cast;
But I am old, and my thoughts, dear Mother,
Somehow will fain run on the past.

On the days when our Naz'reth, dear Naz'reth,
Was not like what Naz'reth is now;
When we lived like the ravens and sparrows,
Our dear Lord only knew how.
Then we spun, and we wove, and we labored
Like men in the fields; and our fare
Was scanty enough, and our garments
Were coarse, and our feet often bare.

We had then no fine, stately convent:
No church-towers reaching the skies;
Our home was a low-roofed log-cabin,
Which a servant now'days would despise;
But we had, in that humblest of shelter,
What the cosiest palace might grace,
And fill it with glory and honor—
Mother Cath'rine's angelic face.

She told how the path we had chosen
Christ honored by choosing the same,
And taught us how we should be sisters
In heart and in deed as in name.
And there was our dear Mother Frances;
God has blessed her and spared her to see
The mustard-seed sown in the forest
Grow up to the wide-spreading tree.



And you were one of our first pupils;
'Tis true God has wonderful ways:
How little we thought what the future
Would bring in those first early days!
I remember how gladly we hailed you
(God's wise plans always fit in and suit),
And 'tis fitting that He should have placed you
To gather the blossoms and fruit!

Forgive if too long I have prated
Of bygones on this your own day;
But we're going so fast, we old sisters,
And with us are passing away
So many traditions and memories
That precious and sacred we hold,
I feel that their beauty and radiance
Would make all the brighter gold.

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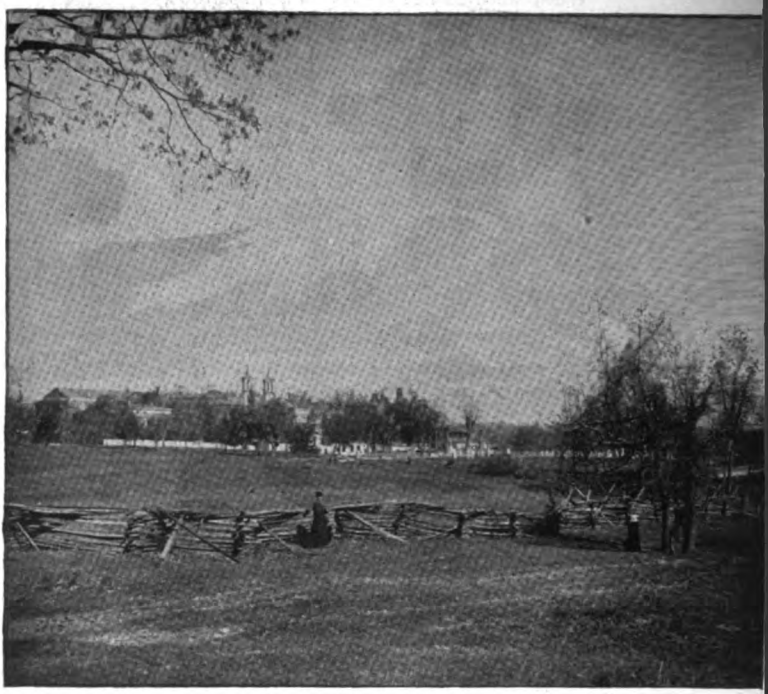
In 1878 her career was closed, but not for ever; in the
of those she loved she reigns a mother still, with all the
that clung to her in life. It was meet that such perf
should have been preserved in entire devotion to God, th
wise, who placed her in this convent school where her ho
fluence could have the widest scope.

To these three, Mothers Catherine, Frances, and Colu
the community owes much of the sanctification of its men
All three were deeply imbued with the religious spirit, all
nently fitted by nature and grace to adorn their high pos
They built the bridge over which the community passed t
present prosperity.

In Kentucky the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth are t
met wherever the needs of suffering humanity call them. I
their mother-house at Nazareth have sprung forty-seven br
houses in various parts of the country, schools, orphan asyl



View from the Bardstown Pike.

and hospitals. The best known of the latter is the "Mary a
Elizabeth" Hospital in Louisville, founded by William Shak
speare Caldwell as a memorial of his wife, and a tribute fro
this good man to the sisters who educated her.

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The mother-house, a few miles from Bardstown and about forty miles south of Louisville, is well worth a visit. After passing through the rather unattractive country, Nazareth seems "an oasis in the desert." As we left the train at the convent station

MR. AND MRS. W. S. CALDWELL.

on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and looked about as far as one can see, on either side extended a beautiful park of fine old trees, magnificent survivors of the "forest primeval."

But we soon came in sight of the convent itself. Whatever impressions had been formed from the first glimpses of Nazareth caught through the trees bordering its fine avenue, in a full view its magnitude is surprising. One is not prepared to find buildings so extensive and imposing in the backwoods of Kentucky. A turn to the right and we reached the presbytery, where a warm welcome greeted us from the reverend chaplain, Father Russell, who has ably filled the place of spiritual director to the community for twenty years; a man whose character is laid in broad and simple lines; a kind and devoted friend; a wise and tender father to the flock, who fully appreciate his unobtrusive goodness. Father Bouchet, the vicar-general of the diocese, is the ecclesiastical superior, without whose good advice there is nothing of large or small importance undertaken in the community.

The sisters hold in loving memory the name of the late Father Haseltine, for many years their director.

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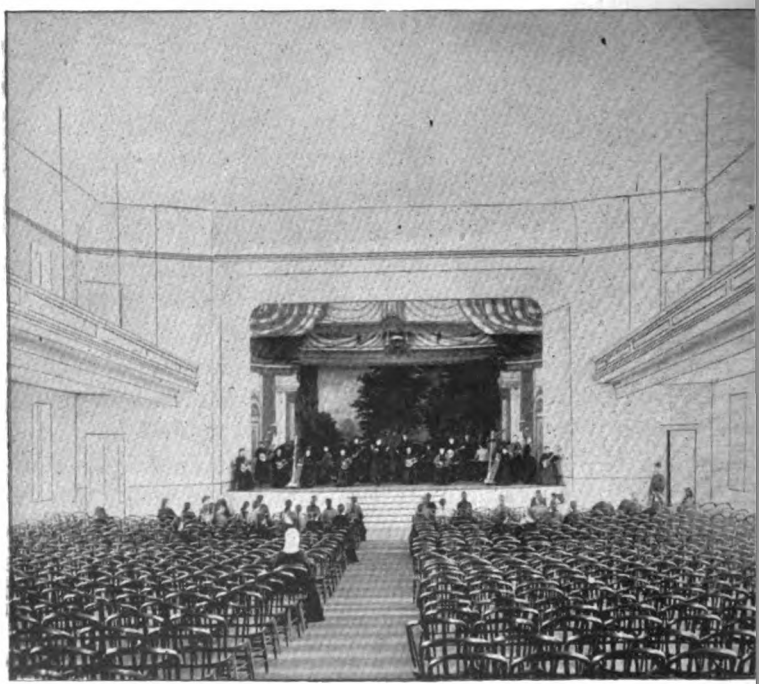
From the presbytery we went to the Convent and Ac
the latter having a frontage of one thousand feet. Th
united by a cross-hall, and there is a covered corridor fro
rear of the convent into the church. To the left of th
demy is the Commencement Hall, having a seating capac
fifteen hundred persons.

The main entrance to this historic school is through th
convent. A short flight of steps leads up to the front door,
opens into an old-fashioned hall twenty feet square. On the
are full-length portraits of Bishops Flaget and David and I
Chambige, founders of the order. Like all convent home
most exquisite neatness and order prevail, and everywher
noticeable that spirit of peace and cheerfulness so appare
the faces of good sisters. The reception-room on the left
ordinary square room, furnished simply in the usual co
style. The oratory, a sweet and silent retreat where ma
girlish trouble is told to that loving mother so ready to



Commencement Hall.

is within easy access of the study-hall. The library, containi
five thousand volumes, is on the second floor. In the corner
an excellent bust of the late Archbishop Spalding. In the stud

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where the girls were hard at work, is a painted portrait of the archbishop, and another of Right Rev. William George McCloskey, the present Bishop of Louisville—a most striking, elegant-

YOUNG LADIES' ORATORY.

looking gentleman, who for the twenty-five years of his episcopacy has been a true friend of this noble institution.

The laboratory is fitted up with the very latest appliances for the study of the natural sciences. Here the theories of chemistry and physics are put into actual use by practical experiments. After a little stay in the dormitories and the classrooms, we descended to the region dear to the feminine heart—the kitchen. Here, again, were the latest improvements in cooking utensils, and the pupils are regularly instructed in the practical art of housekeeping.

In a hurried visit to the Museum with Mother Cleophas, one of the leading spirits of the community to-day, who in the term of office recently finished followed closely the traditions of the past, we found a large room well filled with botanical, mineralogical, and physiological specimens, and then once more we stood at the door and bade adieu to her and Mother Helena, the present superior. The kind and gentle faces of these

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good nuns, framed in their snowy caps, are the last sweet
brances we carried away with us from this interesting pla
is owing to their able administration, energy, and ceaseless
that Nazareth keeps the place it has won in the educ
world.

Among the many cherished remembrances the sisters h
one of a visit from Orestes Brownson, a celebrity dear
Catholic hearts. He was perfectly delighted with his vis
marking that Nazareth was the most homelike of any inst
he had ever visited.

Leaving the convent, we visited the beautiful Gothic c
the gem of the place, every niche and corner of which, it
truthfully be said, represents a great sacrifice. "My chil

The Museum.

said Father David, "build first a house for God, and he
help you build one for yourselves." His pious and prophetic
junction was happily realized.

A group of girls were coming from the chapel as we
tered; young, innocent, careless of the future, unmindful of
past, do they realize the immense importance of the prese
In after years, when trouble and care have laid their he

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hands upon her who was "the sweet girl graduate," with what intense pleasure she looks back to the days she spent in the peaceful haven of those convent walls! A woman never forgets her school-days; the memory is like a strain of sweet music with all the discords forgotten, and only the harmonies remembered.

As for the sisters, their delicate personality meets with a ready and sympathetic response in the young hearts placed under their care. The obligations laid upon them they discharge with the utmost fidelity. They are above everything teachers, and realize to perfection the deep significance of their office, "to mould intellect, to develop character, to influence the whole future of a soul—after the priesthood there is no more sacred calling." Well are they prepared for their life-work.

Perhaps the most important educational department at Nazareth is the training-school for young sisters. Here they are prepared for their future work; they are perfected in music, art-work, pharmacy, nursing, and class-work, from the kindergarten to the higher branches taught in the most finished schools and academies, according to the best approved and newest methods.

MARY ANDERSON.

There is no more conservative body in existence than the Catholic Church. In her wonderful system there is a well-organized supervision of every detail of work from the preparation of a Vatican encyclical to the establishment of a kindergarten in a parochial school, and she takes cognizance of every step onward

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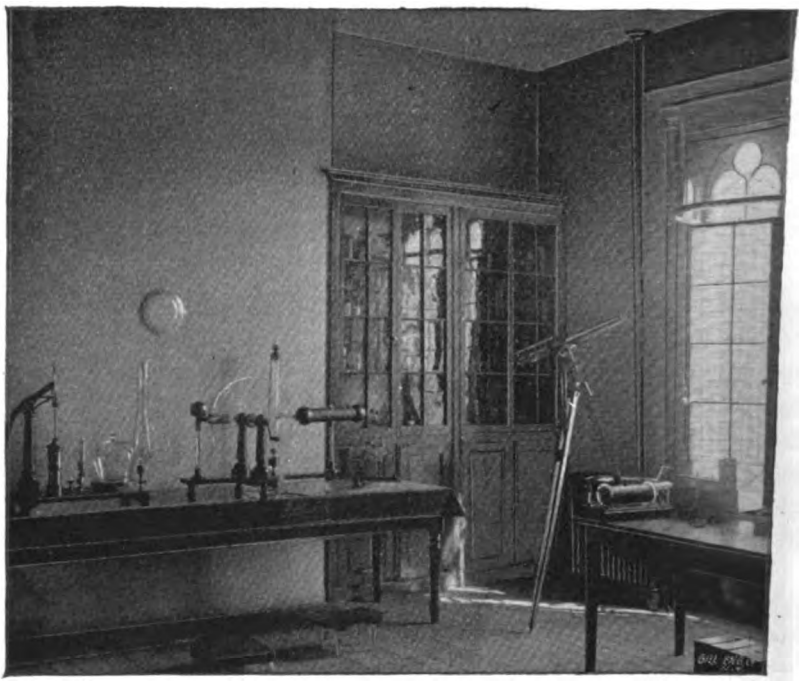
in all branches of progress, and adopts for her own only tho things in the educational world that by trial and experience ha been found good. It is, then, perhaps unnecessary to say, in t face of the above statement, that Nazareth, one of the best-know institutions in the country, is abreast with the times in all ma ters relating to education. If it had not been foremost in th ranks it could not have secured the prestige it now enjoy could not have numbered among its patrons some of the mos distinguished men of our country—Henry Clay, who sent hi daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter there ; Judg



THE LABORATORY.

Benjamin Winchester, John J. Crittenden, Judge John Rowan, Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis, James Guthrie, George D. Prentice, Governor Charles Wickliffe, and a host of others identified more or less with the growth of our country.

Among the hundreds of pupils it is difficult to discriminate, but it seems appropriate to mention a few who have attained distinction in special lines, and such as are well known to have entertained a particular attachment for Nazareth, of whom it may be said no vicissitude of time or fortune, neither absence nor distance, had power to diminish the ardor of their youthful

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affection. Many creditable representatives of Nazareth are found in all ranks of society, among the wives and daughters of distinguished men as well as those of lesser note. Far back in its records there appears the name of Ann Lancaster Smith, one

Genevieve Morgan; now Mrs. Judge Mulligan.

worthy of special distinction for her disinterested devotion to Nazareth, and her life-long active interest in all that concerned its prosperity, as well as for her generous benefactions to the church, the seminary, and the orphan asylum. She was the path-finder for a long generation of the Lancaster name who were pupils of Nazareth, and became distinguished representatives of the institution, among them Madame Catherine Lancaster, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Clifton, Cincinnati.

The Spalding as well as the Lancaster family, famous in religious and literary circles, has sent many clever pupils to Nazareth, prominent among them Madame Henrietta Spalding, present superior of the Sacred Heart Convent in Chicago, and formerly of the old city convent in St. Louis, whose administration in both cities has been able, progressive, and popular. Few families can show as noble a record of religious vocations as these two well-known families.

Among the pupils of high social position was the first wife of Jefferson Davis, Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of President Zachary Taylor. A later period records the name of Mary Eliza, daughter of James Breckenbridge, of Kentucky, who became the wife of William Shakespeare Caldwell,* of New York, father of

* It is related that once when Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell were travelling in Europe they took French lessons from an eminent master in Paris. The teacher, remarking on its perfection, asked Mrs. Caldwell where she learned her French grammar. "At Nazareth, in the backwoods of Kentucky," Mr. C. laughingly interposed. "It is a pity *you* did not learn it there too," was the reply.

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Mary Gwendoline Caldwell, chief benefactress of the Washingt University, and Lina, Baroness Hedwitz. Another promine graduate was Florence Steele, who as wife of Senator Vanc of North Carolina, graces Washington society; also Mrs. Vincer another member of the Capital's bright circle, who was beautif Laura Lancaster, and Mrs. James Maroney, of Dallas, Texas, wh gives a yearly medal. The annals of Nazareth record no mor lovely women, none more devoted to their Alma Mater, than th four nieces of Jefferson Davis, Mary, Lucy, Anna, and Elizabeth Bradford, all converts, graduated at a little later date. Mrs Ansolem McGill, Mrs. James Meline, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. McIlvain Mrs. Charlotte McIlvain Moore, Mrs. J. L. Spalding, Mrs. Captain Marr, all graceful writers, were graduates of this famous school of the South-west. Another pupil of Nazareth was Genevieve Morgan, whose father was prominent in Nashville affairs, and is buried in its State capitol in recognition of his many public-spirited acts. She married Judge James Mulligan, an eloquent

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member of the Lexington bar, and representative in the State senate. She is a fluent writer for the *Lexington Transcript*, of which her husband is editor.

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Mrs. Sarah Irwin Mattingly and Miss Mary Irwin, both pupils of Nazareth who have written for various magazines with creditable success, have just entered upon an educational career in opening at Washington, D. C., "The Washington College," for the higher education of girls after the plan of the European

THE ROAD TO THE DEPOT.

colleges where oral instruction is the important feature of the curriculum.

Mary Anderson was another distinguished pupil taught by the good nuns of Nazareth. Who does not hold in affectionate remembrance "our Mary"? who in all the years she was before the public kept her name unspotted from the world, a living proof of the invincible armor given by a good Christian education, which keeps the girl safe even in the glare of the footlights, the most trying position a woman can assume. Miss Taney, the author of the State poem, "The Pioneer Women of Kentucky," which was written for the World's Fair, was a pupil of these nuns.

Such is the record this old Kentucky school bears before the world; an unblemished testimony to the Divine care bestowed upon these faithful souls from their early lowly days to their

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present prosperity. The history of the church is full of contrasts no less wonderful than here presented in the account of Nazareth. The parable of the mustard-seed has gone on repeating itself from its first utterance.

And now comes the "last scene of all in this strange eventful history," the quiet resting-place where lie those whose crossed hands rest above hearts that are still, unmindful of the clods above them, unheeding the passing of those in whose hearts they live for ever. The dust of years is gathered on the graves of saintly Bishop Flaget with Mother Catherine lying at his feet, Bishop David, Mothers Frances and Columba. But there is something left, a sweetness that lives, that will live across a wider space of years than lies between "New Nazareth" in its stately beauty and "Old Nazareth" in its lowly poverty, almost as humble a place for the Son of God as that shrine afar off, over which the Star of the East shone in glorious splendor eighteen centuries ago.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

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THE ANCIENT POLAR REGIONS.

WHEN day after day we look upon the same landscape with the same sun lighting it up, when we observe the same seasons with monotonous regularity following one another year after year, it is not easy to rid ourselves of the idea of fixity: we imagine that our earth and the sky above it have always been as we see them to-day, and that cold and heat have from the beginning divided the year as they divide it now. When we speak of time we unconsciously limit our mind's eye to the narrow horizon bounded by history and tradition, and further back than sixty centuries our thoughts do not wander. But in reality everything around us and above us has changed and is changing.

The distinguished French scientist De Lapparent says, in his *Traité de Géologie:* "To maintain that since the beginning of its history the earth has always had before it the same sky as to-day, would be to misunderstand the general law of the universe, in which the phenomena of periodicity serve as a rule only to mask a slow but certain advance towards an end incessantly pursued." As a matter of fact this earth of ours has long passed its youth; it is now verging on old age, and with its poles covered by everlasting ice, it may be likened to a body whose extremities are bleached and paralyzed with years. Even in the geological period which immediately preceded our own, and which is known as the Post Pliocene or Quaternary, great changes took place, and man has been a witness to them. The rivers of to-day are mere brooks compared to what they were then, and in North America we can trace the shore-lines of immense quaternary lakes which no longer exist.

But while this fact may interest and perhaps surprise us a little, it does not tax our credulity so much as when we are told that once, instead of snow and ice, a luxuriant vegetation flourished not far from the poles. Indeed, the French naturalist Buffon believed that on our planet, which was slowly cooled and consolidated, life began at the poles; and that from thence it spread in the direction of the tropics, where at first the heat was too intense to admit of any kind of life. But it is only within re-

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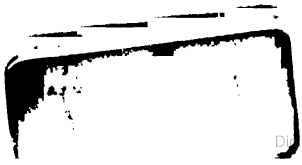

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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LOUIS PASTEUR AND HIS LIFE-WORK.

AMONG the men of science whom it has been my good fortune to meet, no one more nearly approaches my ideal of the true savant than the eminent chemist and biologist, Louis Pasteur. And among the various institutions that I have visited, which are specially devoted to the prosecution of science, or are the outgrowth of scientific research, no one has ever possessed for me a greater interest than the famous *Institut Pasteur*, in Paris. This noble foundation, a monument to the genius of Pasteur, and a witness to the liberality, and the intelligent and humane spirit of the French government, is the best illustration, if any were now needed, of the value of experimental science, and of the practical results that accrue from the quiet and patient investigations that are being carried on in so many of our modern laboratories.

For the past forty years the name of Pasteur has been a household word throughout the civilized world. For ages to come his memory will be held in benediction, and France will point to him with pride as one of the most illustrious of her sons.

To give even a *résumé* of Pasteur's life-work would fill a large volume. The record of his achievements is the history of a great and important branch of science. He has opened up new avenues of knowledge, and has given an explanation of many facts and phenomena that had before been involved in obscurity and mystery. He has enlarged the domain of chemistry and biology, and has raised medicine from an empirical art to a veritable science. Columbus-like, he has discovered a new world—

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"The world of the infinitely little," as Pouchet was wont to call it—and demonstrated that it is this world that is the chief agent of all the changes that we witness in organized matter, and that it is the prime, if not the sole, cause of all forms of disease.

Now that the eyes of the world are turned towards Pasteur as the one whose researches have promised a cure for that dread visitant of Asia, the cholera, I am sure the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be pleased to learn something of the one who has been officially designated "the glory of France, the benefactor of agriculture and of French industries"; of one, too, who is no less distinguished as a devoted Catholic than as an eminent scientist; of one who, while an ornament to science as well as an honor to religion, glories more in being known as a son of the Church of Rome than in being recognized as one of the immortals of the Institute of France.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Louis Pasteur was born December 27, 1822, and hence will soon have reached the allotted term of "three-score and ten years." He was an only child, and from his earliest years he exhibited the germs of those talents that in after-life were to render him so famous. His good and devoted parents, although of humble means, determined to give him a good education, and to attain this end they spared no efforts and considered no sacrifices too great. "We will," they proudly declared, "make him an educated man"; and how well the youth seconded their wishes is attested by his subsequent career.

At an early age he manifested a marked taste for chemistry and physics, the pursuit of which soon became his controlling passion. He loved to converse with those who could add to his information on these subjects, and never felt happier than when in the company of those who had already won distinction in some of the departments of chemical or physical science. Scientific experiments always had a special charm for him, and he eagerly embraced every opportunity by which he could extend his knowledge of Nature by laboratory work. While yet a young man he evinced a talent for the art of experimentation that commanded the admiration of all who saw him, and which eventually made him an adept without a peer.

Joined to his taste and talent for experimental work, and to his dexterity and skill in the manipulation and designing of instruments, he seemed to be imbued in an eminent degree with

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the spirit of the inductive philosophy. No one, indeed, has ever employed the inductive method of research more generally or more successfully than he. And the facility with which he could make inductions, even in the most puzzling cases, was marvellous even to those who knew best the genius of the man. But with all this he never lost sight of the natural limitations of the method that served his purposes so well. Unlike many scientists of our day, he never permits himself to use the method of induction where deduction alone should be paramount. When dealing with questions of philosophy or religion he employs the principles of Catholic theology and metaphysics, and not those of a system that is available only for sciences which are based on observation and experiment. Like his distinguished countrymen, Mersenne and Ampère, he seems to possess an intuitive knowledge of the best methods of questioning Nature and of drawing from her those secrets which she discloses only to the favored few. Like Faraday and Koenig, he is endowed with a mind fertile in resources, and a genius that is quick to devise apparatus and methods for proving or disproving a theory. No one can interpret more readily than he the language of experiment, or recognize more surely the principles which underlie the phenomena observed, or discover more readily the laws to which experiment leads.

HIS THEORY OF FERMENTATION.

Pasteur's first honors were won in the domain of molecular physics. In this branch of science, which he pursued in the celebrated École Normale at Paris, he was fortunate enough to offer a solution of some questions that had long baffled the ablest chemists and physicists of Europe. But scarcely was he fairly started in this line of work, for which he had a special inclination, when an incident occurred which changed completely the nature of his investigations. This was his appointment, at the early age of thirty-two years, as Dean of the Faculty of Science at Lille. Here he soon found himself engaged in the study of the then obscure subject of fermentation. Some experiments which he had made while at the École Normale led him to suspect that fermentation was in some, if not in all cases, due to the action of certain microscopic organisms. He was not long in proving the truth of his assumption, and in opening up that new world of "the infinitely little" whose discovery has made Pasteur so famous and rendered him such a benefactor of his race. One experiment suggested another, and

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a number of the most brilliant and far-reaching discoveries followed in rapid succession. According to the old theory, which the great German chemist, Justus von Liebig, revived, fermentation was only a form of oxidation, and could take place only in contact with air. The illustrious chemists, Berzelius and Mitscherlich, gave a different explanation of the phenomenon. According to their view, a ferment was endowed with a very mysterious force, to which they gave the name *catalytic*, which brought about the decomposition of fermentable matter by its mere presence, or by simple contact.

Pasteur was not slow in demolishing Liebig's theory, by demonstrating that fermentable matter never ferments when in contact with perfectly pure air or oxygen. More than this, he proved, in the most conclusive manner, that in many cases air and oxygen not only impede but are absolutely fatal to fermentation. He demonstrated the falsity of the theory of Berzelius and Mitscherlich by showing that fermentation, far from being the result of some mysterious catalytic force, was in reality only a phenomenon of nutrition. He showed that what had previously been regarded as a ferment, was only matter capable of being fermented; that the real ferment was, in every case, a minute microscopic organism that had hitherto eluded detection.

Observations made by Leuwenhoek, Cagniard-Latour, and Schwann on the nature and action of yeast seemed to point to a possible connection between the phenomena of fermentation and living organisms, but these observations, important as they were, remained barren of results until the subject was taken up anew by Pasteur. Touched by his magic wand, one ferment shed light on the nature and habits of another. Indeed the first successful experiment made by the eminent biologist regarding the cause of fermentation was to him an open sesame which disclosed a new order of life whose existence until then had not even been suspected.

He not only discovered that fermentation was due in all cases to microscopic organisms, but that different fermentable bodies are acted upon by different ferments. Thus, the ferment of milk is different from that of butter, while that of beer is different from that of wine. Milk curdles, butter becomes rancid, beer deteriorates, wine sours, not because of oxidation by the air, as Liebig and others imagined, and still less because of some mysterious catalytic force as others conjectured, but because they are acted upon by countless microscopic organisms,

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which find in these various substances their proper aliment. What serves as good for one ferment will not afford nourishment to another. In this respect these lowest forms of life are as different from one another—probably more so—than are forms of life which are much higher in the scale of animated nature.

From the phenomena of fermentation to those of putrefaction and slow combustion was but a step. The clear vision of Pasteur saw at a glance that the difference between these various phenomena was nominal rather than real. The putrefaction of flesh and blood, the rotting of wood and leaves, the decay of all forms of animal and vegetable matter were only modifications of the same process that obtains in fermentation. Owing to the presence of sulphur and phosphorus in animal matter—elements that are not found in vegetable tissues—the fermentation of animal compounds is attended with the evolution of certain foul-smelling gases that are never found among the products of vegetable decomposition.

In all these cases the agents of change and destruction are microscopic animalculæ of various species and forms, sometimes little round cells, at others minute rods of varying length, in one case straight and in another curved or spiral-shaped. They attack dead matter internally and externally, and multiply at a rate that the imagination fails to grasp.

These little cells and rods vary in diameter from the one-twenty-fifth to the one-fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter. But if thus infinitesimal in size, they, under suitable conditions, soon become almost infinite in number. One of these microbes, it has been computed, will in a single day give rise to no less than twenty millions of similar organisms, each of which is capable of producing other microbes at a similar prodigious rate.

Early in the course of his investigations Pasteur discovered that the micro-organisms which are the causes of fermentation, putrefaction, and slow combustion might be divided into two distinct classes. Some required a supply of air or oxygen in order to live. These he called *aërobia*. Others, he found, could exist without oxygen. To some, even, air is fatal. These he named *anaërobia*. In some cases of fermentation only aërobic microbes occur, while in others anaërobic organisms alone are present. In still other cases both *aërobia* and *anaërobia* are at work, the former on the surface of the decaying body, the latter in the interior away from contact with the atmosphere. These investigations and discoveries threw a flood of light on a number of phenomena which many men of science had essayed to

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explain, but in vain. Their first announcement in the French Academy, of which Pasteur at an early age had been elected a member, came as a revelation, and opened up a vista the extent of which even now, after so much has been accomplished, cannot be fully realized. To Pasteur himself each new discovery served as a powerful search-light that illumined the broad but unknown field before him—a field which he had determined to explore; with what success the whole world now knows.

HIS STUDIES IN MICROBIAN LIFE.

Forms of life that were unknown before Pasteur began his researches were now found to exist everywhere and in countless numbers. The atmosphere is so filled with them that only by special precautions can air be obtained that is absolutely free from them. Every object that meets our gaze swarms with them. Smaller even than the invisible motes in the sunbeam, they can be seen only under the higher powers of the microscope, and then frequently only as simple, structureless cells. And yet they are endowed with a vitality and a capacity of changing and destroying the higher forms of organic matter that excites our astonishment more in proportion as we study them more closely. They are the veritable masters of the world. They preside over the work of death, and return to the atmosphere all that which has been endowed with life, whether animal or vegetable.

After having demonstrated the ubiquitous character of these micro-organisms, and shown what powerful agents they are in the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, Pasteur found himself the possessor of the key to the solution of a number of problems of the highest practical importance. Among these were problems regarding the manufacture of vinegar, wine, and beer.

From time immemorial manufacturers of these staple articles of commerce had experienced numberless difficulties not only in their manufacture, but still more in their preservation. All sorts of theories were advanced to explain the difficulties encountered. Some thought that the real cause of the trouble was to be sought in the oxygen of the air. Others imagined that the various constituents of these liquids have a tendency to react on each other, and that the character of the product is determined by the nature of this molecular agitation. Pasteur, however, demonstrated, by a series of experiments that were as brilliant as they were decisive, that all these views were radically wrong. All the changes observed, he showed, were due to certain *living*

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ferments which filled the air, and swarmed on the surfaces of the casks in which the liquids were contained, or existed in myriads in the liquids themselves. In this wise he explained the turbidity and impoverishment of vinegar, the acidity and bitterness of wine, and the sourness and putridity of beer.

Pasteur, however, was not content with directing attention to the causes of the change, but continued his researches until he was able to indicate how such deleterious alterations might be prevented. Naturally, the first thing to do was to destroy the active agents of fermentation, the little microscopic organisms that cause the deterioration of wine and beer. And this he did by a method that was as simple as it was scientific. He soon found that a temperature of about 140° F. was fatal to the life of the microbes that infested beer and wine. Nothing then was easier than to raise these fluids to this temperature and thus destroy all the organisms and germs of organisms that might exist therein. By this short and simple process both wine and beer are rendered proof against fermentation, and can be transported from place to place, and in any climate, without danger of deterioration. This process of preserving wine and beer is extensively employed in both Europe and America, and has already been the means of enabling the manufacturers of these articles to guard against the very heavy losses which they formerly sustained. As applied to beer, the process, in honor of its discoverer, is known as *Pasteurization*, and the beer itself is called *Pasteurized* beer.

HE REFUTES THE THEORY OF SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

While engaged in his investigations of the nature of fermentation Pasteur was suddenly confronted with a problem that had occupied the mind of philosophers since the time of Aristotle, viz., that of spontaneous generation. For centuries it had been taught that many, if not all, of the lower forms of life—especially animal parasites—come into the world spontaneously; that is, that they do not proceed from pre-existing germs, and have not parents like themselves. The distinguished Italian scientist and ecclesiastic, Abbate Spallanzani, the naturalist Redi, and Malpighi, physician to Pope Innocent XII., were the first to show that the alleged cases of spontaneous generation have no foundation in fact. It was, however, reserved for Pasteur to give the death-blow to a theory that had obtained for nearly three thousand years, and to demonstrate, by the most rigorous and precise experiments, that in the lowest and simplest of mi-

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croscopic organisms, as well as in the higher forms of life, every living thing springs from some pre-existing germ and has, and must have, a parent like itself.

At the termination of his researches, which were characterized throughout by logical acumen and consummate skill, Pasteur announced in the Sorbonne, with all the positiveness of one who is certain of what he declares, that "there is not one circumstance known at the present day which justifies the assertion that microscopic organisms come into the world without germs, or parents like themselves. Those who maintain the contrary have been the dupes of illusions and of ill-conducted experiments, tainted with errors which they know not how either to perceive or avoid. Spontaneous generation is a chimera."

The controversy about spontaneous generation consequent on Pasteur's experiments excited the keenest interest throughout the scientific world. The atheistic school of science ranged themselves against Pasteur in a solid phalanx, because they foresaw in the disproof of spontaneous generation a scientific demonstration of the falsity of their theories regarding the nature and origin of life.

Atheists and materialists, like Haeckel, Vogt, and Büchner, had boldly denied the existence of a Creator on the ground that such a belief was unscientific. Starting with the assumption that matter and force are eternal, they proclaimed that all the phenomena of the universe could be explained by the interaction of known physical forces, and by the action of these forces on matter. Under the influence of magnetism or electricity, or both, brute matter, they contended, would give rise to the lower forms of animal and vegetable life. These primitive organisms once formed would, in virtue of inherent forces, and under the influence of a proper environment, in time develop into higher forms of life. The conclusion they drew from such reasoning was that God is unnecessary, and that, therefore, he does not exist. To such scientists Pasteur's demonstration that spontaneous generation is a chimera was an *argumentum ad hominem*, that, on their own principles, was simply unanswerable. So much is this the case that no scientist deserving the name ever speaks of spontaneous generation except as an exploded theory, a theory that was long lived, it is true, but which is now dead and beyond any possibility of resuscitation.

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HE FINDS A REMEDY FOR THE SILK-WORM EPIDEMIC.

While engaged in his researches on fermentation and spontaneous generation, Pasteur was urged by his friend J. B. Dumas to examine into the nature and cause of the silk-worm epidemic that was then rife in the south of France, and which threatened soon to destroy one of the most important industries of southern Europe unless a means could speedily be found for staying the plague and preventing further ravages.

Until this time Pasteur had never handled a silk-worm. He could not, however, resist the appeal made to come to the relief of his suffering countrymen, and although the work he was called upon to do threatened to withdraw him indefinitely from the researches in which he had met with such signal success and which promised him still greater triumphs, he determined thoroughly to investigate the silk-worm disease and not relinquish the self-imposed task until he should bring it to a successful issue. His researches on fermentation and spontaneous generation had prepared him for the work, and he was better qualified for such an undertaking than any man living. From the outset he was led to believe that the real cause of the trouble would be found in certain micro-organisms similar to those which occasioned the maladies of vinegar, beer, and wine. Nor was he long in demonstrating the truth of his assumption. Pursuing the same methods that had led to such happy results on former occasions, he was soon able to show that the plague was due to certain corpuscles and microbes with which the silk-worms were infected.

Having discovered the cause of the evil, the next step was to provide a remedy. This also he was able to do, but only after countless experiments and the most arduous and protracted labor. So incessant, indeed, was the toil, and so numerous were the difficulties that beset his path, not to speak of the criticisms and opposition which his investigations provoked, that his system yielded to the pressure and for a time his life was despaired of. In 1868, three years after he had entered upon the study of the epidemic, he was stricken with paralysis of one side, from which he still suffers. Two years subsequently, however, he brought his researches to a close, and had the gratification of seeing his method of preventing the plague in successful operation in all the great centres of silk-husbandry, and of feeling that he had rescued from what seemed to be certain destruction one of the favorite and most profitable industries of his native country. His discoveries saved thousands of people from penury and starva-

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tion, and secured to the treasury of the nation an annual revenue of millions of dollars that would otherwise have been dissipated, perhaps for ever. As a mark of appreciation of his work Napoleon nominated Pasteur a senator, and learned societies of different nations hastened to show him that honor which his admirable achievements had won for him. But Pasteur's greatest reward was the general outburst of gratitude of the thousands of the laboring poor whom the pest was on the verge of depriving of employment, and, with it, of home and the means of subsistence.

Having so completely triumphed over the silk-worm epidemic, Pasteur next directed his attention to the study of infectious diseases in man and the higher animals. From the time he began the study of microbian life, each of his researches seemed to be the stepping-stone to that which followed, and to corroborate the theory that he was the first to promulgate regarding the nature of fermentation and virulent disease. He beheld everywhere those "infinitely little" forms of life—which to him were infinitely great. He knew, too, that these were in all cases the offspring of antecedent life, and hence he was able to conduct his experiments and guide his researches with a clearness of vision and with a certainty of induction that otherwise would have been quite impossible. He took nothing for granted. He proved or disproved every proposition as it was presented to him, and always cleared the way of all obstacles before attempting an advance. His logical, perspicacious mind would not permit him to pursue a different course. Past experience had shown him that this was essential to success, and the rigid inductive method by which he had achieved such marvellous results had become so engrained in his mind that working in strict accordance with it had become to him a second nature.

HE FINDS A REMEDY FOR SPLENIC FEVER.

Previous to the investigations of Pasteur a theory had obtained among certain naturalists and physicians that contagious diseases might be due to animalculæ and microscopic parasites, but no definite information had been obtained on the subject. And then, too, doctors and chemists were slow to accept a theory that was so diametrically opposed to that sanctioned by the name and fame of Liebig. According to the illustrious German chemist and his school, vital action had nothing to do with the genesis of disease. The contagia of disease were not, according to them, living things, as we now know them to be, but were rather

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the results of certain molecular changes, entirely chemical in their nature, which communicated themselves to different portions of the living subject. According to this view diseases, especially those of a communicable character, were engendered by certain viruses, morbific influences, pandemic waves, atmospheric invasions, pythogenic media, and other equally mysterious agencies, all of which were entirely independent of any definite living organisms.

The first of the infectious diseases to engage the attention of Pasteur was the terrible malady known as splenic fever. From time immemorial this devastating plague has created greater havoc among domestic animals than any other cause. In France alone, in certain years, the losses amounted to from fifteen to twenty millions of francs. In other parts of both the Old and the New Worlds equally formidable losses are occasioned by the pest. Man, too, as well as his flocks and herds, was subject to the disease, and large was the tribute of human victims annually demanded by the fell disorder.

Not long after commencing his researches, Pasteur was able to show that the cause, and the sole cause, of the malady in question was a peculiar form of microbe known as a bacillus or bacterium. Having discovered the cause of the disorder, he set about with characteristic determination to find a counteractive. The work was long and difficult, and not without danger. But great as were the difficulties encountered they succumbed perforce to the genius and perseverance of the experimenter.

Pasteur was successful in finding not only the object of his quest, but had at the same time the good fortune to make a discovery which was as important and as far-reaching for pathology as was that of gravitation for astronomy. It was no less than an extension of Jenner's great discovery of vaccination.

After long and toilsome vigils, and a series of experiments whose number and ingenuity fill one with admiration and awe, Pasteur found that he could attenuate the virus of splenic fever to any degree of potency, and that such virus could be employed to inoculate against the disease itself. When he first announced his great discovery in the Academy of Sciences it was received with loud applause, but so extraordinary was it deemed that there were few who did not consider it too good to be true. Every one saw that the discovery, if real, meant a complete revolution in the theory and practice of medicine and surgery. If the virus of splenic fever could be attenuated and the disease could be prevented by inoculation, was it not reason-

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able to suppose that the same processes would yield similar results in the case of all infectious diseases? As for Pasteur himself, so thoroughly had he studied the nature and habits of microscopic parasites, and so thoroughly had he mastered the ætiology of contagious diseases, that he was convinced that his discoveries in connection with splenic fever would eventually admit of universal application. Subsequent experiments and investigations by himself and others have fully realized his most sanguine expectations and furnished to the world another and striking instance of the remarkable clearness and compass of his view as an interpreter of Nature and Nature's laws.

GERM THEORY OF DISEASE.

Since Pasteur commenced his researches on fermentation and putrefaction, the trend and goal of medical and surgical science have been in the direction indicated by the germ theory of disease, as contradistinguished from the misleading and unfruitful theory of Liebig and his followers. As a consequence the results obtained have been as marvellous as the germ theory is comprehensive.

No sooner was Pasteur's great discovery made public than he was called upon to give a demonstration on a large scale of the efficacy of his method of treatment. And so successful were his experiments, that all doubts as to the truth of his predictions were at once dispelled. Even those who had been most sceptical united in admitting the conclusiveness of the demonstration which had been given, and in proclaiming that Pasteur's discovery marked the beginning of a new era in the annals of veterinary science, as well as a grand step forward in economic stock-raising. The vaccination of sheep, horses, and cattle soon became general, and was everywhere resorted to as a sure preventive against the malady that for centuries had so decimated the flocks and herds of Europe and the Orient, not to speak of the ravages it had caused in the New World, especially in parts of South America.

But Pasteur's researches, important as they were in conserving and promoting some of the most important of the world's industries, were of still more value when applied to the treatment of human diseases, which annually claim so many thousands of victims. Not to speak of splenic fever, to which allusion has already been made, of septicemia and other equally grave maladies, it will suffice here to instance the antiseptic method of surgery, introduced by the celebrated Lister, which is almost universally

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employed and which has been productive of such beneficial results.

Previous to the introduction of the system of this famous surgeon the mortality in hospitals consequent on wounds and surgical operations was frightful. Acting in accordance with principles based on Pasteur's discoveries, Lister was able to reduce the percentage of deaths to a small fraction of what it had previously been. In a letter addressed to Pasteur the eminent English surgeon writes: "Allow me to take this opportunity of sending you my most cordial thanks for having, by your brilliant researches, demonstrated to me the truth of the germ theory of putrefaction, thus giving me the only principle which could lead to a happy end the antiseptic system."

In Listerism, as in Pasteurism, the practitioner or operator is not left in the dark as to the agencies he is combating. He is not fighting against some problematic virus, or some mysterious influence, but against a visible, tangible entity. The problem before him is to remove or destroy certain parasitic organisms, whose habits and life-history have been carefully studied and are thoroughly understood. Knowledge takes the place of theory, and certainty supersedes speculation and processes which were at best only tentative.

Pasteur's researches on splenic fever, septicemia, fowl and swine cholera, and his discovery of vaccines, together with a method of attenuating the most virulent viruses for combating these maladies, paved the way for still greater undertakings and for more brilliant conquests.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Encouraged by the results he had already realized, and confident of the general applicability of his discoveries, he next proceeded to investigate that formidable malady which had hitherto baffled all attempts to arrest it by therapeutical agents. For generations rabies, or hydrophobia, had claimed annually a large number of victims, especially in France and Russia. When fully developed it was regarded as being as incurable as the leprosy, while the intense sufferings which characterized the disorder were such as to make it the most dreaded of bodily afflictions.

For several long years Pasteur, with a corps of devoted and enthusiastic assistants, labored at the problem with all the zeal and energy so characteristic of his nature. Thousands of experiments were made and recorded, tens of thousands of observa-

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tions were compared and classified, and all with the most scrupulous care and exactitude. Finally he was rewarded by finding himself able successfully to inoculate dogs against the most virulent forms of the disease. Just at this stage of his investigations he was visited, July 6, 1886, by two persons from Alsace who had been bitten by mad dogs. One of these was Joseph Meister, a lad nine years of age, who had received no fewer than fourteen wounds, and whose death seemed inevitable. After consulting with some of his associates, and not without great anxiety as to the outcome, Pasteur determined to try on the hapless young victim the method of inoculation that had yielded such promising results in the laboratory. He awaited the effect of his treatment with the greatest solicitude, until after the lapse of some weeks he was assured that the patient was out of danger, and that he himself had achieved a glorious victory over the most terrible malady with which humanity can be afflicted.

It may interest my readers to know that young Meister, a bright youth of sixteen, is now connected with the *Institut Pasteur*. He accompanied me through the laboratories and the out-buildings in which are kept the scores of dogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, pigeons, etc., which after inoculation supply the virus used in the operating-room, or which are required for the experiments that are here being conducted by physicians and biologists from all parts of Europe and America. The highest ambition of young Joseph is to become a doctor, and to spend his life in the *Institut Pasteur*. It is needless to say that he has an unbounded admiration for the one who snatched him from the jaws of the most frightful of deaths. "I think," said the boy to me, "that Pasteur is the greatest man that has ever lived."

In a short time a magnificent structure, the *Institut Pasteur*, was erected to serve the double purpose of laboratory and hospital, and here for a time might be seen patients from all parts of Europe. But so pronounced was the success of the new treatment that similar institutions were called for and established elsewhere. Now there are upwards of twenty of them in different parts of the Old and New Worlds.

From the very great mortality which formerly characterized the malady, the percentage of deaths has been reduced to a small fraction of one per cent. Hence it will be seen that the method is well-nigh perfect, and success in any given case, if taken in time, is almost certain.

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THE CHOLERA.

For some years past "the great savant of France," as his countrymen love to call him, has been devoting special attention to that dread scourge of Asia—the cholera. Will he be as successful this time as he has been in his previous undertakings? As to myself, I have no doubt about the result. Armed with the accumulated knowledge and experience of nearly half a century, endowed with a genius for experimentation such as no other man probably ever possessed in such an eminent degree, and provided with all the appliances that ingenuity can devise or that the most liberal institution can supply, we need entertain no doubts as to the outcome of the experiments that are now being conducted at the *Institut Pasteur*. Even at this writing there is reason to believe that Pasteur has arrived at a solution of the problem on which he has been so long laboring. But he is so cautious and conservative that he never makes an announcement until he has studied every phase of the case, and made allowance for all contingencies. When he does finally announce a cure for cholera, we may have the same confidence in its efficacy as every one now has in his treatment of the other virulent diseases over which he has so signally triumphed.

In the researches with which he is now occupied Pasteur is not groping in the dark, or dealing with some occult power that eludes his observation. On the contrary, the enemy he has to combat is as real and tangible as a corps of Prussian soldiers. He is fully acquainted with its nature and strength, and with its methods of advance and attack. The problem now before him is not the location of the foe—for he has it always under his eyes—but to devise some means of staying the progress of the invader, or, if possible, of destroying it by turning it against itself, by the same system of inoculation that has worked so admirably in the case of splenic fever and hydrophobia.

Until, by observation and experiment, he has made himself sure of the ground on which he stands, Pasteur is the most diffident of men. But once he has experiment to back him up, he fights with a boldness and an impetuosity that to an onlooker savors of rashness. But he is not rash. He is the most prudent and conservative of scientists. He is bold because he is certain that he is right. Woe betide the unfortunate adversary that falls into his terrible hands! for, as a member of the Academy of Science once said to a member of the Academy of

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Medicine, who spoke of scientifically strangling the illustrious biologist, "Pasteur is never mistaken."

To few men has it been vouchsafed, as to Pasteur, to witness the beneficent results of their labors and discoveries. No man has encountered more opposition than he; no man has fought more and fiercer battles; no man has won so many victories. He has now the satisfaction of seeing his theories almost universally accepted; of knowing that his principles are everywhere triumphant, and that his discoveries have been instrumental in effecting untold good for the amelioration of the condition of suffering humanity.

Honors have been showered upon him by his own and by foreign countries, and throughout the civilized world he is reverently spoken of as one of the greatest benefactors of his race.

In 1862 he was elected a member of the French Academy, of which he has ever since been one of the most indefatigable and successful workers, as well as the most distinguished representative. The French government has granted him a pension of 20,000 francs "in consideration of his services to science and industry"—a form of recognition that has but few if any precedents in France, but something that was more than merited. In 1868 he was awarded a prize of 10,000 florins by the Agricultural Minister of Austria for his researches on the disease of silk-worms. Five years later the *Société d'Encouragement* awarded him a prize of 12,000 francs for his studies on fermentation, and for the remedy discovered by him for the silk-worm disease.

A recent writer, in referring to Pasteur, speaks of him as one "whose researches have yielded so much material profit that one thinks of him as of the orange-tree standing in all the glory of blossom and fruit at the same time." With truth, therefore, has Professor Huxley declared that "Pasteur's discoveries suffice, of themselves, to cover the war indemnity of five milliards of francs paid by France to Germany."

This is a great deal to say of the work of one man, but to any one acquainted with the marvellous achievements of the distinguished Frenchman it will not appear as an exaggeration. But extraordinary as is the work that has already been accomplished much yet remains for future observers and experimenters. Pasteur himself acknowledges that his discoveries are but the beginning of the grand triumphs which the future shall witness. "You will see," he frequently remarks, "how it will all grow by and by. Would that my time were longer!"

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HIS WRITINGS.

For the past third of a century Pasteur has been a prolific writer. Besides his communications to the French Academy and numerous contributions to scientific journals, he has written several works on fermentation and on the maladies of wine, beer, vinegar, and the silk-worm, which since their publication have been the acknowledged standards on the subjects of which they treat. He has a clear, trenchant style, and in all his productions shows himself a consummate master of the art of exposition. Some of the addresses he has delivered before the Academy are models of chaste and polished diction, and exhibit a *verve* that betokens a highly cultivated imagination as well as true poetic instinct. They are especially remarkable for the manner in which he champions the cause of revealed truth, of which he has on all occasions shown himself an ardent and intrepid defender.

In his discourse pronounced on the occasion of his reception into the French Academy he referred to the teachings of faith as an instrument of progress and as a safeguard for the man of science, and declared that if we were deprived of the conceptions due to these teachings "science would lose that grandeur which it possesses in virtue of its secret relations with the divine verities." On another occasion, two decades later, when delivering the eulogy on M. Littré, one of his *confrères* in the Academy, the old man eloquent tells his associates of the *Institut* that "the conception of the infinite in creation is everywhere irresistibly manifest. It places the supernatural in every human heart. The idea of God is a form of the idea of the infinite."

HIS RELIGION.

Not only has Pasteur on all occasions the courage of his convictions, but he puts in practice the faith he so openly and courageously professes. I have said that he is prouder of being a Catholic than of being an Academician. This is characteristic of the man. Worldly honors are to him but ineffective baubles and hollow gewgaws, except in so far as they are an evidence of what he has achieved for the betterment of the condition of his fellow-men.

Of a charitable and generous nature, he is ever ready to extend a helping hand to the poor and the afflicted. Shortly before my last visit to the *Institut Pasteur* one of our brothers brought to him a boy that had just been bitten by a rabid dog.

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The brother explained to M. Pasteur that the parents of the lad were in very straitened circumstances, and would not be able to pay much for the treatment of their son, or for his maintenance at the hospital. "Leave that to me, please, *mon frère*. I shall provide for the boy myself and see that he receives every attention. Call for him ten days hence, and he will be well and out of danger." Ten days later the lad was returned to his overjoyed parents—and without a centime of expense to them—sound and whole. It was difficult to tell to whom this kind action brought the greater happiness: the parents, whose son had been rescued from an imminent and frightful death, or Pasteur, who had given the patient a new lease of life when but for his skill there was little or no hope for its conservation. But this is only one of the many instances of his liberality and kindly disposition. He is always in a quiet and unobserved way performing just such noble actions, and there is not, I venture to assert, a single person in the whole of Paris to whom the poor and unfortunate can appeal with greater assurance of comfort and relief.

Notwithstanding his long experience in the laboratory and his familiarity with every phase of brute and human suffering, Pasteur still retains a nature as gentle and a heart as tender as a woman's. While talking with him one day in the *Institut Pasteur*, in a hallway adjoining the operating room, we presently heard the smothered cry of a child who was being inoculated against rabies. Pasteur started with an expression of deep anguish. "Come away," he said, "where we cannot hear these cries of pain. I am neither a physician nor a surgeon, and I cannot bear such sounds of distress."

Contrary to what is generally supposed, Pasteur does not operate on any of the thousands of patients who annually flock to his laboratory. He delegates the work of inoculation to a staff of trained surgeons, who prepare and administer the prophylactic virus under his immediate supervision. I have never seen him in the operating room, and he studiously avoids it unless called there by stern duty, which he never shirks. He cannot endure any exhibition of human suffering, and he is as little inured to it to-day as he was when he began his researches on the ætiology of virulent disease.

THE RESULTS OF HIS LIFE-WORK.

It is difficult to appreciate the magnitude and importance of Pasteur's life-work, or to over-estimate the extent to which man-

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kind is his debtor. Like Copernicus and Galileo, Kepler and Newton, he has cleared away difficulties that before him were insuperable barriers to progress, and has demonstrated the existence of law and order where previously all was thought to be chance and chaos.

Alexander is called great because he worsted in battle the barbarous hordes of the East. Cæsar is awarded the laurel crown of victory for his conquests in Germany and Gaul. Napoleon is honored with triumphal arches, and saluted as the world's greatest chieftain, because he was able to vanquish the combined armies of Europe. In Pasteur we have one who, in the seclusion of his laboratory—without noise and without bloodshed—has proved himself a greater conqueror than either Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon. In him we honor the hero who has triumphed over the plague that for centuries had demanded such formidable tributes from all the nations of the earth. To him suffering humanity is indebted for illumining with the search-light of his genius a world—the world of the infinitely little, the world of microscopic parasites—that, prior to his time, had been shrouded in more than Cimmerian darkness. Chemists and biologists, physicians and surgeons, have to thank him for transporting them across a gulf seemingly more impassable than Serbonian Bog, and putting them in a position to cope with an enemy which had hitherto occupied a coign of vantage from which it could not be dislodged. Hence, so long as disease shall continue to claim its victims, and so long as suffering may be assuaged; so long as men shall esteem worth and merit, and so long as gratitude shall find a place in their hearts, so long also will the world applaud the achievements and be moved by the example of that illustrious votary of science, and that loyal son of the church, Louis Pasteur.

J. A. ZAHM, C.S.C.

Notre Dame University, Indiana.

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BISHOP FLAGET, FOUNDER OF NAZARETH.

A FAMOUS CONVENT-SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.

VERY often, to the contemplative, subjective soul, there comes a pause in the whirl of life when we ask ourselves why this toil, this strife, this effort so often fruitless? Our puny blows leave such little impress on this great world about us; in a year, a decade, a century, our very names will have disappeared. Such is the annihilation when we work for earthly ends with earthly means.

But when we "build the more stately mansions, O my soul! as the swift seasons roll"; when we build not of bricks, but of character; not of matter, but of mind, the obliterating wave is stayed in its progress, and the work endures.

Thus, when we consider the work accomplished by these grand educational institutions throughout our land, that build

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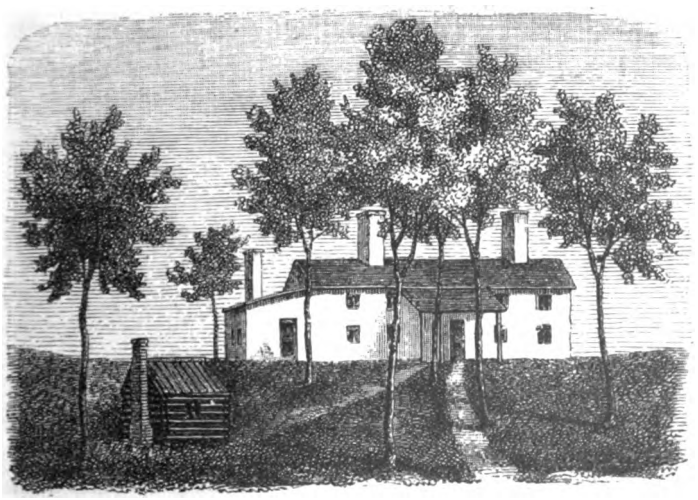
Mother Frances Gardiner.

Mother Spalding.

Mother Columba.

not for time but for eternity, we cease to ask the listless question, "Cui bono?" and by a higher transposition render it, "There is good here." This work has not been ineffectual. Not unto



Nazareth as it Was in 1822.

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the present generation alone, but through the white channel of souls far out beyond to lives yet unborn, the pure, strong influence of a good Christian education finds its way. It is of one of these strongholds of our faith of which I write. As the eyes of many fall on these pages memory flies back along the narrowing lane of years, and sees again the crowned height just beyond Bardstown, Kentucky, where stands the old, well-founded

EAST VIEW OF THE CONVENT.

school, the house bearing with its name the aroma of sanctity—Nazareth.

Long, long ago, while yet this world was young, a scoffer said: "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Yet from that despised hamlet came the Light of the World. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them he gave power to be made the sons of God."

It was one of these sons of God, the saintly Bishop Flaget, who founded the organization known as "The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth." This holy man, of whom Henry Clay said, "He is the best representative of royalty off the throne," from his

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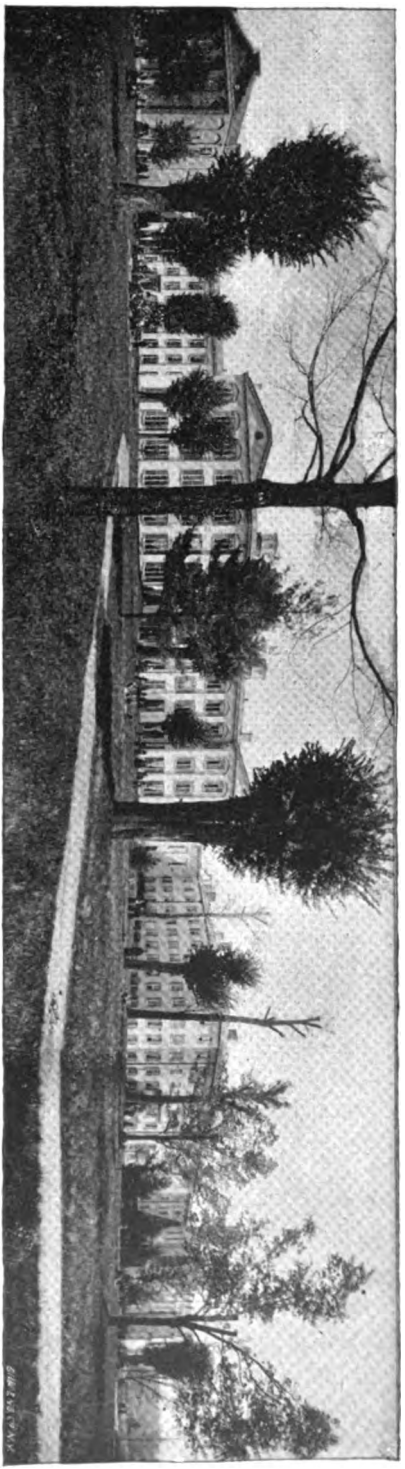
boyhood loved Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and grew up in the shadow of the tabernacle. He was raised to the Episcopal See of Bardstown in 1808 and was the first bishop of the West, when there were only six priests for an area of over forty-two thousand square miles. The Catholic Church in Kentucky has been blessed with many edifying sons, but none among them is enshrined more deeply in the hearts of the people than this truly pious servant of God. At this time this part of Kentucky was a wild, beautiful region, sparsely settled, mainly by Catholic families. When the bishop entered into office his first thought was for the education of the young. Not being able to import a teaching order from his beloved birth-place, France, he had no resource but that which he happily adopted, and established the order whose fame has grown with the growth of the State.

Bishop Flaget, himself a tireless worker in the vineyard of his Master, chose as the director of this new community his friend and companion, Rev. John B. David, superior of the newly-created theological seminary at Bardstown. From out the shadows of the past Father David's character glows with a most beautiful light. He was a man who had



NAZARETH AS IT NOW IS.

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received the benediction of hard work. He was incessantly busy, the only hours of recreation he allowed himself outside the necessary amount of sleep were spent at the organ improvising.

THE CHAPEL.

The gentle musician, whose life was in itself a perfect harmony, awakening sweet melodies, is a very sweet remembrance for those who knew and loved him. He had cheerfully offered to accompany Bishop Flaget into his new field of labor, and was at once appointed superior of the new seminary. Here he worked with tireless zeal among the young Levites who had cast their lot in this fertile though uncultivated portion of the vineyard of the Lord.

In December, 1812, it was these young seminarians who built the little log-cabin, about seven miles from the present magnificent structure, that sheltered the five earnest souls who formed there in that rude, poverty-stricken home the nucleus of what is now a noble organization, the fame of which as an educational and benevolent institution has spread throughout our land.

But in these early days only God, who saw the pioneers of this great work working, sewing, reading, spinning, and at the

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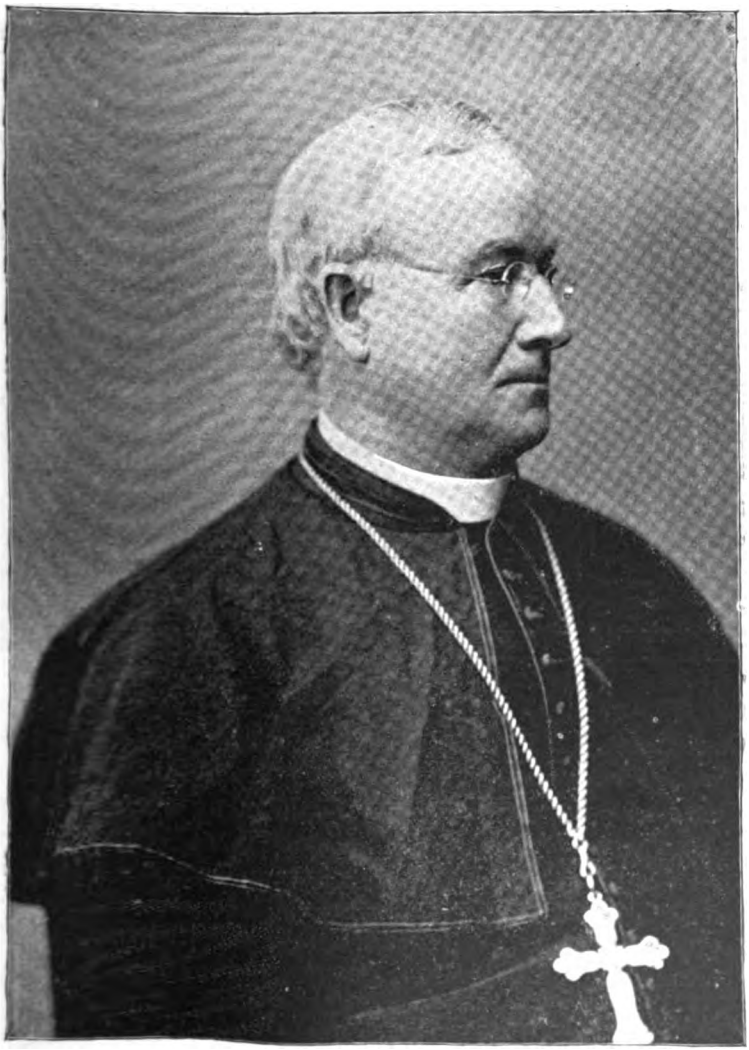
same time receiving instruction, could have had any idea of the wonderful growth and extension with which the small beginnings were to be blessed. We, who at the close of this century enjoy all the privileges that civilization can give to make the road



Bishop McCloskey.

to learning a royal one, cannot conceive of the hardships and trials these pioneers of eighty years ago had to suffer.

The success of Nazareth in the beginning was largely due to the very superior mothers they had. There were three in the

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early history who stand out prominently, a trinity of strength, beauty, and devotion. Catherine Spalding, a member of the talented Kentucky family of that name, joined the community in

THE STUDIO.

the first month of its existence; and shortly after was elected superioress for a term of three years, a position she held for eight successive terms. She was the pivot on which the affairs of the growing sisterhood turned for many years. She was a truly remarkable woman. Among the saintly religious of the West Mother Catherine's name stands pre-eminent. She had the attributes of mind that peculiarly fitted her for leadership—purity of intention and indomitable will. Straightforward in purpose, never vacillating, she had a clear understanding of duty and performed it most faithfully. It is related that when once called to testify in a court over which Henry Clay presided, her testimony was given with such perfect grace, candor, and intelligence as to elicit from the great statesman the highest compliments; a proceeding, as we may well suppose, not at all in keeping with her delicacy and modesty, but nevertheless a spontaneous tribute from one great mind to another. At her death, in March, 1858,

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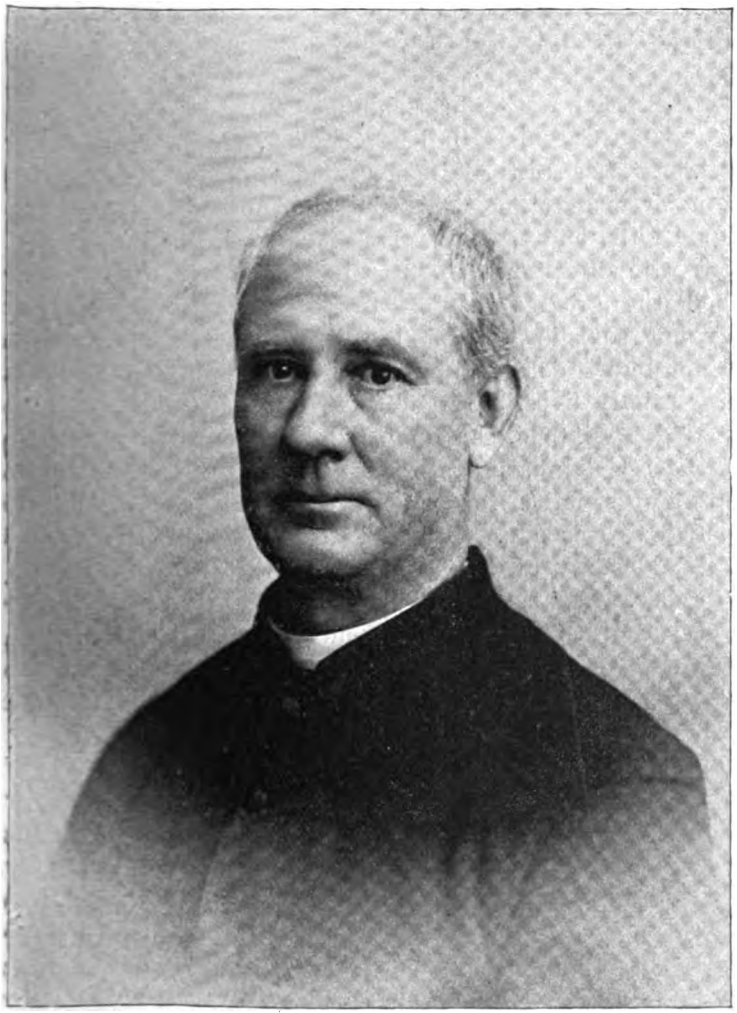
she was attended by her friend and distant relative, one of Kentucky's glorious sons, Right Rev. Martin J. Spalding. Surely



FATHER RUSSELL.

when her white soul entered heaven its greeting was, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mother Frances Gardiner, the second of this wonderful trio, had a talent for administration; but it was not on that account that the hearts of her spiritual children went out to her in love and reverence. It was rather because there was seen in her every word and act an extraordinary love of God. The firmness of her

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faith and piety, her absolute devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, are the traits most remembered and admired. She passed sixty years of her life in the community, for thirty-five of which she was superioress. She was succeeded in office by the gifted and beautiful Mother Columba, of whom too much cannot be said.

After Mother Catherine Spalding's there is no name so well known to the Catholics of Kentucky as that of Mother Columba Carroll. It was Sister Ellen O'Connell, a most accomplished woman, for many years directress of studies, who trained her intellectual gifts, and Sister Columba Tarleton, a saint of the community, who directed her spiritual growth; and to these two is ascribed the greater part of the development of this rare and pure young soul in the religious life. Their influence was exerted not by words alone, but by the silent force of the example of most saintly lives. Margaret Carroll was a pupil of Nazareth; graduating at sixteen, she immediately entered the novitiate, and upon Sister Columba's death took her name, and with it came the spirit of sanctity for which Sister Columba Tarleton is remembered to this day. United to exquisite beauty of soul was an unusual beauty of face and figure, the embodiment of grace and dignity. For thirty-five years she was directress of studies and teacher of the first and second classes. It is impossible to estimate the good this beautiful woman accomplished as a teacher, because a teacher's influence is never ending. In 1862 she was elected superioress, and for more than ten years ruled with extraordinary tact and zeal. One of the red-letter days of the community was her golden jubilee, on February 22, 1877. A drama, written by Sister Marie, entitled "Religion's Tribute to our Mother on her Golden Jubilee," was rendered by the pupils, and was the most pleasing feature on the programme. Addresses, musical and poetical tributes, gifts and congratulations poured in upon her; but perhaps the most touching evidence of the great love borne for her was the accompanying lines, written by old Sister Martha, one of the original five who started at "Old Nazareth."

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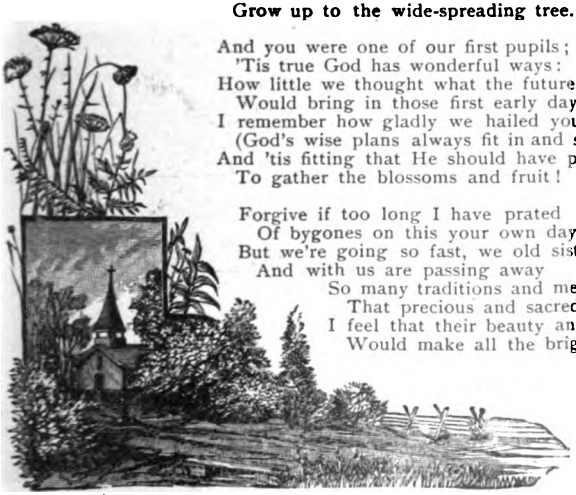
THERE are many to-day, dear Mother,
Who are crowning your head with gold,
And writing fine things of the record
Your fifty long years have told.
And I too should come, with the others,
My offering before you to cast;
But I am old, and my thoughts, dear Mother,
Somehow will fain run on the past.

On the days when our Naz'reth, dear Naz'reth,
Was not like what Naz'reth is now;
When we lived like the ravens and sparrows,
Our dear Lord only knew how.
Then we spun, and we wove, and we labored
Like men in the fields; and our fare
Was scanty enough, and our garments
Were coarse, and our feet often bare.

We had then no fine, stately convent:
No church-towers reaching the skies;
Our home was a low-roofed log-cabin,
Which a servant now'days would despise;
But we had, in that humblest of shelter,
What the cosiest palace might grace,
And fill it with glory and honor—
Mother Cath'rine's angelic face.

She told how the path we had chosen
Christ honored by choosing the same,
And taught us how we should be sisters
In heart and in deed as in name.
And there was our dear Mother Frances;
God has blessed her and spared her to see
The mustard-seed sown in the forest
Grow up to the wide-spreading tree.



And you were one of our first pupils;
'Tis true God has wonderful ways:
How little we thought what the future
Would bring in those first early days!
I remember how gladly we hailed you
(God's wise plans always fit in and suit),
And 'tis fitting that He should have placed you
To gather the blossoms and fruit!

Forgive if too long I have prated
Of bygones on this your own day;
But we're going so fast, we old sisters,
And with us are passing away
So many traditions and memories
That precious and sacred we hold,
I feel that their beauty and radiance
Would make all the brighter gold.

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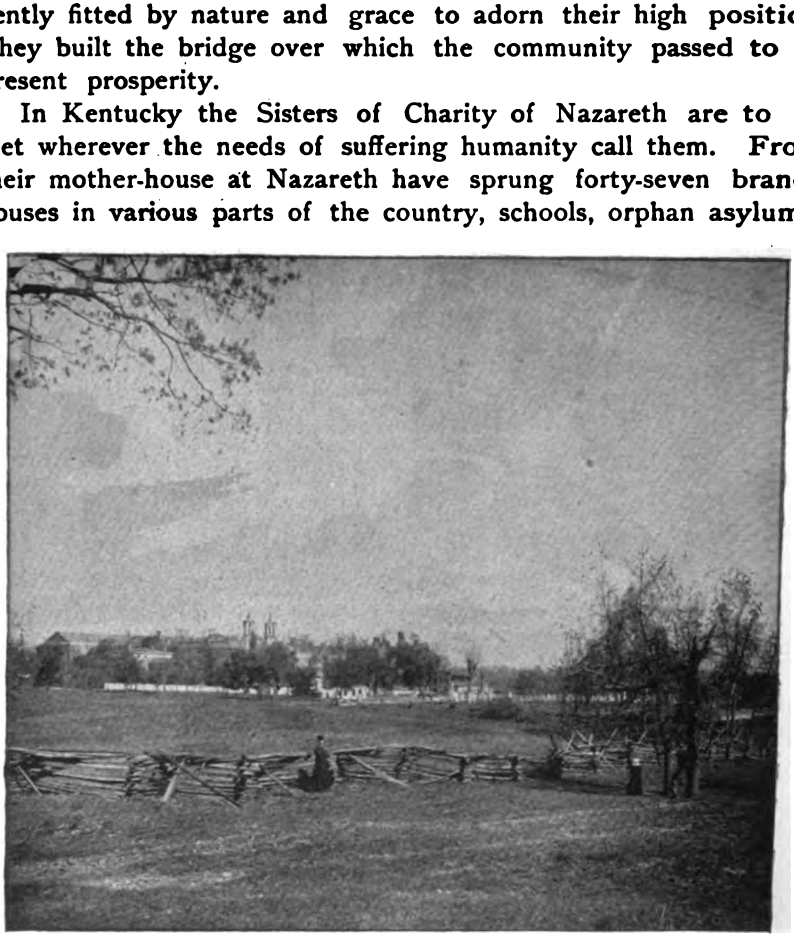
In 1878 her career was closed, but not for ever; in the heart of those she loved she reigns a mother still, with all the charm that clung to her in life. It was meet that such perfection should have been preserved in entire devotion to God, the All wise, who placed her in this convent school where her holy influence could have the widest scope.

To these three, Mothers Catherine, Frances, and Columba, the community owes much of the sanctification of its members. All three were deeply imbued with the religious spirit, all eminently fitted by nature and grace to adorn their high position. They built the bridge over which the community passed to its present prosperity.

In Kentucky the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth are to be met wherever the needs of suffering humanity call them. From their mother-house at Nazareth have sprung forty-seven branch houses in various parts of the country, schools, orphan asylums,



VIEW FROM THE BARDSTOWN PIKE.

and hospitals. The best known of the latter is the "Mary and Elizabeth" Hospital in Louisville, founded by William Shakespeare Caldwell as a memorial of his wife, and a tribute from this good man to the sisters who educated her.

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The mother-house, a few miles from Bardstown and about forty miles south of Louisville, is well worth a visit. After passing through the rather unattractive country, Nazareth seems "an oasis in the desert." As we left the train at the convent station

MR. AND MRS. W. S. CALDWELL.

on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and looked about as far as one can see, on either side extended a beautiful park of fine old trees, magnificent survivors of the "forest primeval."

But we soon came in sight of the convent itself. Whatever impressions had been formed from the first glimpses of Nazareth caught through the trees bordering its fine avenue, in a full view its magnitude is surprising. One is not prepared to find buildings so extensive and imposing in the backwoods of Kentucky. A turn to the right and we reached the presbytery, where a warm welcome greeted us from the reverend chaplain, Father Russell, who has ably filled the place of spiritual director to the community for twenty years; a man whose character is laid in broad and simple lines; a kind and devoted friend; a wise and tender father to the flock, who fully appreciate his unobtrusive goodness. Father Bouchet, the vicar-general of the diocese, is the ecclesiastical superior, without whose good advice there is nothing of large or small importance undertaken in the community.

The sisters hold in loving memory the name of the late Father Haseltine, for many years their director.

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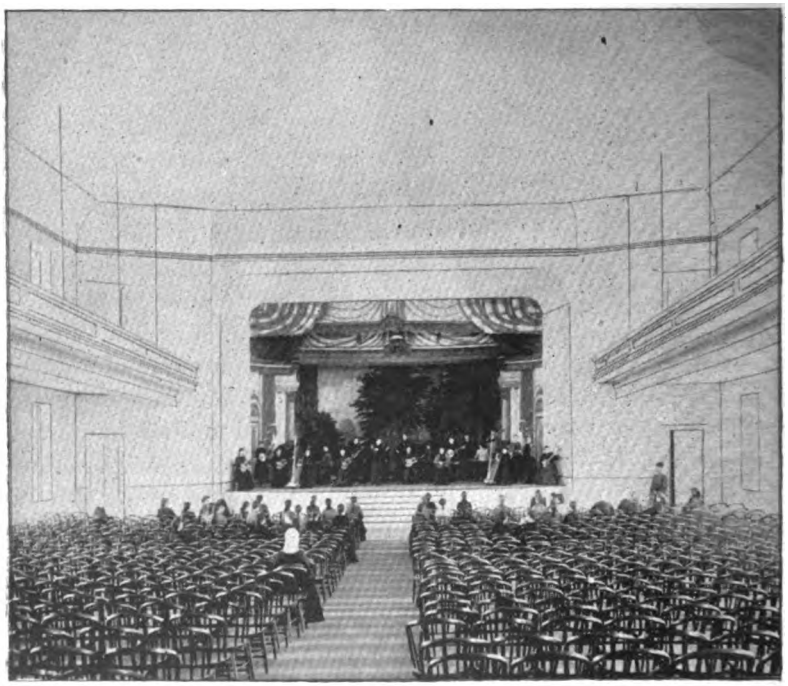
From the presbytery we went to the Convent and Academy, the latter having a frontage of one thousand feet. They are united by a cross-hall, and there is a covered corridor from the rear of the convent into the church. To the left of the Academy is the Commencement Hall, having a seating capacity for fifteen hundred persons.

The main entrance to this historic school is through the old convent. A short flight of steps leads up to the front door, which opens into an old-fashioned hall twenty feet square. On the walls are full-length portraits of Bishops Flaget and David and Father Chambige, founders of the order. Like all convent homes, the most exquisite neatness and order prevail, and everywhere was noticeable that spirit of peace and cheerfulness so apparent in the faces of good sisters. The reception-room on the left is an ordinary square room, furnished simply in the usual convent style. The oratory, a sweet and silent retreat where many a girlish trouble is told to that loving mother so ready to help,



COMMENCEMENT HALL.

is within easy access of the study-hall. The library, containing five thousand volumes, is on the second floor. In the corner is an excellent bust of the late Archbishop Spalding. In the studio,

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where the girls were hard at work, is a painted portrait of the archbishop, and another of Right Rev. William George McCloskey, the present Bishop of Louisville—a most striking, elegant-

YOUNG LADIES' ORATORY.

looking gentleman, who for the twenty-five years of his episcopacy has been a true friend of this noble institution.

The laboratory is fitted up with the very latest appliances for the study of the natural sciences. Here the theories of chemistry and physics are put into actual use by practical experiments. After a little stay in the dormitories and the class-rooms, we descended to the region dear to the feminine heart—the kitchen. Here, again, were the latest improvements in cooking utensils, and the pupils are regularly instructed in the practical art of housekeeping.

In a hurried visit to the Museum with Mother Cleophas, one of the leading spirits of the community to-day, who in the term of office recently finished followed closely the traditions of the past, we found a large room well filled with botanical, mineralogical, and physiological specimens, and then once more we stood at the door and bade adieu to her and Mother Helena, the present superior. The kind and gentle faces of these

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good nuns, framed in their snowy caps, are the last sweet remembrances we carried away with us from this interesting place. It is owing to their able administration, energy, and ceaseless labor that Nazareth keeps the place it has won in the educational world.

Among the many cherished remembrances the sisters have is one of a visit from Orestes Brownson, a celebrity dear to all Catholic hearts. He was perfectly delighted with his visit, remarking that Nazareth was the most homelike of any institution he had ever visited.

Leaving the convent, we visited the beautiful Gothic chapel, the gem of the place, every niche and corner of which, it may truthfully be said, represents a great sacrifice. "My children,"

THE MUSEUM.

said Father David, "build first a house for God, and he will help you build one for yourselves." His pious and prophetic injunction was happily realized.

A group of girls were coming from the chapel as we entered; young, innocent, careless of the future, unmindful of the past, do they realize the immense importance of the present? In after years, when trouble and care have laid their heavy

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hands upon her who was "the sweet girl graduate," with what intense pleasure she looks back to the days she spent in the peaceful haven of those convent walls! A woman never forgets her school-days; the memory is like a strain of sweet music with all the discords forgotten, and only the harmonies remembered.

As for the sisters, their delicate personality meets with a ready and sympathetic response in the young hearts placed under their care. The obligations laid upon them they discharge with the utmost fidelity. They are above everything teachers, and realize to perfection the deep significance of their office, "to mould intellect, to develop character, to influence the whole future of a soul—after the priesthood there is no more sacred calling." Well are they prepared for their life-work.

Perhaps the most important educational department at Nazareth is the training-school for young sisters. Here they are prepared for their future work; they are perfected in music, art-work, pharmacy, nursing, and class-work, from the kindergarten to the higher branches taught in the most finished schools and academies, according to the best approved and newest methods.

Mary Anderson.

There is no more conservative body in existence than the Catholic Church. In her wonderful system there is a well-organized supervision of every detail of work from the preparation of a Vatican encyclical to the establishment of a kindergarten in a parochial school, and she takes cognizance of every step onward

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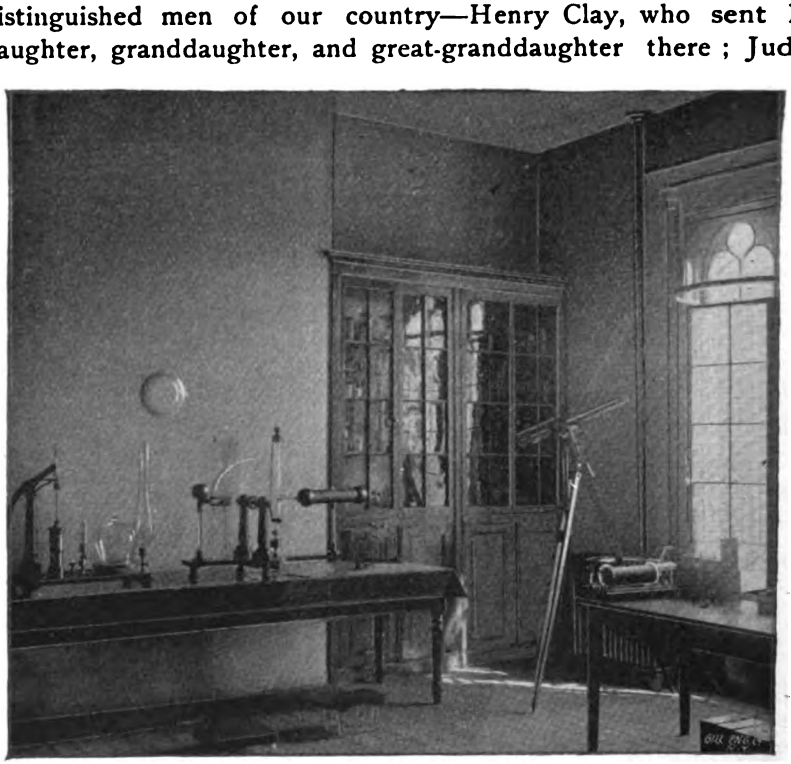
in all branches of progress, and adopts for her own only those things in the educational world that by trial and experience have been found good. It is, then, perhaps unnecessary to say, in the face of the above statement, that Nazareth, one of the best-known institutions in the country, is abreast with the times in all matters relating to education. If it had not been foremost in the ranks it could not have secured the prestige it now enjoys, could not have numbered among its patrons some of the most distinguished men of our country—Henry Clay, who sent his daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter there ; Judge



THE LABORATORY.

Benjamin Winchester, John J. Crittenden, Judge John Rowan, Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis, James Guthrie, George D. Prentice, Governor Charles Wickliffe, and a host of others identified more or less with the growth of our country.

Among the hundreds of pupils it is difficult to discriminate, but it seems appropriate to mention a few who have attained distinction in special lines, and such as are well known to have entertained a particular attachment for Nazareth, of whom it may be said no vicissitude of time or fortune, neither absence nor distance, had power to diminish the ardor of their youthful

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affection. Many creditable representatives of Nazareth are found in all ranks of society, among the wives and daughters of distinguished men as well as those of lesser note. Far back in its records there appears the name of Ann Lancaster Smith, one

GENEVIEVE MORGAN; NOW MRS. JUDGE MULLIGAN.

worthy of special distinction for her disinterested devotion to Nazareth, and her life-long active interest in all that concerned its prosperity, as well as for her generous benefactions to the church, the seminary, and the orphan asylum. She was the path-finder for a long generation of the Lancaster name who were pupils of Nazareth, and became distinguished representatives of the institution, among them Madame Catherine Lancaster, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Clifton, Cincinnati.

The Spalding as well as the Lancaster family, famous in religious and literary circles, has sent many clever pupils to Nazareth, prominent among them Madame Henrietta Spalding, present superior of the Sacred Heart Convent in Chicago, and formerly of the old city convent in St. Louis, whose administration in both cities has been able, progressive, and popular. Few families can show as noble a record of religious vocations as these two well-known families.

Among the pupils of high social position was the first wife of Jefferson Davis, Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of President Zachary Taylor. A later period records the name of Mary Eliza, daughter of James Breckenbridge, of Kentucky, who became the wife of William Shakespeare Caldwell,* of New York, father of

* It is related that once when Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell were travelling in Europe they took French lessons from an eminent master in Paris. The teacher, remarking on its perfection, asked Mrs. Caldwell where she learned her French grammar. "At Nazareth, in the backwoods of Kentucky," Mr. C. laughingly interposed. "It is a pity *you* did not learn it there too," was the reply.

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Mary Gwendoline Caldwell, chief benefactress of the Washington University, and Lina, Baroness Hedwitz. Another prominent graduate was Florence Steele, who as wife of Senator Vance, of North Carolina, graces Washington society; also Mrs. Vincent, another member of the Capital's bright circle, who was beautiful Laura Lancaster, and Mrs. James Maroney, of Dallas, Texas, who gives a yearly medal. The annals of Nazareth record no more lovely women, none more devoted to their Alma Mater, than the four nieces of Jefferson Davis, Mary, Lucy, Anna, and Elizabeth Bradford, all converts, graduated at a little later date. Mrs. Ansolem McGill, Mrs. James Meline, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. McIlvain, Mrs. Charlotte McIlvain Moore, Mrs. J. L. Spalding, Mrs. Captain Marr, all graceful writers, were graduates of this famous school of the South-west. Another pupil of Nazareth was Genevieve Morgan, whose father was prominent in Nashville affairs, and is buried in its State capitol in recognition of his many public-spirited acts. She married Judge James Mulligan, an eloquent

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member of the Lexington bar, and representative in the State senate. She is a fluent writer for the *Lexington Transcript*, of which her husband is editor.

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Mrs. Sarah Irwin Mattingly and Miss Mary Irwin, both pupils of Nazareth who have written for various magazines with creditable success, have just entered upon an educational career in opening at Washington, D. C., "The Washington College," for the higher education of girls after the plan of the European

THE ROAD TO THE DEPOT.

colleges where oral instruction is the important feature of the curriculum.

Mary Anderson was another distinguished pupil taught by the good nuns of Nazareth. Who does not hold in affectionate remembrance "our Mary"? who in all the years she was before the public kept her name unspotted from the world, a living proof of the invincible armor given by a good Christian education, which keeps the girl safe even in the glare of the footlights, the most trying position a woman can assume. Miss Taney, the author of the State poem, "The Pioneer Women of Kentucky," which was written for the World's Fair, was a pupil of these nuns.

Such is the record this old Kentucky school bears before the world; an unblemished testimony to the Divine care bestowed upon these faithful souls from their early lowly days to their

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present prosperity. The history of the church is full of contrasts no less wonderful than here presented in the account of Nazareth. The parable of the mustard-seed has gone on repeating itself from its first utterance.

And now comes the "last scene of all in this strange eventful history," the quiet resting-place where lie those whose crossed hands rest above hearts that are still, unmindful of the clods above them, unheeding the passing of those in whose hearts they live for ever. The dust of years is gathered on the graves of saintly Bishop Flaget with Mother Catherine lying at his feet, Bishop David, Mothers Frances and Columba. But there is something left, a sweetness that lives, that will live across a wider space of years than lies between "New Nazareth" in its stately beauty and "Old Nazareth" in its lowly poverty, almost as humble a place for the Son of God as that shrine afar off, over which the Star of the East shone in glorious splendor eighteen centuries ago.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

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THE ANCIENT POLAR REGIONS.

WHEN day after day we look upon the same landscape with the same sun lighting it up, when we observe the same seasons with monotonous regularity following one another year after year, it is not easy to rid ourselves of the idea of fixity: we imagine that our earth and the sky above it have always been as we see them to-day, and that cold and heat have from the beginning divided the year as they divide it now. When we speak of time we unconsciously limit our mind's eye to the narrow horizon bounded by history and tradition, and further back than sixty centuries our thoughts do not wander. But in reality everything around us and above us has changed and is changing.

The distinguished French scientist De Lapparent says, in his *Traité de Géologie:* "To maintain that since the beginning of its history the earth has always had before it the same sky as to-day, would be to misunderstand the general law of the universe, in which the phenomena of periodicity serve as a rule only to mask a slow but certain advance towards an end incessantly pursued." As a matter of fact this earth of ours has long passed its youth; it is now verging on old age, and with its poles covered by everlasting ice, it may be likened to a body whose extremities are bleached and paralyzed with years. Even in the geological period which immediately preceded our own, and which is known as the Post Pliocene or Quaternary, great changes took place, and man has been a witness to them. The rivers of to-day are mere brooks compared to what they were then, and in North America we can trace the shore-lines of immense quaternary lakes which no longer exist.

But while this fact may interest and perhaps surprise us a little, it does not tax our credulity so much as when we are told that once, instead of snow and ice, a luxuriant vegetation flourished not far from the poles. Indeed, the French naturalist Buffon believed that on our planet, which was slowly cooled and consolidated, life began at the poles; and that from thence it spread in the direction of the tropics, where at first the heat was too intense to admit of any kind of life. But it is only within re-

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cent years that we have been able to get a glimpse of the ancient Arctic zone, which is much more accessible than the Antarctic, and what has thus far been brought to light makes Buffon's daring conjecture appear not so very improbable.

In Spitzbergen and Greenland, in Alaska, along the banks of the Mackenzie River, even in Grinnell Land between eighty and eighty-three degrees north latitude—the farthest point yet reached—fossil plants have been found belonging to the Carboniferous, Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary periods, and these plants have been described by Professor Oswald Heer, of Zurich, in his admirable work—*Flora fossilis arctica.* The fossil sequoias of Grinnell Land bear an unmistakable resemblance to the living sequoias of California, while the fossil laurel—*Laurus primigenia*—of ancient Greenland is said to be the direct ancestor of our present laurel.

Among the ferns of Spitzbergen belonging to the Jurassic age we meet with the first fir-tree. And it is interesting to observe this primitive fir in company with the same shrubs and trees which at that far-off epoch—it may be millions of years ago—flourished in more southerly climes. During the middle of the succeeding age, the Cretaceous, the fossil plants found between seventy and eighty degrees north latitude bear witness to the fact that already a season of cold, very slight it is true, had begun to manifest itself. The flora of this age is richly represented both in Spitzbergen and Greenland. In the latter region the largest number of plants have been discovered at a point seventy degrees north, and among them are many magnolias, poplars, and tulip-trees.

At the opening of the Tertiary period (which comes after the cretaceous, and which is divided into three epochs, viz., Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene) the tree-ferns of Greenland had become quite scarce, and its principal forest-trees were oaks, elms, and hawthorns, while its climate at this time was similar to that of Japan. The palm-tree, too, had now almost disappeared in this latitude—seventy degrees north; but we find it becoming more plentiful in Europe.

Indeed, up to the middle of the Tertiary age, the vegetation of central Europe did not essentially differ from that of the tropics. But within the Arctic Circle the cold which had set in went on increasing, a season of snow became more definitely marked, and slowly but surely the flora adapted itself to changed conditions, until at length it turned into a purely Arctic flora.

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It was now that the forests of the polar regions disappeared never to return, while the small plants, which continued to live and to bloom in the brief and briefer Arctic summers, were plants which had come down from the highlands into the valleys. But some of these plants migrated southward and found a congenial clime on the mountains of Europe, Asia, and America; and when to-day we meet with Alpine plants bearing a strong resemblance to polar plants, may we not find in the history of the ancient polar regions a key to this resemblance?

But while recent discoveries have proved that Greenland (which in a former age might have been called a continent, for it touched Spitzbergen on the east and south, took in Iceland, perhaps even included Scotland, while to the north it stretched beyond the eighty-second degree) was once the original native home of an abundant vegetation, scientists are not agreed as to what brought about so vast a change of climate. Some would explain the high temperature which once prevailed from the poles to the tropics by the greater central heat of our globe. But in answer to this it has been said that the caloric contained within the central nucleus must soon have ceased to exert any marked influence over the earth's surface: we know that the surface of a lava flood, even several yards thick, soon cools and solidifies.

Professor Heer, in the introduction to his work on fossil plants which we have mentioned, puts forward the hypothesis that our earth is carried by the sun around a central star buried in the depths of space, and that in accomplishing this inconceivably immense cycle of a year—whose seasons must be measured by myriads of centuries—the Miocene epoch representing one summer and the Glacial period one winter—we pass through alternate regions of great heat and great cold. But he gives no valid reason for supposing that there are different temperatures in different parts of stellar space, and his theory has not found many supporters.

Another hypothesis which refers variations of climate to the combined effects of the precession of the equinoxes and changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, is held by some high authorities. Others, again, explain climatic variations by geographical causes—by a different distribution of land and water. We know, for example, that the Gulf Stream has a marked influence on the temperature of Western Europe. But if the narrow strip of land called the Isthmus of Panama were to disappear (and there was a time when it did sink below the sea-level) this great

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fan-shaped current of warm water, equal to a river fifty miles wide and a thousand feet deep, might perhaps flow westward into the Pacific Ocean. Yet if this were to happen it would mainly affect the temperature of one continent only.

What would seem to weaken these several theories of climatic variation is the fact that, when viewed from the broad stand-point of geologic time, we perceive nothing oscillating, nothing intermittent in the change. Heer, by ten years of patient study, has been able to reconstruct the temperature of nearly the whole series of latitudes from the fortieth to the eightieth degree, and the result shows that the climates of our globe grow steadily milder and more summer-like as we go backward in time. Thus we find the palm-tree growing further north in the Miocene epoch than in the Pliocene, and in the Eocene further north than in the Miocene; while in the Cretaceous age a warmth like that of the tropics prevailed everywhere.

Perhaps the best explanation of the moist, mild climates of the Paleozoic era is that given by the French scientist, Dr. Blandet, and which has been accepted by the geologist, De Lapparent. It is founded on the gradual condensation of the solar mass.

In the beginning the solar mass, which was very diffused, must have projected on the horizon of the earth a disc measuring an angle sufficiently great to nullify at first and then to attenuate the effects of latitude, as well as to prolong beyond limits the winter twilight at the poles. Add to this a triple, perhaps a quadruple, density, of the atmosphere, which was thus rendered more capable of storing up heat as well as of holding equivalent quantities of watery vapor and of giving it out in the form of abundant rains, and we have what certainly seems a reasonable way to account for the primeval climates. The light which then reached the earth passed through a nebulous atmosphere, and Professor Heer makes the interesting remark that the plants which are analogous to those of the earliest age of plant life, such as the ferns, as well as the most ancient families of insects, evince, as if influenced by a dim tradition, a marked preference for shady, obscure spots.

Let us say in conclusion that the cooling of the polar regions, and the lowering of the temperature of the continents south of the Arctic zone, was complicated by great watery precipitations and an excessive humidity, which became, under certain favorable topographical conditions and with slight geographical changes,

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an active cause of glacier extension during the Quaternary period and gave rise to what is known as the Glacial epoch. Of this De Lapparent says: ". . . The epoch characterized by the Quaternary glaciers is unique in the history of our planet and was preceded by nothing analogous."* But these abundant rains have now passed south of the temperate zone and are confined to the tropics. At the same time the cold which overwhelmed the ancient polar regions is not arrested in its progress; the cause which first brought it on is still at work. Our sun is becoming more and more condensed, and by and by it will no longer find in the contraction of its diameter a source sufficient to keep up its energy, and with the extinction of the sun our earth must perish.

The approach of this deadly world-chill is infinitely slow—so slow that history takes no note of it; but in time the now crowded, busy portions of the earth must meet the fate of Greenland and Spitzbergen. This day is still buried in the distant future; but far off as it is, the lesson of the past tells us that it is coming.

WILLIAM SETON.

Traité Géologie, p. 1281.

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AMERICA'S WORKMEN.

THERE is no question in the United States more lasting or more far-reaching than the welfare of America's workmen. I do not restrict the name to those who work with their hands; I include also those who work with their brains. Indeed all kinds of labor, even the most manual and the most menial, are getting to be so changed that a certain amount of skill and of brain-power is used in them. The success of the nation depends upon the prosperity of the toiler. His interests must be looked after, but the *rôle* of the demagogue must not be played. The lockouts, the strikes, the destruction of property, the violence, the bloodshed, and the murders of recent years recall the most lurid chapter of *Cæsar's Column*, and show clearly that labor is still far from its millennium. The magnificent millions of the few and the perceptible poverty of the many, even in America, the El Dorado of the workman, are too striking not to call forth uneasiness in these days when the people are said to rule.

An economist as well as a philanthropist, the late Cardinal Manning, writing to a Catholic Congress held at Liège, a few years ago, said: "For a hundred years capitalists have deliberately concealed their enormous profits, and at the same time bought labor at the lowest price."

The distribution of wealth is frightful in its very inequalities. Still I do not believe that the social system is radically and hopelessly wrong. I do believe that American workmen can right their wrongs by the machinery at their disposal and without violating any law human or divine. The laborers have a majority of votes and the greater amount of physical strength, even if the word workmen be taken in its restricted sense. What they need, therefore, for success is a sufficiency of intelligence and a proper direction of the same.

In a land where Lincoln the ploughboy, and Johnson the tailor, and Grant the tanner rose to the highest position in the gift of this or of any people, it should not be necessary to dwell upon the dignity of labor. Christ, the highest type of manhood, devoted himself to manual labor.

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There should be no such thing as starvation in this land. The political economy of Paul of Tarsus is worth recording. The saint writes: "For also when we were with you, this we declared to you: that if any man will not work, neither let him eat."

Nature never blunders; man does. God never creates a wrong; man does. The eyes, the mouth, the lungs, the feet of a new-born babe are nature's own evidence of the child's right to light, food, air, and earth to walk upon. Whoso is willing to work has a right to eat. Every man has a natural right to the necessaries of life. This is so universally acknowledged that our theologians are unanimous in teaching that extreme necessity justifies one in taking what would otherwise be the property of another. Such a case would arise if one's life were in danger, for example. The same is true of quasi-extreme necessity. That which in other circumstances would be theft, ceases to be so in presence of such necessity. The reason is to be found in the law of nature. Any division of property cannot run counter to the natural law of self-preservation. For this law is higher than any by which property can be regulated or divided. Catholic theologians sum up the aspect of the question I am treating of by the theological formula or axiom. In extreme necessity all things become common. I give the words of Thomas Aquinas, the prince of theologians. He writes: "When there is a manifest and urgent necessity and no other resource is at hand, a man may lawfully relieve his necessity out of the goods of another—a case in which there can be no question of theft or robbery. For in virtue of his necessity those things become his property which he takes to sustain his life."

The Teacher of the parable of Dives and Lazarus would not hold a starving man responsible for taking enough to relieve his pressing want. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that there is no life beyond the grave, to what a hopeless, and useless, and joyless existence the unjust man condemns the over-worked, and under-fed, and under-paid multitude of his fellow-men!

And suppose there is another life, if the teachings of Christianity be correct, the fate of the gravely unjust rich man will be that of Dives in the parable. St. James writes: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you. You have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped your fields, of which you have defrauded them, crieth

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out; and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth."

God did not send poverty; man created it. Man is not poor because of a curse from heaven. If he were, what a splendid argument it would give Atheists and scoffers against the bountiful God of the Christians!

Just as every man, born into this world, has an equal claim to the means of eternal salvation, so has each one an equal claim to the means of decent subsistence. This is nature's own legislation, and no human law can abrogate it. The army of tramps is said to be increasing in the United States every year. Tramps are a foreign manufacture. They were not contemplated by the founders of the American republic, and were partially unknown in the United States for a long time. There should be no tramps either from choice or from necessity. To become a tramp from choice shows a depth of personal dishonor entirely out of harmony with American modes of thought. To be a tramp through necessity is an evidence that our law-makers neglect a grave duty. The state is bound to see that no man starves who is willing to work. To it belongs the solemn and sacred duty of promoting the welfare of the many and thus bring a ray of sunlight into their lives. There is abundance for all in this God-favored land, and if some are in need it is generally because of an unequal and unjust distribution of its treasures, and rarely through their own fault.

Poverty is a source of vice. It drives people to the despair of atheism. The people want justice rather than charity. It is not in accordance with the laws of divine or of human honesty to rob men of their wages and dole it out in charity. Godliness and greed do not go well together. Piety and penuriousness, even when the latter does not reach the aggravated form of being unjust, are looked upon as a contemptible combination. Establishing art galleries, founding public libraries, building colleges or even churches, cannot be accepted as compensation for injustice done to our workmen.

Wealth must be made to recognize its obligations. Its owners are stewards in a certain sense and not irresponsible masters. No matter how wealthy men may be, they have no right to claim a monopoly of the earth so as to frustrate the divine intention, which is that the earth is for all men. If they own the possessions of the human family, they must look to its needs, just as a father is bound to provide for the members of his

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household. I quote again from Thomas Aquinas: "Human law cannot abrogate the divine or natural law. And according to the natural order instituted by God's providence, material things are destined to meet the needs of men. Hence no partition or appropriation of these things can avail to prevent their being employed to meet men's needs."

It is a very false doctrine to teach that the world's wealth was created for the use and pleasure of the few, without any obligation on these of supplying the wants of the many. Take the large factories of the country. They have somewhat of a public as well as a private value. By reason of the former they owe certain obligations to the men who work in them. A man cannot do as he pleases with his own as long as he forms a part of the social organism. It were quite another thing if he could withdraw from the society of his fellows and live after the fashion of the primeval desert-hermits, Paul and Anthony.

In his sounder days the manifold millionnaire of Pittsburgh, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, used to disapprove of the idea of leaving vast wealth to one's heirs, and used to teach that to die rich is to die disgraced.

It would be much better for humanity in general to give workmen their full share of wages, than to curtail them and try to make up for this by generous donations for public purposes.

Writers on political economy are at one in saying that there are few economic subjects so difficult as the actual amount of wages which workmen should receive. The abstruse nature of the subject itself and the cleverness of capitalists in concealing their earnings, combine in making the subject very hard to solve. Several elements have to be considered. Men may have employment at certain works all the year round. In case they have not, then on the days they work it is necessary for them to earn at least as much as will support themselves and their families for the whole year. The average length of the working life must also be taken into account. The life of a worker in lead, for instance, is much shorter than the life of one who works in tin. Hence his wages should be proportionately greater. Then there may be technical or trade expenses to be borne by the workmen. In spite of the vague and shadowy rules for the regulation of wages it is clear that the minimum of a just wage should be enough to maintain a home. Otherwise family life becomes impossible and the commonwealth cannot prosper. It is a violation of the virtue of distributive justice to take advantage of

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a man's necessity in order not to pay him full wages. Hence the iron law of wages known as competition is not a just standard of measurement. There should be an honest proportion between the receipts of the workmen and those of their employers; in other words, wages should have a fixed relation to the value of the work done.

It is not necessary that there should be a war between pampered capital and persecuted labor, for the pampering of one and the persecution of the other can be stopped by reasonable brain-work. Men and masters have many interests in common. They should think of these rather than try to keep in full view their few opposing interests.

Oscar Wilde writes, that some years ago people went about the country saying that property has its duties. They repeated it so often, continues the elegant Oscar, that now the pulpit has begun to say it. One almost feels ashamed to write the threadbare statement, that workmen have a right to organize. And yet there is a necessity for repeating this teaching, because such a right is still denied by employers. No man of God ever lectures capitalists on the immoralities of their unions, and no man has a right to question the lawfulness of labor unions. If anything, they are laudable, for they help to preserve equity inasmuch as they are offsets against the combinations of capitalists.

The chief question for the American laborer regards the means by which he will enforce his rights. There are certain things which he must shun if he will succeed. Howsoever just his claims may be, he has no right to enforce them by violence. Such a means of redress is against the law of God, against the state, and against the workman's own interests. There are in the world two supreme organizations: the church and the state. Each of these may permit or even encourage subordinate societies, but they cannot tolerate unions in open warfare against them. When workmen beat non-union men, attack the national guard, or, mayhap, the regular army, they put themselves in direct antagonism to the state, and it must either crush them or abdicate its functions. They may use moral force upon the non-union men; they must not use barbarous methods to enforce claims howsoever just. Violence as a solution of the labor problem is unintellectual and un-American, as well as immoral. It is an appeal to the tribunal of brute force rather than to the forum of intelligence. It obstructs the prosperity of the country at home, and it injures its reputation abroad. It does more: it retards

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the cause of humanity, for it tries to show that republican form of government—the best yet known—is not the success which its advocates maintain. It injures the cause of labor in two ways. First, it prevents the prosperity of the country; and if the country as a whole be not prosperous, labor cannot flourish. Secondly, it alienates sympathy from the workman. Without the good will of the greater and sounder portion of the community, the workman cannot hope to make much progress. The lesson must be learned that, as peace is superior to war, so is the intellectual method of settling a difficulty superior to the violent one. The sooner workmen realize that violence cannot be recognized in the labor movement the better for their cause. When an attempt was made to assassinate Frick, of the Homestead troubles, the American people, howsoever much they hated Carnegie's representative and his methods, at once declared the murderous act to be a profanation of the sanctuary of our republican form of government, and they stamped assassination as the weapon of the slave rather than of the freeman.

The question of strikes is altogether different. A strike may or may not be lawful according to the circumstances of the case. To strike without cause may be unlawful, for it may occasion public disorder, promote enmities, inflict hardship on innocent third parties, and is clearly antagonistic to national prosperity. But when a strike will probably obtain a benefit for the workmen which the employer unjustly refuses, and when this benefit cannot be obtained by less vigorous measures, then by all means a strike is lawful. It is a question among moralists whether men engaged in transportation service and such similar semi-public work have a right to strike or not. The chief reason assigned by those who deny them such a right, is because their action is directly injurious to whole communities of innocent people. If we assume that such men are not justified in striking, they certainly have a right to insist upon some equally efficacious means of settling differences with their employers. But the best authorities on labor do not favor strikes. They are a last resort, an appeal to the purse rather than to the intellect.

Moral force is the chief reliance of the workmen of to-day. The anarchists and murderers fresh from the dynasties and tyrannies of Europe will never receive a firm foothold among the intelligent workmen of the United States. A sense of universal justice must be taught and is sadly needed. The many must not be ruined for the benefit of the few. The wealthy

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have to learn simple living, less ostentation, the vanity of mere display, and the foolishness of extravagance. They are quite right in providing for their dependents; they are quite wrong in supposing that beyond this point they have no duties to their fellow-men and to their poorer brethren above all others. No matter how perfect the world may become some will always appear at a disadvantage. For legislation, howsoever just, cannot abolish in individuals the inequalities of strength, foresight, industry, etc. A more specific remedy is needed for workmen's grievances than to say that we must go back to Christ, his example and his teaching. Probably the heartless individual who scrimps the seamstress of her scanty wages, or mulcts the miner of what is his due, thinks he is going back to the simplicity of the Gospel, and living up to the Sermon on the Mount, provided he builds a church or endows a library.

Labor and capital should encourage co-operation and not conflict. There should be conferences between the representatives of each, and if these fail then the best-known remedy for grievances is arbitration. This must come, not after relations are strained, or laws are broken, or property is destroyed; it must come as a matter of course, and as soon as a grievance demands it. Deeper than this is the workman's remedy of the ballot-box And deeper and more fundamental still is the question of education. He is and must necessarily be in the majority. And if he were only educated up to the point where vast organization were practicable, and up to the point of realizing his enormous power at the polling booth, there is not a single grievance which he could not remedy.

JOHN CONWAY.

St. Paul, Minn.

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AT THE TOURNESAL.

THE Chalamette shell-road in New Orleans begins beyond the Rue St. Ferdinand; and, white and shining in the sunlight, meanders for miles along the side of the green grassy embankment of the levee, shaded by cypress-trees that cast their shadows on the sparkling mass of amber waters called the Mississippi. On the land side of the road grow thick together myrtle-trees of the silver-veil and pink-crape kind, and not unseldom orange-trees that I have often wondered remained unrobbed, exposed as they are to every passer-by.

Facing the white road, far past the Ursulines and Friendly Sisters' street, and on the other side the Rue La Manche, is an old white mansion of one story, long and broad, and surmounted by a cupola. The mansion has an overhanging tiled roof, supported by the white fluted pillars of a gallery that is on its four sides, and it is set in a garden of orange, nectarine, and blazing pomegranate trees. The foliage, of every hue of brilliant green, spreads shadows of a vivid violet on the iridescent pebble paths; the carmine nectarines gleam among their leaves of tender green; the yellow orange glistens in nests of waxy leaves; the blood-red pomegranates glow on their black and gnarled branches, and the white, golden-hearted clamber-rose runs riot to the topmost boughs of the trees, swinging itself from limb to limb till it forms a canopy of flowers and perfume over the paths, almost shutting out the blue sky and the rays of the intense sun.

More than a quarter of a century ago this place and a square mile of land about it belonged to the De la Manches, a family who had died off, or who had been killed off, till no one of them was left save the daughter of the house, Flore de la Manche, and in 1865 she disappeared, no one knew whither. Fourteen years after, in 1879, the house and garden had got into dilapidated condition, when they were bought at a public sale by an enterprising Galvestonian, who fitted them up for a winter resort, and time showed that he had been sagacious in his venture.

Adjoining the garden and immediately on the road is the Tournesal, a small yellow house possessed of a yellow tiled roof, black Venetian blinds, and a pair of folding doors, also painted black. Tradition says that this house, long ago, was the studio

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of a De la Manche who had been given to painting, and there is a legend to the effect that he became very famous. This last is somewhat borne out by the fact that in the catalogue of the Paris *Salon* for 1820 there appears the name of a picture of a Louisianian named Edouard de la Manche. There is, as well, in the New Orleans Museum, a small painting of a Louisiana deer hunt—the animals very life-like—signed "Manche." The picture of the hunt, however, may have been painted by a progenitor of the numerous Manche family who live across the river in Algiers, and who are by no means to be confounded with the De la Manches, another family altogether.

Whatever the house called the Tournesal had been, in 1880 it presented a worse appearance even than had been that of the mansion when bought by the Galvestonian. In this year carpenters and painters set to work to repair and paint it. Shortly after it had been made habitable an elderly lady and an aged negress took possession, and in a few days the neighbors learned that Mlle. Flore de la Manche was the name of the lady, Mammy Suzon that of the negress. They also learned that Mlle. de la Manche had bought the house.

No one expressed surprise, or was surprised, at the return of the last of the De la Manches. The older neighbors had witnessed so many wonderful changes that nothing less than a general convulsion of nature would have caused them to be astonished; and to the younger ones, with the solitary exception of the Galvestonian, the De la Manches were much as are other folks. The proprietor of the mansion treated his neighbor with much consideration, and respected her privacy, when he sent her word that he would take it as a favor if, during the months between April and October, she would look upon the garden as her own and make use of it accordingly. Besides, he made genteel capital of the fallen gentlewoman. Very few of the boarders who came to the pleasant mansion to escape the cold winter of the North failed to hear the story of the woman they saw returning day by day from Mass at St. Martin's, attended by the aged negress. And very much amazed would mademoiselle have been had she known that it was considered that she gave a certain tone to the mansion.

Seeing her so well clad, that a woman came daily to cook and clean, and that an abundant store of good provisions passed through the black folding doors into the Tournesal, many of the boarders began to believe that mademoiselle was rich, and that she was waiting her opportunity to buy back the mansion.

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Mlle. Flore was not rich; neither was she poor. It is true that the comfortably furnished Tournesal was hers, that she was well clad, that she had her black coffee regularly, her well-appointed dinner served by Mammy Suzon. But all this was done out of a carefully guarded income of five hundred dollars a year, with sometimes an addition from what she called her talent.

Not even to mammy did mademoiselle ever speak of the dreary year in which they had fled from ruin and desolation to destitution in New York, nor of what had seemed to be the vainest of vain searches, her search for work. Sometimes she spoke of the school in the pretty suburb that, after much labor, she succeeded in getting herself appointed to teach. But what she and mammy often spoke of was the check the mail brought to her one day in payment for a little tale she had written for one of the journals, and of like payments for like matter that came afterwards. This was before the deluge of Southern literature, and though she lived to see it, mademoiselle still found room for herself, when it came, on the lowest round of the ladder of fame. Editors had discovered that she was painstaking, that what she wrote pleased a certain class, and that she could always be trusted to fill a gap. This was the high-water mark of her literary fame—she could be safely counted on to fill a gap. Neither she nor mammy knew this.

Her tales and sketches were signed *Tournesal*, and on rare occasions faint praise had been vouchsafed them in her presence. Once she read one of her little stories to her pupils, they not knowing their teacher to be the author, and the children were pleased. After that she read them others, and the boys said they were "tip-top" and the girls said they were "lovely." Though for praise that would have been fulsome had it not been so honest mammy was the one to give it, for mammy was convinced that outside the gospels there was no such fine writing as that which was written by her "Mamzelle Flow."

She was still a young girl when she began to write, but she was an old maid before she had gained what she felt was the only earthly thing left for her to gain. As much money as could be pinched from her meagre wages as school-teacher, and all the money that was paid her for her writings, was laid aside to buy back, not the mansion—that she knew could never be—but the Tournesal. To gain this object, mammy, if possible, was more eager than was mademoiselle, her foster-child and mistress. And of the two, when at last, after fifteen years of self-denial of every sort, there was a little capital in bank and the Tournesal was

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bought, it would be hard to say which one was the most thankful to Heaven. There is this to be said, however: whilst Mademoiselle Flore, who had always been accessible to every one, remained so, Mammy Suzon became almost offensively overbearing in her deportment to all the world outside the Tournesal, convinced that all the world was but as dirt under her "mamzelle's" feet.

As has been said, Mammy Suzon served the dinner to Mademoiselle Flore, and this was almost the sole service she was permitted to render. It was her "priv'ludge," she insisted stoutly, when her mistress would have forbidden her old age even this light task. So every day, as on this evening of the twenty-second of August, 1888, mammy, her horn-rimmed spectacles set firmly on her nose, her much starched and gaily-colored turban worn with dignity, stood beside the dinner-table waving slowly to and fro an enormous palm-leaf, not so much in token of victory as to keep away the flies.

The apartment that did a triple duty, for it was indifferently a *salon*, a sitting-room, and a dining-room, had about it a quaint air of refinement and of gentle repose. Its only distinguishing feature, aside from its occupants, was a low and curiously-wrought bookcase, which faced the window looking out on the garden. A pair of black bronze urns with handles of gilded wreaths stood on the top of the bookcase, one on either side. The delicate odor that pervaded the room proceeded from the rose-leaves and orange-leaves preserved in these urns. Between the receptacles for sweet odors, and resting on a rosewood stand, was the miniature on ivory of an exceedingly handsome youth of fair complexion, dark eyes, and curly hair of a pale, yellowish brown. Paradoxical as it may seem, though the eyes of the youth were languorously soft and gentle, his face was strong and masculine.

To those of her few friends who put questions to her about the miniature of the handsome youth, Mademoiselle Flore would say: "It is the miniature of Lieutenant Frank Berkely. He was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, in the spring of 1862. His mother was a Benoit, and the Benoits were old friends of my parents.—Yes, he was very young when he entered the army—only nineteen. My mother was very much attached to him." Then she would remark something foreign to the miniature, in order to divert the friend's attention from it and Lieutenant Berkely.

Mademoiselle Flore looked tolerably young for a woman in

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her forty-first year. It is true her hair was white; but then it was thick and was worn in puffs that gave it the appearance of being powdered; her complexion was fresh with a tinge of rose, and her soft merino gown and the frill round her neck were quite youthful. She often fell into long silences and fits of abstraction, out of which she would emerge with a little sigh, if left to herself; but if spoken to, with a vivid blush that almost transformed her face into that of a young girl.

There was a particular reason to-day for the unusual liveliness of her manner, a liveliness that did not ill become her. The editor of *The Avenue* had written her a letter requesting a story. He did not say that he wanted to fill a gap. On the contrary he wrote an exceedingly polite letter that asked for "one of your nice, quiet, and well-bred stories of about three thousand words." And then went on to state the price he was willing to pay, which, it so happened, was more per thousand words than mademoiselle had ever before received.

"I think I shall have to begin my story immediately after dinner," she said as Mammy Suzon removed a bowl of iced shrimps to make room for a tiny plate of soup. "It was so good in the editor to write such a *pleasant* letter," she added dreamily.

"Them kin' doan' git er Deller Manche ter write foah 'em ev'ry day," said mammy, her chin high in the air.

"I wish they did," returned mademoiselle, with a touch of humor altogether lost on mammy.

After that mademoiselle made no further remark till the dessert of white figs and a nectarine had been placed before her. "What shall I write about, mammy? I cannot think of anything," she then said, admiring the contrast of colors presented by the white figs and pink nectarine on a bed of fig-leaves.

"Lawd bless you, Mamzelle Flow!" cried mammy, highly flattered. "Wha' foah you ax me that ah! Ter th' bes' of my knowledge, 'pears ter me you ought ter write 'bout ouah owniest fam'ly."

Mademoiselle gave mammy a startled look, and said under her breath: "Why, mammy! I have thought of that, and thought of it. My own story! They would not know it was of myself I wrote."

"Jes' so, Mamzelle Flow, jes' so!" exclaimed mammy, chuckling with delight. "An' you ain' foah'getten ter say I'se borned in er fam'ly, is you?" she asked concernedly.

Mademoiselle raised her downcast eyes and looked at mam-

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my thoughtfully. "Mammy," she asked, her face breaking into a smile, "what does the salt do for the dinner."

"Wha' does er salt do foah er dinner? whoo! whoo!" laughed mammy. "I reckon, mamzelle, you knows wha' it doan do when Lanthy done lef' er out."

"Well, mammy," said mademoiselle, "you are as necessary to my story as salt is to the dinner."

"Look at that foah a fac'!" ejaculated mammy solemnly, crossing her hands on her broad bosom and nodding her head. "An', mamzelle," she continued, in a burst of excitement, "you ain' foah'getten my ole man, Ignace? He b'long ter ou'ah fam'ly an' he burried in er vaulk, he is;* he ain' no trash."

"I won't forget Uncle Ignace," she replied as she rose from her chair and walked to the window looking out on the garden, leaving mammy to call in Lanthy to clear the table and to oversee the work, much to the discomposure of that rather shiftless young woman.

When the table was cleared and the lamp lit and placed on it, mademoiselle took from a drawer in a cabinet a parcel of paper, whilst, with awful reverence, Mammy Suzon set an inkstand and tray of pens before the lamp. "Mammy," said mademoiselle, untying the parcel of paper, "call in Lanthy before she goes home, and we will have night prayers—and, mammy, I shall be up late to-night; perhaps you had better go to bed after Lanthy locks up."

Mammy made an old-fashioned courtesy that she had learned from mademoiselle's mother. Their long residence North had almost destroyed their custom of speaking in French, but it was in that tongue that mammy said: "If mamzelle pleases, I would rather remain here while she writes." And mademoiselle responded very seriously: "I shall be charmed to have you here."

This little ceremony had been enacted many, many times before; but on each occasion of its being repeated mademoiselle and mammy treated it as if it were something entirely new. To mammy grandiose etiquette was a species of holy ritual that tickled her inmost soul; and because it pleased mammy, mademoiselle was pleased.

From a book of prayers that she put on her eye-glasses to read mademoiselle prayed for herself, for her little household, for her dear dead. And the two black women, kneeling on either side the table, recited their responses with a hearty reverence,

* Only paupers and Jews are buried underground in New Orleans; the latter from choice, the former for want of choice.

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and the earnest devotion of the trio was sweet as the odor of rose-leaves and orange-leaves that pervaded the room.

Mademoiselle's pen did run back and forth over the narrow tinted paper till late into the night; mammy nodding meanwhile in a great cushioned arm-chair, her hands clasping a rosary she alternately recited and dozed over. Once mademoiselle laid down her pen, and, her hands folded on her paper, gazed before her, her eyes moist.

"Was you thinkin' of Marse Frank, mamzelle?" asked Mammy Suzon with tender respect.

"A little, mammy," she answered vaguely, and taking up her pen, continued to write.

"Wahn't it up in Virginni on er Chickenhom'ny that ar battle war fought, mamzelle? You done tole me so," persisted mammy.

"Yes, mammy, the Chickahominy," replied mademoiselle gently.

"I thought it war th' Chickenhom'ny," murmured mammy as she dozed away into what soon became a profound sleep.

Mademoiselle attributed, rightly, her own and Mammy Suzon's vigorous health to the beneficent influence of exercise in the early morning air and sunshine. And morning exercise was so strong a point with her that, late as it had been when she laid aside her pen the night before, she was up betimes with mammy to walk to St. Martin's for Mass. For the daily hearing of Mass was a work of supererogation mademoiselle never failed to perform.

Mademoiselle looked tired and worn this morning, as she and mammy walked homewards under the shade of the cypress-trees and out of the glare of the flashing river—so worn as to call forth a remark from mammy that "mamzelle war jest done out."

"No, I am not tired, Mammy Suzon," she said; "I am thinking of my story. After breakfast I will go over it quietly while you are overseeing Lanthy. I have many corrections to make."

Mammy's reverence for the literary moods of her mistress was great enough to cause her to preserve silence for the remainder of the walk, and to induce her when they reached home to hurry Lanthy with the breakfast, in order that mademoiselle might be left alone with her manuscripts as soon as possible. She need not have been so peremptory with Lanthy in regard to

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the quality of the breakfast, for mademoiselle showed herself very indifferent to it when it was set before her, and herself helped Lanthy remove the dishes from the table, so anxious was she to go to the pile of neatly written tinted paper awaiting her on the sill of the garden window.

Nevertheless, when at last the room door had closed on Mammy Suzon and Lanthy, and she was seated by the window, her adjustable table before her, mademoiselle did not immediately set to work at her manuscript. Her head resting on her hand, she gazed out on the garden where, between two orange-trees and among tall white lilies that grew wild, stood a moss-grown bench hewn out of stone. She sat so motionless that a little blue lizard, watching a fly struggling to get through the wire window-screen into the room, was emboldened to spring at its prey, and succeeded in capturing it without disturbing her. Even the myriad ruby humming-birds hovering over and darting their long bills into the crystal cups of the lilies failed to attract her attention. It was only when her hand fell idly on the pile of manuscript, and her fingers rustled its pages, that she was recalled with a start and a blush from the past to the present. "I was forgetting!" she exclaimed half-aloud, and took up a leaf of the manuscript to read over her story.

There is no author who has written much—hack writers not being taken into consideration—who has not written at least one meritorious thing worthy of preservation. And mademoiselle had at last written her one thing out of her heart. Never had she achieved anything so good, and she rightly felt that never again would she write as well. The story, simply told, was of a man's faithful love for one dead; and what gave to it a particular charm was, that in it there was an utter absence of anything like a striving after effect. The chief characters of the story were a youth of nineteen and a girl a year younger, who loved and who were to have married, but the girl died. The man, through long years, remained faithful to the girl, whom he looked upon as his dead wife, as he felt she would have been faithful to his memory had he been the one to die. Not a specially new story, it might have been made by an unsympathetic hand a piece of veriest sentimentality. But what mademoiselle made of it was an idyl of loyalty that had the merit of singular pathos and of truth; for it was her own story, all but the details, transferred to the personality of Lieutenant Berkely. The details she had altered, even to situating the scene of the story in a foreign country.

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Slowly she read page after page of the manuscript, often stopping humbly to correct a word or alter a sentence, and had reached the last paragraph, which summed up, with a truly exquisite reticence of words, the story of the man's chivalrous loyalty to his dead, when the sudden pause of carriage wheels on the drive through the garden caused her to look up.

The foliage was so thick between her and the drive that she could barely perceive a man and woman seated in an open carriage. Presently she heard the man call to a negro boy lolling on the grass, to know if the mansion was occupied; and the boy replied that it was shut up for the summer, but that a lady lived in the Tournesal. Then, after some words had passed between them, the man and woman got down from the carriage, and walked, laughing and talking, through the swaying lilies to the stone bench, where they seated themselves.

Mademoiselle drew her hands quickly across her eyes, and, holding her face between them, peered through the wire screen. "Has my story driven me mad?" she cried to herself.

Whatever the age of the man seated on the bench might be, he was apparently not more than thirty-five, and in the sunlight his light curly hair might have made his strikingly handsome face appear even younger. And it was evident that he was exceedingly proud of the young and pretty girl—she was more of a girl than a woman—beside him. All this mademoiselle could see through the wire screen that prevented her being seen. The gently blowing wind came from the direction of the stone bench to the Tournesal, and carried to her the words the man was now saying to his companion: "Yes, Gertrude, this is the place where I was reared. You know I told you M. de la Manche was my guardian. I am glad we have taken in the old place on our way home."

Mademoiselle's answer to this was something like a sob.

"How sad that they are all dead," said the girl, and the wind ceasing for a moment, mademoiselle lost the rest of the speech.

When it again arose, the man was saying, "After the war, when I was at last released to go into a hospital, I found out from the few friends left that I was thought to be dead—"

Again the wind failed to carry her what was said, and again it arose. "I wrote and wrote," said the man, "and received no answers to my letters, but I learned that they were all dead, though some believed Flore to be living. I did all I could to find her, in spite of the assurance I felt that she was dead; for

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had she been alive, my letters would have found her, and she would have written me."

The girl laid her hand on his and, looking him in the face earnestly, asked: "You loved her very much, Frank?"

He took her hands in his and said: "You are my wife, Gertrude, remember that; you must not be jealous."

"I am not jealous, Frank," expostulated the girl; "how could I be? She is dead, poor thing, and if she were alive she would be dreadfully old. But *did* you love her very much, Frank?"

"She was as good and pure as an angel," he replied; "and I did love her very much, Gertrude."

Mademoiselle sank to her knees and, hiding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly. When she raised her head to dry her eyes she heard the roll of the carriage wheels, and listened intently till the sound of their part of the work of grinding the shells on the road to powder had died away.

She rose to her feet painfully, and having gathered together the leaves of her manuscript, forty-one in all, she placed them loosely and with great care in the small brazier that stood in the fire-place. There was a box of vestas on the mantel-piece, and when she had struck one of them, she applied the fire to the under leaf of the untrue story.

While the leaves of the manuscript burned merrily and sent out a thin cloud of smoke, Mammy Suzon burst into the room in great excitement. "I knowed I smell' fiah!" she exclaimed. "Wha' you doin', Mamzelle Flow?"

She had been gazing at the merry flames, and now turned her eyes on mammy.

"I have burned my story," she said gently, "and I shall never write again. And," she continued, as she moved to leave the room, "I am going out for a walk in the garden. Come out when I call you, Mammy Suzon, and I will *tell* you a story."

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FREDERIC FRÖBEL'S CHRISTIAN KINDERGARTEN.

I.

A GREAT wave of kindergarten enthusiasm has been passing over the whole country during the past two or three years, sweeping before it much of doubt and distrust, and of the prejudice that has existed against Fröbel and his kindergarten system. College professors, teachers, educators everywhere, even those whose work does not bring them into contact with very young children, are now thoroughly alive to the necessity of beginning aright and at the *very* beginning, if we are to be successful in the all-important work of education.

We are told, and truly, that the end and aim of education is the formation of character; therefore, if we would achieve that end, we must have education that is development—not merely instruction—we must begin our work while yet character is forming, and as an aid to the best and most harmonious development of the human heart and mind and body the kindergarten claims our special consideration.

To those who do not understand what the kindergarten is, a brief account of Fröbel's childhood may be the simplest introduction, for the events of his own life are closely connected with his opinions and give the key to his educational theory.

He was born in a small village in Prussia in 1782. His father was a clergyman, austere and cold, to whom, he says, he remained a stranger all his life. His mother died before he was a year old, and, although he never knew her, he believed that from her he inherited his imaginative and artistic nature. His father married again in two or three years, and while at first this new mother seemed to encourage the love and confidence of the lonely child, as soon as she rejoiced in a son of her own she became to him a step-mother indeed, and treated him with neglect, unkindness, and even injustice, which is ever the hardest trial for a sensitive nature to bear. In his autobiography Fröbel dwells upon this change in his step-mother's manner towards him, because, he says, "I recognize herein the first cause of my early introspection, my desire for self-knowledge, and my youthful separation from other human ties."

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At the age of ten his mother's brother took him to his own home for a while. This uncle was a widower, of a more genial, kindly nature than Fröbel's father, and, as he had lost an only son, he gladly took to his heart this child of his dead sister. In this congenial home, where peace and plenty reigned, the boy's whole nature expanded, he improved in health of body as well as of mind, and spent there five happy years. It was during this period of his life that he became what he remained to the end, a close observer and lover of nature. He delighted in the free, out-of-doors country life, where he could watch the development of plants and of animals. Perhaps it was then, too, or during the following three years while apprenticed to a forester, that his mind received such strong impressions of the analogy of the human being to the other organisms existing in the world, and the consequent belief that man should grow and develop as they do—harmoniously and completely.

He was always very religious, and early resolved "to be truly noble and good"; and noble and good he surely was. "The blessed thought came to me," says Fröbel, "human nature, in itself, does not make it impossible for man to live and represent again the life of Jesus in its purity; man *can* attain to the purity of the life of Jesus if he only finds the right way to it."

In this rapid sketch it would be impossible to follow him through his varied experiences as forester, then as student at the University of Jena; as land-surveyor and as architect. The first impulse toward his true vocation was given when he accepted a position as teacher in a model school. Here, for the first time in his life, he felt himself in his true element. Having heard and read much of Pestalozzi, whose name was just then the watch-word in education, he soon became his pupil, and from that time he was always both teacher and pupil.

His lonely, neglected childhood and his efforts at self-instruction led him to study the children in the streets, to help them with their plays, and to direct them in such a manner as to make them helpful and instructive. Thus gradually, from the study of nature, of philosophy, and of his fellow-being, was evolved the kindergarten idea that the child must be developed and trained by natural methods; that is, according to the laws of nature.

Fröbel's theory is: *1. The process of spiritual development goes on according to fixed laws. 2. These laws correspond to the general laws which reign throughout the universe, but are at the same time higher, because suited to a higher stage of development.*

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3. This system of laws must be traced back to a fundamental law. This he calls "The law of opposites and their reconciliation" or "The law of balance," and he applies it to education. He argued that if the unconscious development of the child is governed by this law, educators must apply it to his later development if they would assist nature and not hinder it, and they must carefully lead children to use it themselves in all their work in the kindergarten.

The word kindergarten means child-culture; so a kindergarten is a child-culturing institution. Its aim must be development—the formation of character, not instruction, or the pouring in of knowledge, but a drawing out of all the latent faculties of the whole human being.

The object of the kindergarten, as Fröbel puts it, is: "To take the oversight of children before they are ready for school life, to exert an influence over their whole being in correspondence with its nature; to strengthen their bodily powers; to employ the awakening mind; to make them thoughtfully acquainted with the world of nature and of man; to guide heart and soul in a right direction, and lead them to the Origin of all life, and to union with him."

It was a simple, child-like man who originated the kindergarten method, and devoted his life to teaching it and endeavoring to impress the truth of his views upon others. Unfortunately for him, just when he had most reason to hope for success in Germany, his nephew, Carl Fröbel, chose to publish a pamphlet entitled *High Schools and Kindergartens*, which the Prussian ministry denounced as socialistic and atheistic. The author's name and the title of his pamphlet caused him to be mistaken for his uncle, and immediately the Fröbel kindergartens were closed by order of the Prussian ministry.

I would emphasize these facts, because I have recently learned that some of these Carl Fröbel views have found their way across the ocean, and even now the same old mistake is made here, which may account for the foolish charge we sometimes hear brought against the kindergarten: that its originator was an infidel. And even supposing for one moment that this were true; if his methods were the most logical, the most scientific, and the best, shall we be satisfied with anything less than the best?

But he was indeed a thoroughly religious man. He regarded the nature of the child as three-fold in its relation to nature, to

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man, and to God; he aims at the harmonious development of this three-fold being, and declares that "all education that is not founded upon the Christian religion is one-sided and fruitless." Is not this the principle for which Catholics have long been contending? Is it not for this that they bear the burden of double taxation, and multiply parish schools all over the country?

It was a sad blow to this earnest man of single purpose to be thus publicly accused of atheism; it seriously affected his health and was really the cause of his death.

Three years after his kindergartens were prohibited he was invited to be present at the German Teachers' National Assembly at Gotha, and as he entered the hall, in the midst of a discourse, the whole assembly rose as one man, and at the close of the speech three rousing cheers went up for Frederic Fröbel. At last he had the joy of a "universal recognition of his efforts," says the Baroness Marenholz-Bulow. This was in May, 1852, and in June, a month later, Frederic Fröbel died peacefully at Liebenstein. Future generations shall prove the full value of his legacy to mankind. It has come to us like anything else worth having, through suffering and self-sacrifice.

To Fröbel everything in nature was God's gift to man, through which he should learn to know him; therefore the material which he prepared in the kindergarten to serve for the development of the child he divides into "gifts" and "occupations."

The first gift consists of six worsted balls in the six spectrum colors. The ball, or sphere, is the simplest of all forms and is the *type of all organic things in their beginnings*. In the second gift we have the ball again—of wood this time—its opposite the cube, which is the simplest type of the mineral kingdom, and the cylinder, which reconciles these opposites, bearing a close resemblance to both, and representing the form common to animal and vegetable life. This gift is the basis of the kindergarten system; from it are derived all the other gifts, and it is the embodied law of "contrasts and their reconciliation," the universal law of equipoise. It is this cube, sphere, and cylinder reproduced in stone that constitute the monument marking his resting-place in the little village of Schweina; a fitting monument, perhaps, for the inventor, but hardly complete as marking the grave of the Christian who would attain to the purity of the life of Jesus Christ.

In America the kindergarten system has been making its

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way slowly but surely, and to-day it is recognized as the true beginning for all education. It is the preparing of the soil, as it were, and the planting of the seeds of truth, beauty, form, color, sound; and of order, which is heaven's first law. It has already done much toward modifying the old methods of teaching. I find traces of its influence in every primary school; but it is in the charity kindergartens that the greatest good has so far been accomplished.

It has been truly said that kindergartening is not a trade but a mission, and it is essentially woman's mission. Every one admits the truth of that old proverb about "the hand that rocks the cradle," and that idea breathes through all of Fröbel's work for the education of little children. He says that woman is the educator of mankind, and believes that the child should begin to be educated as soon as he is born; therefore he has a great deal to say to mothers about the early education of their children, and has given us his wonderful book of *Mother-Play* which illustrates so admirably the kindergarten theory.

Every child needs the kindergarten. It is the natural bridge between the nursery and the school. It is needed by the children of the rich who are too often left to the care of servants who may or may not be honorable, but who surely are not the best qualified to take in hand the three-fold development of the future capitalist. It is needed by the children of every American citizen whether rich or poor, for the child of to-day will be the citizen of a few years hence, and he cannot begin too early to learn his lesson of self-control and self-reliance; respect for his neighbor and his neighbor's rights; and the giving up of small personal good for the great and general good of all.

But what shall be said of the crying need of the kindergarten for such children as have no homes—the children of the slums, whose characters are forming in schools of vice? Their story has been so well told, their cause presented with such force and eloquence during the past year, that no word of mine is needed now to show that something must be done to save these children.

"The problem of the children is the problem of the state," says the children's friend. "As we mould the toiling masses in our cities, so we shape the destiny of the state which they will rule in their turn, taking the reins from our hands."

That the kindergarten is to be the solution of this "problem of the children" is the firm conviction of the deepest thinkers and

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most active workers among the "children of the poor." It takes the little toddlers out of the gutters, and places them for several hours each day under the care of gentle women trained for such work. From close alleys and reeking slums they are transplanted into bright, clean, sunny rooms; from the companionship of older children already depraved, or of over-worked and often drunken and brutal guardians, to the supervision of conscientious teachers who probe for the germ of good to be found in every human heart; developing, helping; encouraging right doing for right's sake; making the little ones happy in their play—which is their work—and through this work forming habits of obedience, neatness, order, and industry. The child is surrounded by gentle, loving influences; useful and instructive work is supplied for his natural activity. There are bright, pretty pictures on the walls; there are music and songs for the march and the games, in all of which the teachers join, making the children feel their interest in all that concerns them. They win their confidence and affection, and govern them by methods that are reasonable, and that appeal to the children's sense of justice, and they direct all the work, observing ever the underlying laws and principles which govern and animate the whole system. "Learn by doing" is the kindergarten motto, and the golden rule is practised, not merely taught.

Although all our work and play is strictly regulated by law, ample time is given for free invention, and room is allowed for individual activity. Then, too, we spend much time in "make-believe" land, so dear to the hearts of children; and in our games we are "make-believe" soldiers, farmers, carpenters, millers, bakers, weavers, shop-keepers—what you will; and here is born and fostered a thorough respect for work and for all workers.

The number of kindergartens in New York City must be nearly a hundred and fifty, not counting those attached to private schools. The New York Kindergarten Association, of which Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is president, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, vice-president, had in October, 1892, nine kindergartens well organized and well filled with children; and many others waiting for a chance to enter. Churches of all denominations have adopted the kindergarten.

In the Catholic Church it has been steadily gaining ground since 1878, when three of the Sisters of Charity entered the normal class of Madame Kraus-Boelte and made a thorough study of the

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system. Other sisters in turn studied with these, and it would be a surprise and a pleasure to many Catholics to visit their institutions, and to see the happy children under their care. Perhaps the best place to begin would be the New York Foundling Asylum or the Catholic Protectory. In each of these institutions there is a very extensive kindergarten conducted by the sisters; but the work of these noble women is not shouted from the house-tops, and one must make an effort to find it out.

There is a large kindergarten in the Cathedral parish, under

CHILDREN OF ST. PAUL'S KINDERGARTEN.

the care of Rev. M. J. Lavelle; one on Fifty-first Street, in the Sacred Heart parish, established by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Mooney, and one connected with the large school of the Paulist Fathers, in West Sixtieth Street; another belonging to the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, managed by the Rev. M. A. Taylor. St. Mary's parish, Grand Street, has a flourishing kindergarten under the supervision of the Rev. N. J. Hughes. There is one also at St. Joseph's parish school, West 125th Street, recently started by Rev. A. Kesseler. No definite estimate can be made at the present time of the kindergartens

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established in the various homes and asylums for Catholic children.

In parishes where lack of funds is the only barrier to the formation of a kindergarten it might be suggested that an economical plan be adopted similar to that which proved so successful at St. Louis under the management of Miss Susan E. Blow and the Hon. William T. Harris, now Commissioner of Education at Washington. There was but one paid teacher in each kindergarten, but that one was thoroughly trained and experienced, competent not only to conduct the class but to train others for the work, and the assistants received their tuition for their services. The kindergarten has been a part of the public-school system there since 1873, owing chiefly to Miss Blow's enthusiastic and untiring energy.

In Boston, too, it was a woman who taught the city the need and the usefulness of the kindergarten, Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, a daughter of Professor Agassiz. At one time she supported at least thirty kindergartens in Boston, and a number of day nurseries, from her own private purse. The city finally adopted the kindergartens, but Mrs. Shaw's money still supports the nurseries.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, whose name is dear to the heart of every kindergartner, referred to this in a talk to the Normal Class then studying with Misses Garland and Weston—at dear old "52." She told us also that the Sisters of Charity were studying with Madame Kraus-Boelte, and added: "It is a great triumph for the kindergarten that the oldest and most conservative church in the world should open its arms to receive it, and goes far towards proving its truth." She wrote this account of a visit to the New York Foundling Asylum:

"Several years ago I visited, with my friend F. L. M., this Foundling Hospital of magnificent dimensions (though I understand it holds but one-third of the children that are under Sister Irene's care). We were then struck with the great opportunity as well as great need for the art and science of Fröbel, as an instrumentality in the hands of the devoted women who had consecrated themselves to the duty of being earthly Providence to these poor waifs of the human race."

The New York Kindergarten Association has been working hard for three years keeping the Fröbel theory and practice before the eyes of the public, and now the Board of Education

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has decided to adopt it and make it a part of the public-school system, to the gratification of many teachers who have long been clamoring for this great aid in their school-work. This means that the city has stamped its seal of authority upon the kindergarten, and nothing could go further toward removing prejudice and promoting the good work.

But the kindergarten is needed not only in every public school, but in every parish school in the city, for the children for whom it is to do the greatest good are the children of the working-people. I heard a venerable priest say recently: "We Catholics are responsible to God for the souls of these children." Many are constantly moving from one tenement to another—from one parish to another; and the only way to reach them all is to have the kindergarten hospitably open to them, and wherever they go we can reach them.

Here is another truth from Fröbel's *Education of Man*: "A religious spirit, a fervid life in God and with God, in all conditions and circumstances of life, will hardly in later years rise to full, vigorous life if it has not grown up with the child from his infancy."

Let us begin, then, with the children in their infancy—at the very beginning—this three-fold development which is true education. Let this education be founded upon the Christian religion; and one day we, too, shall build a monument in honorable remembrance of Frederic Fröbel. We, too, shall take his own *Second Gift*, the cube, sphere, and cylinder, for our model, but it shall be a completed monument surmounted by the emblem of our faith—the Cross of Jesus Christ.

EMMA W. WHITE.

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THE MAGI'S GIFTS.

NAY, Lord, not thus, not thus! It is not meet
To bring rich offerings to Thy holy shrine:
Who, having all things mundane and divine
Created, carest not for incense sweet!
These arches towering splendid to the skies,
These gilded altars and these vestments rich,
These costly statues carven in each niche,
Are but the world's display in holy guise.
Nay, when we offer Thee earth's richest store
We but present Thee that Thou hadst before;
But when our hearts we to Thy service lend,
We offer Thee a gift that ne'er shall end.
And Thou hast said, "A broken, contrite heart
In sacrifice is mine accepted part!"

LAURENS MAYNARD.

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THE MAGI.

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ALONSO X. AND THE BIRTH OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

THE historian who would fain restore any of those mediæval characters which stand or crumble in the niches of the Temple of Fame finds himself between the two horns of a dilemma, which toss him alternately so high and so low that it is only by chance he lands at last in the happy medium of truth. Especially is this the case where the glamour of royalty is wrapped about the figure, distorting all proper proportions of vice and virtue. The human creature beneath is so disguised by his trappings; so much superstitious awe hedges his divine right of power, or such rebellious discontent smoulders under the breath of envy or ambition, that we are shown a race of gods or demons rather than of mortal men; and the sober judgment of later centuries which attempts the task of reducing to normal proportions finds a well-nigh insoluble riddle before it. Time and the man are sometimes of such heroic greatness, and sometimes of such infinite littleness, that the unit of opinion formed in the first place rests for ever unchanged; but the vast majority are still enigmas to puzzle over.

The life of Alonso X. of Castile and Leon is no exception to the general rule. In many respects it is a typical example. The circumstances of his accession and reign were so discordant that both partiality and hatred found brave fuel to keep their fires alight. His record is a series of contradictions. Inheriting the fairest and broadest territory which had yet belonged to his race, he lessens rather than adds to it. A lover of peace, he is forced into constant warfare. Devoted to his kingdom and tenderly affectionate to his family, he comes to the verge of dethronement in the one and suffers estrangement and dislike from the other. Accorded the title of "El Sabio," which was assuredly at first intended to mean "The Wise" as well as "The Learned," his vacillating foolishness and erratic conduct made the title as much an insult as an honor in the mouths of his contemporaries. Leader of the Christians against the Moors, and by heredity their stoutest opponent, he is obliged to appeal for aid and protection against his own subjects to his infidel enemy; and swayed by the most earnest desire to be generous and use-

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ful to his country, he becomes hated as an oppressor and despised as a ruler.

No Spanish king before him had such apparent cause for congratulation, or fairer prospects than those which opened before him, on his accession to the throne. With the united crowns of Castile and Leon, he held sway over all the northern provinces by right of descent or conquest. The kingdom of Murcia, the important fortified cities of Granada, and a large portion of Andalusia, formed part of his patrimony in the South. The possession of Medina-Sidonia and other places on the Mediterranean coast had resulted in the construction of a respectable fleet, with which the country was prepared, if need be, to carry on war with Africa. The banner of a single royal house floated from the Bay of Biscay to beyond the Guadalquivir, and from Portugal to Aragon. The courage of the people had been greatly animated by the successful outcome of the later campaigns against the Moors, and an apparent enthusiasm of sentiment, rare for such troublous times, was bringing together for a common purpose of complete expulsion the hearts and the swords of Spain. For the first time in five centuries the Saracen power had been seriously impaired; people and rulers could at last look forward to the near hope of entire redemption. Fixed codes of law for settlement of difficulty and security of society had been introduced to some extent, and the atmosphere was vibrant with projects for future prosperity and conquest. In spite of drains which constant warfare had made upon the treasury, a system of partial taxation and the tribute paid by vanquished Moorish provinces still left a comparatively good supply of funds. And like fair visions of additional glory for the future, the dreams of succession to the German Empire, and the permanent right to the Province of Gascogne, wavered on the horizon.

Yet with all this Alonso was already heir to three misfortunes, either one of which was menace of disaster. He was son and grandson of mighty warriors, and the descendant of reigns filled with splendid heroism, which required equal or greater valor to continue their prestige of victory. How was this man whom nature and choice both pushed toward study and thoughtfulness, whose vocation was that of the student rather than the chieftain, and of whom circumstances alone made the soldier, to sustain the burden laid upon him? Leon and Castile were yet in the infancy of union, with the thousand possibilities of discord and conflict between two powerful and rival states, unsoftened by companionship and common interests. And there was upon him

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the incubus of a forlorn hope, the haunting desire which with fair show of reason pushed him in thought ever toward the crown of Suabia, and so poisoned content. If one adds to this the daily struggle of a nature strongly borne toward studious quest against compelling forces, an unstable will in temporal affairs, a narrow judgment, a sluggish temperament, and a conscience keenly alive to praise or blame, one can understand the possibilities of unhappiness which might naturally cloud the horoscope of the heir of St. Ferdinand when he came into the government of his father's realm in 1252.

The chronological record of his reign is simply told. Born in 1221, his childhood was passed in Toledo under the influence of his mother, Beatrix of Suabia, and of Berengaria, his grandmother. He won his spurs at the age of sixteen, under his father's eye in battle against the Moors, and afterwards led in the reconquest of Seville and of other important cities and provinces. He came to the throne at his father's death in 1252, being thirty-one years of age. With strong natural inclinations and tastes for study, his diplomatic and military undertakings reflect little credit on his name. What with a futile and obstinately maintained claim to the princedom of Suabia, disputes with his nobility, foolish meddling with the currency of his kingdom, alliance with the Moors against his own rebellious subjects, and, worst of all, a quarrel with his son Sancho about the succession to the throne, Alonso X. had an unhappy reign, in both a civil and military point of view.

The trouble with his son hastened his end. The Prince Sancho fell ill in the very beginning of pacific negotiations, and was carried to Salamanca. The forlorn king, tormented in his affection and wounded in his dignity, forgot at once just indignation and fancied wrong. Grief over the condition of his son, which day by day grew more serious, was too much for a constitution already enfeebled by failure, by trials, and by bitter disappointment. He too fell ill, and mortally. Day by day his attendants found him with face turned to the wall, weeping silently over the danger of his son, while his own life was ebbing rapidly away. In place of estrangement only loving kindness remained for the child who had so deliberately plotted his ruin. And it was thus he died, broken in heart and ambition, on the fifth of May, 1284, just as Sancho was finally declared convalescent.

There are few sadder comments upon the mutability of human affairs than the difference between the opening scenes of

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this life and the closing; and there are no more touching words in history than those in which he lays bare the condition in which he has been placed. Tortured in spirit by the insurrection of his son, poor in purse, and spent in health, he has applied to a relative, Don Perez de Guzman, at that time high in favor at the court of Morocco, to negotiate for the sale of his crown to the sultan of that country and to beg his assistance. He asks him to commend himself and his cause to the Saracen monarch. "For since in mine own country there are none to care for me or aid me, I must seek among strangers for those who will pity. And as Castile has failed me, none will complain if I ask help from the Moor. When my children have become mine enemies, who can find fault if I strive to make mine enemies my children?" . . . "Written in my sole loyal city of Sevilla, in this thirtieth year of my reign, and first of my tribulations." Could more plaintive cry be wrung from the heart of the father and the king. One sees in it a hurt deeper than that of wounded pride in the unconscious majesty of outraged affection. Nor was his remonstrance without avail, although the help came to him too late.

Little as there is to admire in this sketch of a political career, one cannot but be moved to pity. Recognizing the real nature of the man, and the harsh alternatives forced upon him by circumstance, there is more reason for compassion than contempt. Impractical and contemplative, yet ever pushed forward with hand on sword to avenge or avert injury; hesitating and diffident where boldness was required to armor swift justice; tender and generous, yet constantly being wounded by a moral shortsightedness which stumbled against the sharp angles of existing conditions—if his work had stopped here there would have been small space for the name of Alonso X. in annals of Castile or of the world.

Yet this stone which the builder of history would have refused was really a noble part of the foundation of the lasting grandeur of Spain. Three generations of heredity in the desire to encourage letters had made of him what his ancestors would fain have been—the patron of learning, the founder of an imperishable literary inheritance. "But little prudent and of wonderful irresolution in his manner of action," as Mondejar quaintly says of him regarding statecraft, he shows amazing perspicacity, promptness, and fidelity in his plans for literary work. The first to see the possibilities of the vulgar tongue, he does in some degree for Spain what Dante so gloriously accomplished later

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for Italy. The attempt at a written language, which his predecessors had fruitlessly encouraged, he makes a permanent and accomplished fact. By offer of honor and fortune, he gathers about him kindred spirits whom the renaissance of letters had called into prominence; and with their aid not only plans but executes works which would be important in any age, but which are marvellous in that pale dawn of intellectual activity. The fragment of law which his father, St. Ferdinand, had attempted to transcribe for the partial guidance of affairs, he amplifies with infinite research into a code, which embodies most of the rules of legal utterance in all the centuries since, and portions of which are in actual use to-day. He forms astronomic tables which are even now valuable and availed of in the calculations of modern scientists. He writes, or causes to be written, the annals of history at home and abroad, and the narration of the great Spanish conquests over sea. He embodies the legend and tradition of his country in *Las Cantigas*, strange wild narrations of blended fable and fact woven into poems; tales of miracles and visions and mighty deeds, in the same inextricable confusion with which the old Greeks sang their gods and heroes. He has the Bible translated from the Latin; and many other books heretofore reserved for the private use of the student, brought within reach of the people. What work is this for the time in which it was accomplished; and what an enthusiasm of energy and perseverance does it show! Our pigmy has grown to be a giant. We can read between the lines now when Mariani says: "A man of fine mind but little judgment; intolerant of counsel; slow of speech; more fit for study than for the government of his people; contemplating the heavens and knowing the stars, but meanwhile forgetting the earth and his people." It is of such forgetfulness that immortality is made.

We come now to a particular analysis of the works themselves. They comprise in prose: *El Historia Universel; La Crónica General de España; La Historia de todo el Suceso de Ultramar; Las Siete Partidas; El Especulo de todos los Derechos; El Fuero Real;* and others in *Opúscales Legalis del Rey Alonso el Sabio;* and the translation of the Bible. And in verse: *Las Cantigas; El Libro del Tesoro;* another Tesoro, and *Las Querelles.*

It is impossible to know in what chronologic order these should be placed; but probably *Las Cantigas* came first in time, as they assuredly do in literary merit. These canticles, songs, or poems, as one chooses to call them, four hundred and one in

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number, separate easily into two general divisions. Those of most value form a series of descriptive narratives in verse. They are irregular in form and comprise nearly nine-tenths of the whole collection. The themes are drawn largely, and with more or less directness from earlier writers in Provence or Italy, and from traditions handed down among the people from far remote ages. Written in the Gallegan dialect, which appears to have been the polite language of the Spanish courts, they discover the germ of the present Portuguese, as the poem of the Cid was foster song of modern Castilian. It is impossible to trace exactly where and when these two languages began definitely to separate from the parent stock, but the final changes were not completed before the fifteenth century. Often author, but sometimes collector, Alonso appears to have given to this work his best talent and love. He so far esteemed it as to carry the volume with him in his journeyings, and ascribed to it miraculous power to preserve from danger and heal from ill. In several places mention is made of circumstances under which it was said to have restored him to health. In varying styles and metres, they are largely the outcome of Alonso's great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whose servant he ever called himself, and in whose honor he founded at least one order of religious knighthood. They were written at what might be called the culminating point where the close of one epoch of civilization meets the dawn of another. All Europe was in a state of scholastic ferment. In Germany the Minnesingers were lifting into renown the poetic compositions of their native land. The brilliant philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura in one quarter was being complemented by that of Albert Magnus and Roger Bacon in others. St. Francis of Assisi was making beautiful and pliable the soft bastard Tuscan so that it should be possible for Dante to weave from it his sublime *Commedia*—an occurrence to mark in itself an era for humanity. Throughout the borders of civilized Europe were already laid the corner-stones of those splendid cathedrals which make the wonder and despair of modern architecture, while from Cambridge and Oxford to Salamanca the great universities were being founded by wise and loving hands. Something of all this intellectual movement is reflected in Alonso's *Cantigas*, mingled with strong devotion and eager belief in miraculous interposition. Apart from supernatural phenomena related in some, others exalt, in the form of parable, the virtues of chastity, temperance, patience, truthfulness, or heroism. One of the loveliest

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in spiritual significance is that of the Monk Felix and the little bird, which Longfellow has adapted in his "Golden Legend." Some describe visions of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, which may not have been wholly outside the line of Dante's inspiration; some, again, stories of souls led to make pact with the devil through greed of wealth or ambition, and saved afterward by renunciation and repentance, or by the interposition of the Blessed Virgin. Others yet, record personal experience of miraculous interposition. The parables are mainly very transparent homilies, in which gambling, profanity, and irreverence are lashed in the persons of their victims, while the opposite virtues are exalted with an amazing fervor.

The lyrics are much less remarkable, although their simplicity and naïve candor make them interesting as types of the intellectual processes of the times. They are not of the school of Browning or Owen Meredith; they need no interpreter. But as Juan Valera says, in an exhaustive study read before the Royal Academy of Madrid in 1882:

"Despite rudeness of idiom, and difficulty of expression with which the poet struggles, the vivid color with which he illumines his verse, and the ardor of faith which shines through it, make them of more distinct value than more pretentious work offered under other conditions. The most celebrated artist of our own day would utterly fail in producing equal results; so vital is the power of belief in the immortal and divine which permeates them."

As an example of *Las Cantigas de Santa Maria*—to give the whole title—one might quote the LXXIX. It is a little story of Musa, a foolish and vain young girl who sees in a dream the beautiful vision of the Blessed Mother, and is so ravished by its loveliness that she desires to go with her. The Virgin tells her the conditions upon which alone she may follow:

"Y en su santo anhelo la Virgen gloriosa
le aparece en sueño por extremo hermosa,
con muchas doncellas de maravillosa
beldad, y tambien
Musa quiere al verlas ir con ellas luego,
mas Santa Maria la dia, Te ruego
si quieres seguirme, dejes risa y juego,
orgullo y desden.
Ay! Santa Maria!
Quien por te quia
Signe cuerda y pia
la senda del brin."

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Which may be translated, with an effort to keep some traces of the original rhythm:

Then in her dreams the glorious Virgin nearing
Shone on her eager sight with smile endearing,
And many maids most wondrous fair appearing
Her grace beside,
Whom Musa fain would join; but Mary staying
Her eager feet held back her footsteps, saying:
'Who follows me must laughter leave, and playing,
Disdain and pride.'
O Mary the Sainted!
Who would be acquainted
With thy bliss, untainted
Must follow thy way.

A more patriotic sentiment is expressed in another:

"Por este razon te ruego,
Santa Virgen coronada!
que, pues eres de Dios hija,
y madre, y nuestra abogada,
por tu celestial influjo
Dios me concede esta gracia,
que de Mahoma la secta
logro yo arrojar de España."

By this reason I implore thee,
Virgin crowned, prostrate before thee,
That, since thou art child and mother
Of the Lord, thou wilt obtain
By thy heavenly grace the power
Which shall haste the welcome hour
That will see me drive the cursed
Race of Mahomet from Spain.

"From this day forth," he exclaims, "thou art the only woman to whom I sing; thou art the sacred object of my vows. Rose of roses art thou, and flower of flowers, queen of queens, and loftiest amid the lofty. Thy knight alone am I and thy troubadour; if I but possess thy love what are all others to me?"

El Libro del Tesoro, or the Treasure Book, is a rhymed treatise on the general principles of philosophy, interspersed with reflections of most amusing inconsequence, and vague references to magic and astrology. It was doubtless largely copied from the Italian of Dante's master, Brunetti, and *Los Flores de Filosofia*, which was known to have been compiled earlier by the king's command. The presumably original portions are of slight value, beyond showing a certain ease in writing and graceful ex-

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pression of thought. A stanza or two may be quoted from Longfellow's translation of the introduction:

"Fame brought this strange intelligence to me,
That in Egyptian lands there lived a sage
Who read the secrets of the coming age
And could anticipate futurity;
He judged the stars and all their aspects; he
The darksome veil of hidden things withdrew;
Of unborn days the mysteries he knew,
And saw the future as the past we see.

"An eager thirst for knowledge moved me then;
My pen, my tongue, were humbled; in that hour
I laid my crown in dust, so great the power
Of passionate desire o'er mortal men.
I sent my earnest prayers, with a proud train
Of messengers, who bore him generous measure
Of lands, and honors, and of golden treasure,
And all in holy meekness; but in vain."

This old philosopher, won at last to Spain, becomes the oracle of information of which the Treasure Book is supposed to be record.

Among the prose works, *Las Siete Partidas*, or Seven Divisions, is most noticeable. It is thus called from the seven general headings under which the legal code is arranged. Its topics are so clearly defined that it remains even at this late day an authority; some of the laws of European countries, and of those southern states settled under Spanish auspices, being transcribed directly from it. It embraces an enormous list of subjects, ranging from most abstruse questions of government and knotty points of legal intricacy, to the smallest details touching upon national prosperity and danger. Up to this time the provinces of Spain had depended upon a fragmentary jumble of Roman and Moorish law, interspersed with traditions. Such was the accuracy and judgment shown in the preparation of this great work, that it is said if all other laws were even now wiped out of existence, there would still remain within its pages an adequate summary of jurisprudence. A large portion is most carefully transcribed from old Roman sources; the remainder reflects the wisdom of the king and his counsellors. It embraces a series of essays on legislation, morals, religion, principles; embodying opinions and giving a digest of reading upon every subject pertaining to the relative duties of ruler and people. "What meaneth a Tyrant?"; "Why a King must be noble and

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honest"; "On the Establishment and Conduct of Public Schools" —which it is to be hoped was no such vexed question in those days as in ours—"Upon Loyalty"; "Concerning Knighthood"; "On the Rearing of Children"; "Why the state of Marriage is called Matrimony instead of Patrimony" are some of the chapters. From one entitled "On the duties of Governesses of King's Daughters" a paragraph may be quoted as an example of quaintness: "They are to endeavor as much as may be, that the king's daughters shall be moderate and seemly in eating and drinking, and also in their carriage and dress; and of good manner in all things; and especially that they be not given to anger, for beside the wickedness that is in it, it is the thing in the world which most easily leadeth women to do ill. And they shall teach them to be handy in those works which belong to noble ladies; for this is a matter that becometh them much, since they obtain by it cheerfulness and a quiet spirit; and besides it taketh away bad thoughts which it is not convenient that they should have." So far as it goes, there is nothing here which might not be incorporated in the next woman's rights platform.*

The *Crónica de España* and *Historia Universel* are both without doubt compilations made under the supervision of the learned king by the most competent men of his time, whom he induced to make his capital their home by substantial offers of reward and honor. The prologue and fugitive passages show evidence of having been written by himself. An immense amount

* The Seven Divisions are literally as follows:

I. Devoted to canon law and the liturgy of the Catholic Church.

II. Ancient usages and customs of Spain, with rules for government and political administration.

III., V., VI. Roman law in all its divisions, with decisions on many doubtful points.

IV. The legal aspect of social relations—relating to betrothals, marriages, slavery, freedom, etc.

VII. Civil crimes, offences, and punishments, as well as offences against the state.

The logic of this work is so clear, its statements so concise, and its diction so elegant, that, according to a celebrated modern French critic: "It gave to the monarch under whose auspices it was executed title more just to the epithet of 'The Wise' than his astronomic research or his literary ability, remarkable as both these must be deemed in an age when all such studies were disregarded. The spirit of reverence and piety is perhaps what would make it most noticeable to us; the divisions beginning: 'God is the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things; without him can nothing exist; through him alone is it given to have knowledge, to hold power, or to maintain good." The first law is really only a declaration of the purpose and scope for which all were written. "These laws in all this book are established so that men may know how to believe and guard the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ just as it is; and also how to live with each other well and orderly according to the pleasure of God, and as it is proper by the laws of this world. So shall they live in right and justice as these laws show in all ways; those things which particularly belong to the faith and teachings of Holy Church being placed in the first part of the book, and the others in the six parts following." Some idea of the number and minuteness of points into which the work is divided may be gleaned from the fact that the first *Partida* alone contains five hundred and seventy-five articles.

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of care and research is evident in both these works, which also mark the first definite effort to collect authentic annals of Spain. The entire range of authorities from the first to the thirteenth century appear to have been made use of. Unfortunately the poets and romances of the period were also consulted, and the myths or traditions they represent given equal place with the narrative of historians, with an utter disregard of proportion of value between fact and fancy. The Greek and Roman authors, from Homer, Pliny, and Herodotus to Cicero and Virgil, saints, popes, bishops, philosophers, Jews, Pagans, Moors, Christians, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, French, and Saxons—all were made use of. Small wonder if, under the circumstances, chaff became mixed with the wheat, and adventures of Hercules and of Ulysses were as gravely propounded for admiration as campaigns of Cæsar or triumphs of the last reign. The two works were evidently intended as parts of a whole; the general history occupying itself with the story of Asia and Africa, while the chronicle included ancient and modern Spain. It subtracts little from the glory of Alonso that he is not, as was at first believed, sole author of this valuable compendium. His was the enthusiasm which inspired; his the energy, the generosity, and the unflagging determination which brought it to successful issue. It was the first great attempt to popularize knowledge, and to spread before the people treasures which had heretofore rested in the locked libraries of the scholar. This is the real and firm foundation of Alonso's enduring fame. With infinite care to gather material from all quarters, with infinite patience and courage to demand its readjustment so as to bring it within the focus of common understanding; to change the records of a dead language to vital meaning in a living tongue, was to begin the great revolution which should end in a democracy of knowledge. He reminds one of the English Alfred. Dante was not yet for seventy years to make his immortal contribution to the public cause. The Troubadours of Provence and the Minnesingers of Germany were singing love songs instead of enforcing lessons. The wise and learned of all countries were looking with suspicion or contempt upon the meagre and impure dialects, which were beginning to rise above mere means of communication among the common people; and they opposed a solid front of indifference or antagonism to any attempt toward popularizing the wealth of which they had been heretofore sole possessors. Nowhere, except in the vaguely expressed desire of his father, was there encouragement for the task the king had set himself

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to perform. That he succeeded, that he in so far smoothed the way toward popular education; that the inspiration of his patronage ennobled the lowly cause, and led to widespread changes in the thought of his age, is honor enough for a single reign. Brilliant minds no longer considered translation into the vulgar tongue to be an indignity, and the language received its first impulse toward purity and permanence. That this was effected during a reign of phenomenal unquiet and discontent; during the outbursts of hostile uprising at home and intrigues of jealous rivalry abroad, between intervals of serious domestic trouble and political disappointment, and that it was imbued with a purpose strong enough to overpower the inertia of natural defects of character, makes it much more remarkable. If intellectual force outweighs material greatness, the man who accomplished it sinks not so far below the martial glory of his sire, or even of the Cid Campeador himself.

The translation of the Bible was a work pushed forward at the same time and for the same purpose. Almost every chronicler agrees that he desired with exceeding earnestness, accompanied with unlimited prodigality of time and money, to induce the familiar presentation of great truths in the language of the people; and the archives of the Royal Historic Society of Madrid contain numberless receipts signed by the royal hand for valuable manuscripts borrowed from the various libraries of the world in pursuance of this object. There was also translated the history of the Spanish conquests in Africa, to inflame the national pride of the people and rouse them to deeper feeling against the Moors.

The Astronomic Tables which bear the name of King Alonso, *Tabulas Alfonsinas*, have even yet a value for accuracy, and must have been an enormous advance on whatever genuine scientific research belonged to the time. In the compilation and preparation there is no doubt that he made use of the well-known talent of the Moorish astrologers in this direction, since they were accounted among the most famous then existing. It is in connection with these studies that he is reported to have uttered the blasphemy so severely berated by subsequent writers: "If I had the creating, I could have made a better world than this myself!" The remark, if it ever was made, was much more probably intended as a rebuke upon prevalent notions concerning the construction of the universe, than upon the methods of the Creator. It was a stricture upon the theories of Ptolemy rather than the work of the Almighty.

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The only engraving of Alonso represents him among his royal kindred in a guise not unlike that imagination would frame for him. Of medium height and slightly built, the expression of the thin, oval face is more of thoughtfulness and sweetness than of majesty. There is trace of suffering in the grave appealing eyes, as of one who had gone through the endless mental struggle of a false position, and the untowardness of a fortune which demanded what he had not to give, and despised what he could offer. Yet the figure possesses a dignity of its own. There is something greatly moving in the personality of this blundering, impractical, devout, learned dreamer, by turns hot-headed and wavering, foolish in spite of his wisdom, but wise, too, in spite of his foolishness, and in ways of which his scoffing day and generation little dreamed. Anxious to amass, only to be spendthrift in giving again; sensitive to blame, yet unable to achieve praise; over-weighted ever by the exigencies of a position for which he was not fitted, and tormented by longing for a peace which was never vouchsafed him, does he not appeal at last more to love and sympathy than to the half-scornful estimate which clouds his memory? That amid this turbulent sea of antitheses, and the strangely contrary winds of circumstance which tossed him about, he should have been able to accomplish so much of real greatness is claim enough upon justice. May we not, without sneer or scoff, and with as much divine right as usually enters into the sobriquets of kings, leave the enjoyment of his title, in its full significance, to

ALONSO EL SABIO?

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

Boston, Mass.

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THE LAND OF THE SUN.

THE VALLEY OF WARM WATERS.

A WIDE, beautiful plain, bounded by far blue hills, cultivated fields where the young grain is springing in fresh, delicious green, vineyards, meadows, and gardens forming a paradise of verdure, white level roads shaded by rows of superb trees, a dream-like glimpse of domes and spires above masses of semi-tropical foliage, a canal which contains the warm waters that give their name to the State and the city, a luminous sky and floods of sunshine—this is Aguas Calientes, distant half a day's (railroad) journey from Zacatécas, and two thousand feet lower.

"It is impossible to imagine a more striking contrast than the scene of yesterday and the scene of to-day!" said Dorothea as she looked around her. "Think of those rugged mountains, and look at this smiling plain! Are there many such contrasts to be obtained in Mexico, within a few hours of each other, Mr. Russell?"

"The tableland along which, Humboldt said, a wagon could be driven from the City of Mexico to Santa Fe, seems to be of a very up-and-down nature," said Travers. "This is like coming down from the Alps to the plains of Lombardy."

"Aguas Calientes may seem to us low after the heights of Zacatécas," said Russell; "but it has a modest elevation of over six thousand feet."

"It has evidently a delightful climate," said the general. "This balmy air is delicious after the keen wind which we felt at Zacatécas."

"It is the Valley of Warm Waters, of healing and delight," said Russell. "It might be one of the great health resorts of the world; but it is only one of the most charming and typical of Mexican cities."

"And this, I suppose, is a typical Mexican scene," said Mrs. Langdon, smiling as she stood still to watch the picture along the banks of the canal which contains the warm water flowing from the baths.

"It is even more typical than this," replied Russell, "when the whole population are bathing. Just now they are only washing their linen—and that of every one else, apparently."

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It was indeed a thoroughly Mexican scene. The groups of women in scanty attire—for a white chemise, a colored skirt, and the rebozo, which is bonnet and drapery in one, may be said to constitute the dress of the lower class—were gathered on the edge of the canal, washing the linen which lay beside them in piles, in the soft, warm water—their bare arms and necks gleaming in the sunshine like bronze, their long black hair streaming down their backs. Without any aid of soap, they rubbed their garments energetically on a flat, smooth stone, and the re-

BATHING AT AGUAS CALIENTES.

sult was a whiteness which could not be surpassed by any laundering process in the world.

"There was never a greater mistake than to suppose that these people are indifferent to personal cleanliness," said Russell. "Every town of any size has fine public baths; and whenever there is a stream of water available, the populace fairly revel in it. At a certain time of day all along this canal men, women, and children may be seen taking their baths in public with a composure equal to that of surf-bathers on fashionable ocean beaches."

"You are sure that this water has come *from* the baths?" inquired Dorothea suspiciously.

"There is no doubt of it, I assure you. And the baths are delightful. Would you like to inspect them?"

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"Just at present," said the general, "I think we had better find our hotel. Afterwards sight-seeing will be in order."

Aguas Calientes revealed itself on nearer view as a city of exceeding beauty and picturesqueness, although the picturesqueness was altogether different in kind from that of Zacatécas. Lying on its verdant plain, embowered in foliage, with lovely plazas full of plants and flowers, everywhere relieving what might else have been the monotony of its level thoroughfares, charming to the eye as these are in their miraculous cleanliness, and the vistas of softly-tinted, brightly-frescoed houses which line them, it is a place where everything seems to smile in harmony with the smiling sky, and where life is overflowing with color and light.

"It is an enchanting place," said Margaret Langdon; "the kind of place where one could linger for an unlimited length of time. Nature seems to have given it every charm—a perfect climate, the most bountiful production of the fruits of the earth, healing waters, and this lovely city set in the midst of orange-groves. What are the invalids and pleasure-seekers of the world about that they have not found such an ideal spot and flocked to it in multitudes?"

"Heaven grant that it may be long before they find it!" said Russell fervently. "When they do its chiefest charm will vanish, its color and flavor will depart. After it has become a 'resort' I shall never enter it again. But that day has not yet dawned. It is still Mexican throughout and altogether delightful."

"At the risk of exciting Miss Meynell's indignation," remarked Travers, "I must be truthful enough to say that I like this place better than Zacatécas, over which you were all so enthusiastic yesterday. Highly picturesque as Zacatécas was, we must confess that it was slightly chilly. Now, *dolce far niente*—for which I have a great weakness—is possible here. This is no place to call for energetic sight-seeing, but rather for leisurely idling, and pleasantly sunning one's self in the charming gardens that seem to abound."

"Pray be kind enough to speak for yourself," said Dorothea. "I assure you that there are some of us still equal to what you call energetic sight-seeing. I, for one—"

"Oh! that is understood, of course," interposed Mr. Travers with great suavity. "I should never think of including you in the same category with my indolent self. Your energy, your ceaseless thirst for information, are an example to us all. But

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perhaps Mrs. Langdon will condescend to idle a little with me when she has nothing better to do."

"I fancy we shall all do a good deal of idling here," answered Mrs. Langdon smiling. "The place seems made for it, as you say."

And indeed it followed that, despite Dorothea's intentions, there was not much sight-seeing done that day. Perhaps they were all a little tired by the amount of energy expended in Zacatécas, or perhaps the greater warmth of the atmosphere made itself felt in a sensible relaxation of spirit and muscle. It is at least certain that after dinner, at the Hotel de la Plaza, there followed a siesta so prolonged on the part of every one that the afternoon was well advanced when sharp raps from the general's cane on their several doors brought the party together again.

Miss Gresham was the last to make her appearance. "Where are we going?" she asked, with an air that seemed to imply that the slumber from which she had been torn was more attractive than any of the sights Aguas Calientes could offer.

"Well," said the general, "the most notable feature of the place must be its warm waters, since the name of the whole State is derived from them; so I think we should first visit the baths."

No one objecting, they therefore took their way to the famous waters which from remotest antiquity have gushed in steaming flood from that secret laboratory of Nature where her hidden forces are ever at work, and from whence have proceeded the many marvels of this land, which seems more than other lands a product of such forces. The finest baths are in the suburbs, and it was a pleasant journey thither by tramway; but none of the party, save Russell, were prepared for the grace and charm of the spot they found. Through a richly carved archway of soft-red stone they passed into a spacious, quadrangular court filled with blooming plants and singing birds, around which ran a broad gallery or corridor supported by sculptured pillars and arches of the same delicately-tinted stone, with doors opening upon it, and carved stone benches placed at intervals. An attendant came forward to receive them with the dignified courtesy of a grandee, and throwing wide one of the doors showed within a deep, marble-lined pool full of clear, warm water.

"What a delicious place!" said Dorothea, glancing from the limpid pool to the wealth of greenery set in the midst of the softly-toned, sculptured walls.

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"It is like a dream of Pompeii, or of one of Alma Tadema's pictures! Does it strike any one what a delightful thing it must be to live in a country where the most prosaic buildings are full of picturesque beauty and romantic suggestions?"

"It is only because we are strangers that the romantic suggestions occur to us," said Travers. "That is the compensation for coming from an unpicturesque and unromantic country. We should take it all as a matter of course if we lived here. I doubt if it occurred to the people of Granada that there was anything specially remarkable about the Alhambra. But there *is* something classic in the appearance of this place. I wonder if the people come here to lounge and gossip, like the ancient Romans."

"I think," said Margaret Langdon, "that when I grow old and rheumatic I shall come to Aguas Calientes to live. No infirmities could resist the combined effect of this sunshine and these baths."

"If you are sure of that," said the general, "I shall elect to remain here at present, and try the effect of the climate and waters on my rheumatic leg, while the rest of you may wander over Mexico as long as you like."

"There is no need to remain here for the sake of hot baths," said Russell. "They abound all over the country. Near Silao there are some where the water gushes out of the side of the mountain with prodigious force, sending up a cloud of steam, and almost parboiling the unlucky bather who drew the torrent on himself without knowing its force and temperature."

"The temperature of these baths," said the general, who had meanwhile been testing it, "seems delightful. I really think I shall give myself the benefit of one of them at once."

"And shall we, like the ancient Romans, lounge and gossip here, meanwhile?" inquired Miss Gresham.

"That is not necessary," said Russell. "Let us leave the general to his plunge, and go ourselves to the garden of San Márcos. When he is ready he will find us there."

"Find *you*," said the general. "Yes, that will be easy enough; but how am I to find the garden?"

"That is easy enough, also," replied Russell. And explicit directions having been given to that effect, the general vanished behind a closed door, while the others, deferring this practical test of the waters to another time, set forth for the pleasure-ground of which Russell had spoken.

It is a beautiful place, this Jardin de San Márcos, and beau-

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tifully kept, as all public gardens are in Mexico. Unceasing is the labor, the attention, and the watering lavished on these spots. During the hours when the hose are sending crystal showers over banks of flowers, stretches of turf, trees and shrubs, the whole air is laden with moisture; and it is not wonderful that the growth and luxuriance of everything is magical, since water is the one thing necessary in Mexico to make a desert blossom into a garden. Seated around a fountain embowered in roses, the strangers looked on such a scene as they had not yet witnessed —a picture of tropical verdure. Wherever the glance fell it rested on masses of Nile lilies, geraniums, azaleas, and oleanders. The air was filled with the fragrance of orange-blossoms, and the sweet, pervading odor of violets blooming in myriads everywhere; yet soft, warm, perfumed as it was, it contained no relaxing quality, but was full of stimulating freshness. And the charm of the visible atmosphere—how can words describe that? Painting alone can give the exquisite tints and tones of Mexican atmospheric effects, of the skies that bend over this lovely land elevated so high toward heaven, of the celestial robes that its mountains wear, of the exquisite distances of its wide plains set with cities that lift their slender campaniles above walls of pale pink and soft amber, half-buried in masses of feathery foliage.

"I should really think," said Dorothea, "that the abounding natural beauty of this country might almost set an artist wild! And yet how few can have visited it, for I do not think I ever saw a Mexican scene in any gallery or exhibition of art."

"Artistically it has yet to be revealed to the world," said Russell. "But it is now so accessible, and offers such inducements to the health and pleasure-seeker, that I fear it will soon be flooded with tourists—and its peculiar charm in great measure thus be lost."

"I am glad that we have come with the advance guard," said Travers, leaning back and regarding the soft mass of domes and towers against the luminous sky, where the warm rose-flush of evening became visible, as the sun sank toward the distant line of mountains, and the wide plain seemed swimming in amber light. "But, after all, no flood of tourists can take away *this*, you know," he added in a reflective and somewhat consoling tone. "They can't well darken the sky or turn these beautiful minarets and towers into conventional spires and pressed-brick fronts. So, let us be philosophical—especially as there are none of them here at present—and delve a little into the history of Aguas Calientes. Who founded it, Russell?"

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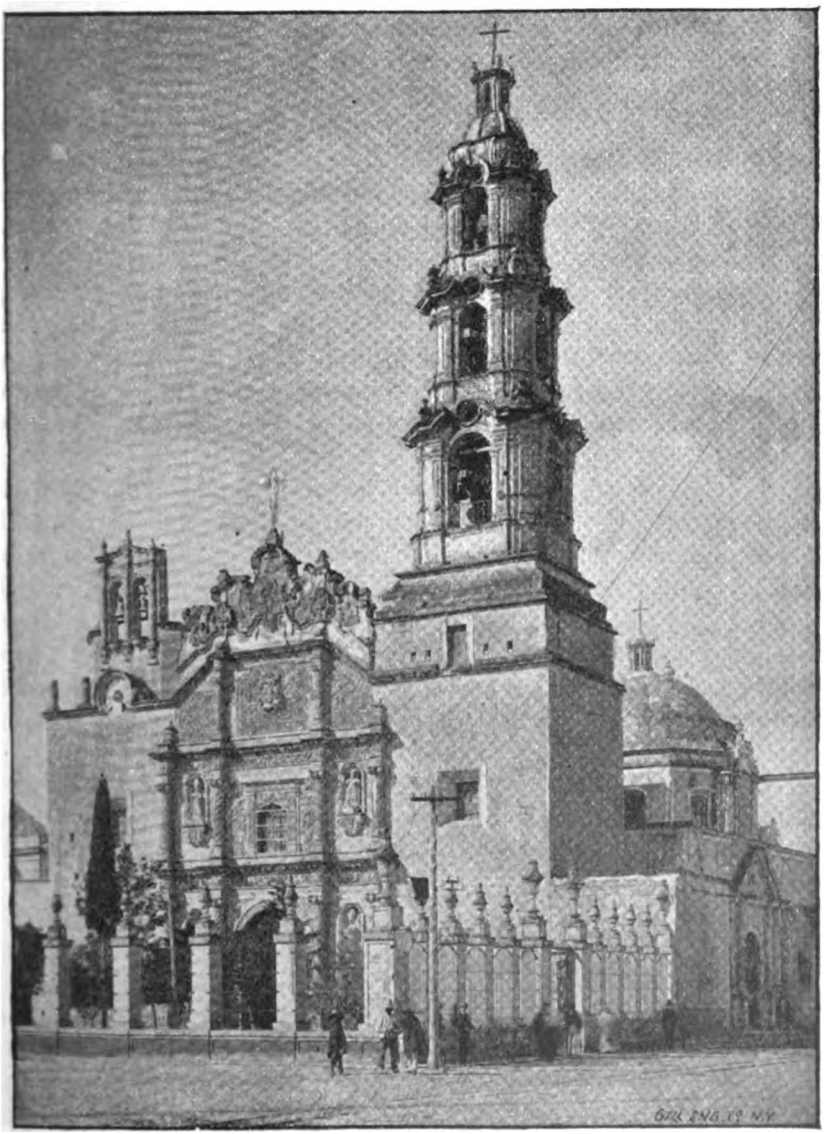

THE PARISH CHURCH.

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"Our friend of Zacatécas—Cristóbal de Oñate, immediately after the conquest," replied Russell. "He went to Zacatécas when the great silver lodes were discovered; but I am sure he must have needed all the inducement of the silver to exchange this delightful plain for those bare, brown heights. I have no doubt he returned here often in the intervals of amassing his fortune."

"Good Heavens," said Travers with an energy so unexpected that it startled his companions, "what opportunities those old *conquistadores* had! There is nothing like it in the history of the world; no fabled Eldorado ever equalled the reality of Mexico. New Spain! What pictures the very name conjures up to the imagination, of marvellous adventure, of wealth surpassing that of the Indies, of a land abounding in wonders, of picturesque beauty and untold possibilities! How poor the world has grown since we have explored every nook and corner of it, and there is never another Mexico to be discovered, look where we will."

"But there is much yet to be discovered—at least by our race—in this old land," said Russell. "It is a country which needs and will repay long and patient study. But in order to discover its interest several things are necessary. First a knowledge of the history of this people, so underrated, so little understood by the world at large; a comprehension of the forces which have combined to make them what they are, a sympathetic appreciation of their standards and ideas, and a freedom from narrow prejudice."

"In short," said Mrs. Langdon, "you want the ideal traveller, who possesses comprehensive knowledge, wide culture, and, above all, quick, poetic sympathy. But you must remember that such travellers do not abound anywhere."

"I think they have been fewer in Mexico than elsewhere," said Russell. "Otherwise, would so many misconceptions of this country be abroad?"

"We have agreed," said Margaret, "that it is very hard for people of alien traditions, habits, manners, and customs to understand each other. By much culture we are only slowly approaching that point; but we *are* approaching it. Your ideal travellers will arrive after awhile, Mr. Russell."

"It strikes me," observed Travers, "that one or two have already arrived. Modesty forbids me to be more particular in designation."

"I wonder," said Miss Gresham, suddenly and irrelevantly,

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"if one would be allowed to gather some of these violets? There are so many, and they are so deliciously fragrant."

"I will find out," said Russell. He rose and walked to where a man was at work in the flower-beds. A few words were exchanged, they saw the ready courtesy with which the request was acceded to, and then down on his knees went the Mexican and began gathering violets among the thick green leaves.

"Oh, let me gather some!" cried Miss Gresham, rising with a rush and going to the place. The Mexican lifted his dark-lashed eyes and smiled at the pretty face that suddenly appeared opposite him bending over the border. He held out a fragrant cluster of the delicate purple flowers, and then went on gathering more, his slender brown hands pushing aside the leaves with a rapidity that made assistance unnecessary, although Russell also stooped down and lent his aid.

"Shall we likewise go and assist?" asked Travers of his companions. "Or do you agree with me that it is preferable to purchase violets that somebody else has had the trouble of gathering?"

"I think the supply of violets yonder will soon exceed the demand," replied Mrs. Langdon.

The gardener was apparently of the same opinion. He rose to his feet, walked over to the other ladies and offered his violets, with a grace as charming as the smile that accompanied it, while he declined by a gesture the coin which Travers made haste to offer him.

"What did I tell you?" said that gentleman. "'All things come to him who knows how to wait'—although in this instance no violets have yet come to *me*."

"Miss Gresham, perhaps, will gather some for you," said Mrs. Langdon laughing. "With the gardener's eye upon me, I cannot think of giving you any of these."

"If Miss Gresham has any violets to spare they will be given to Russell. I can fancy her telling him that they are her 'own, particular flower,' and therefore she never gives them except as a special mark of her favor. There was a time when they were given to me—but that time is no longer. If Miss Dorothea will not take compassion on me, I clearly foresee that I shall have to go and gather some violets for myself."

"A little exertion will be very good for you, I am sure," said Dorothea, as she fastened her violets in her girdle. "But, since you are so averse to anything of the kind, Violet will probably give you some of her own particular flowers in return for the covert sneers you are constantly levelling at her."

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"Now I call heaven and earth—no, I call Mrs. Langdon—to witness if I have ever been guilty of levelling covert sneers at Miss Gresham!" Travers cried. "In the first place I should despair of their being comprehended, and in the second place I should have before my eyes the fear of being summarily requested by yourself to retrace my steps to New Orleans."

"A request to which you would probably pay as much heed as to my suggestion that you might not form an altogether harmonious member of the party," said Dorothea with asperity.

"I flatter myself," he replied, with the unruffled calmness which always irritated her, "that my judgment has in that respect proved more correct than your own. Let us ask Mrs. Langdon to say frankly if I have, up to this time, proved an inharmonious element."

"Margaret's opinion is of no value at all," said Dorothea. "She would fear to hurt the feelings of a fly by saying that it annoyed her."

"And do I represent the fly? How flattering to my self-love! Was I not right in saying that there would not be very much of that left by the time we recrossed the Rio Grande?"

"When are you not right?" inquired Dorothea, with unkind sarcasm. "I am sure that no proof of your own infallibility of judgment can strike you as remarkable."

"If so I should be struck by the fact that yonder is one slight proof of it, to which I beg to call your attention," he said, and with a glance he indicated a scene taking place at that moment. Miss Gresham, her hands full of violets, had risen from the border, and was fastening a portion of her fragrant spoils on Russell's coat, the while lifting her eyes to his face in the swift glances that were accustomed to do much execution, or dropping them so that the long lashes lay on her clear, white cheeks.

"I perceive nothing," said Dorothea coldly, "except that Violet is very naturally giving Mr. Russell some of the flowers he helped to gather."

"You don't remember a scouted prophecy of mine in New Orleans, and you don't see the signs of any fulfilment of it? *Eh bien!* He who waits will see what he shall see. The fair Violet has been under a cloud since our departure, overwhelmed by too much artistic and historical enthusiasm. But she is beginning to recover herself. I perceive encouraging signs that our siren of the Mississippi will soon be herself again. Ah, here comes the general! He has found both the garden and us."

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"Beautiful place this!" said the general, coming up full of enthusiasm. "I never saw lovelier— What, violets?" This to Miss Gresham, who approached him at the moment. "Certainly, my dear; certainly. I shall be delighted to have some, especially when gathered by such fair hands."

"They are my own particular flowers, you know," said the young lady with a bewitching smile, "and I like all my friends to wear my colors."

So it came to pass that Mr. Travers was the only undecorated member of the party when they finally left the garden, saying that they would return to the charming spot the next day and enjoy it afresh.

But the next day there was much else to see and to do. Beautiful old churches, with richly sculptured doorways, tempted to long lingering in their picturesque interiors, filled with the mellow harmonies of faded frescoes and the gilded carving of ancient altars. In several they found fine old paintings, notably two by Ibarra in San Márcos—a "St. Mark" and an "Adoration of the Kings"—which were not only worthy of attention, but which they might easily have failed to see. For, hidden away in dark chapels and sacristies all over Mexico are treasures of art which no eager sacristan, as in Italy, brings to the notice of the stranger. They must be carefully sought for if they would be seen, and in many cases the art-loving visitor will be astonished to find the unmistakable traces of a master's brush on pictures to which no one has thought of directing his attention. Many are the works of the great school of Spanish painters which flourished soon after the conquest of Mexico that found their way to the churches, monasteries, and convents of this opulent country. Bought for devotional purposes solely, they still serve those purposes, save when the government has confiscated and transferred them to its schools of art. The number so transferred, however, is small compared to the number that still remain in the rich, dim old churches, where they were placed centuries ago.

Coming out of one of the most quaint and interesting of these ancient edifices, the lofty arch of its elaborately carved doorway almost hidden by tall, graceful palms, while a wealth of roses rioted below, they found themselves close upon the market-place, where columned arcades enclose on four sides an open square in which all the color of a tropical land seems to

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meet and overflow. Shaded from the sun by squares of matting supported on slender poles, the venders of fruit and vegetables sit, surrounded by their luscious wares. Oranges, cherimoyas, aguacates, the purple fruit of the cactus, the melon-sepota, granaditas and limes, with many others, of which even Russell hardly knew the names, made masses as attractive to the eye as to the palate, while the mounds of vegetables were hardly less brilliant in their hues, and of variety too great for enumeration. In the midst of this wealth of product moved, sat, talked, chaffered the graceful, picturesque people, forming on all sides groups for a painter, the shadowy coolness of the arcaded *portales* affording an effective background, and the splendor of the sky above accentuating every tint of color below.

"Oh, to be an artist!" sighed Dorothea. "No one else should come here. It makes one long for a color-box, a canvas, and an easel. There is no other way to represent such a scene as this."

"A camera, perhaps," suggested the general.

"A camera, no. How can that give the wealth of color, the golden-bronze of the people's skins, the exquisite tints of the old stone buildings, the luminous shadows like a Velasquez picture?"

"It was certainly an oversight not to have added an artist to our party," said Travers.

"But then, you see, the party itself is an entirely fortuitous concourse of atoms."

"Here is some of the pottery of this place," said Russell, walking over to a pile of the ware in question displayed under one of the arches. "These vessels," he went on, "are in universal use throughout Mexico for almost all household purposes —the poorer classes use nothing else. But there is a great difference in the quality of the ware manufactured in different places. Every district has its own variety, some of which is of much higher excellence than others."

"That which we saw in Zacatécas was different from this," said Mrs. Langdon. "It seemed more durable though coarser, and had a very hard and brilliant glaze."

"The Aguas Calientes ware is of a better grade," said Russell. "Some of it is really beautiful, with a classic grace of form, and genuine artistic feeling displayed in the decoration."

"It is really remarkable," said the general. "Is there a manufactory of this pottery?"

"No," answered Russell. "There is no such thing in Mexico.

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ONE OF THE CHURCHES OF THE CITY.

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It is all made by the Indians without any direction of educated talent. They have their own peculiar art of making it, an art handed down from father to son. Think of the artistic genius it evinces!"

"They have true artistic hands," said Margaret Langdon, looking at the slim, brown fingers of the man who was showing his wares to them. "Of course you know how much character there is in the hand. There is no part of the human body more expressive, and the hands of these people have struck me from the first. I do not wonder that they can mould clay into such forms, and decorate it with so true a sense of color and harmony. It is all written there in those slender, tapering, flexible fingers."

So, through all the picturesque sights and ways of the lovely, sunshine-flooded, color-adorned city they wandered, drinking deeper at every step the fascinations of this land, where the charms of all those other lands which the world has agreed to be most enchanting seem to meet and blend. But it was in the evening, while they were still lingering over that nondescript meal which in Mexican hotels may be called either dinner or supper, that a burst of music from the plaza near by called them forth to the most typical of all Mexican scenes.

It was a scene which to their unaccustomed eyes appeared gay and brilliant in the extreme. A military band was playing in a pavilion lighted by hanging lamps and embowered in foliage, while a throng of people, belonging evidently to the higher classes, promenaded in two adverse processions (one composed of men, the other of ladies) around the broad paved walk that encircled the plaza. On benches under the glossy boughs of orange-trees, shining in the lamp-light and laden with golden fruit and odorous blossoms, numbers of persons were sitting, talking in low, well-bred tones, children were playing and laughing along the wide walks that passed through the garden which formed the centre of the square, and the whole picture was so bright, animated, joyous, yet full of decorum and in a manner of stately grace, that it seemed to the strangers less like reality than like a page from an old romance.

"But what a pity," cried Dorothea, "that the crowning touch of picturesqueness is gone, that these Spanish-looking women have abandoned their mantillas to wear hats! If I were one of them how glad I should be to cling to anything so artistic and becoming as the lovely drapery of Spain!"

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"They have not abandoned the mantilla by any means," said Russell, "but they reserve it for occasions of which a promenade like this is not one."

"The scene would, of course, be much more characteristic if they wore the Spanish mantilla, which I take to be a drapery of black lace," said Travers. "But I must say I think the hats are preferable to the black shawl in which we have seen them going in and out of the churches all day, and which makes every woman look like a nun."

"Well," said the general, who meanwhile had been carefully scanning the passing throng—especially the maidens with their delicate features, their dark, liquid eyes, their dusky masses of rippling hair, their lithe, rounded forms, proud carriage, and springing step—"you may criticise the head-covering as much as you like, but there is little to criticise in the faces."

"And less in the manners," said Mrs. Langdon. "This is, of course, an indiscriminate gathering, for all these people cannot be drawn from one order of society, yet how striking is the absence of anything like vulgarity of manner—loud speech, boisterous laughter, or unrestrained gesture."

"You might wander through every plaza in Mexico without finding a trace of those things," said Russell. "Remark the dignity of those girls and their entire lack of self-consciousness. If they ever exchange the coquettish, alluring glances of which one reads in certain romances of travel with the men passing them, I can only say that during my long residence in the country I have never yet detected one such glance."

"Oh! from the days of Marco Polo to our own travellers have found it necessary to embroider facts with fictions," said Travers. "I confess that I have so far looked in vain for some of the romantic episodes which have immediately rewarded the observation of other tourists. In the churches I have seen no lady talking with her fan to the cavalier behind the pillar. They all appear to be prosaically and devoutly engaged in saying their prayers; and I am beginning to be afraid that these picturesque bits of comedy only occur in novels and books of travels."

"No Mexican lady ever carries a fan to church," said Russell. "Etiquette prescribes precisely the use of that article. It is part of her costume for a ball, theatre, or opera, but is never taken to church; so spare yourself the trouble of looking any more for such episodes."

"None of you have yet mentioned what strikes me most of

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all here," said Dorothea—"that perfect as the manners of these people are, they are in no respect better than those of the peasants we saw to-day in the market-place; which proves—what does it prove, Mr. Russell?"

"That the Mexican possesses by nature what it costs some other races a great deal of trouble to acquire—that is, a fine appreciation of the best in that admirable thing which we call manners," answered Russell.

"What strikes *me*," said Miss Gresham, "is that here is something very different from market-places filled with peasants. These are the best people—one sees it at a glance. This is society."

"Evidently," replied Travers with gravity. "The *beau-monde* of Aguas Calientes is here in force. Shall we not, by the bye, join in their dress-parade?"

"Oh! I think so," replied Miss Gresham eagerly, who had no mind to conceal her beautiful face and faultless toilette in the corner of a shaded bench. "It is certainly the thing to do—don't you think so?" appealing to Mrs. Langdon.

"Yes, Margaret," said the general. "Let us take a turn. I observe that men are allowed in the feminine ranks when they accompany ladies."

Margaret, always compliant to the wishes of others, smiled assent, and rising moved forward to fall into the ranks of the promenaders. Miss Gresham rose also and, after one appealing but unheeded glance at Russell, Travers took his place by her side. "Shall we follow them?" Russell then inquired of Dorothea.

"No," she answered, "let us remain here. I like better to watch the people than to join them."

"In that case, and since we are in Mexico, will you allow me to light a cigar? If I change my seat to your other side the breeze will carry the smoke from you."

"Do not disturb yourself," she answered. "I never object to the smoke of a cigar in the open air. And just now I shall like it particularly, because it will put you in a good humor to answer all my questions."

He laughed as he struck a match and lighted his cigar. "The bribe is unnecessary," he said, "for I am always glad to tell you anything that you wish to know."

"What a delightful person you are!" she said, with naïve frankness. "I never expected to find a travelling companion so

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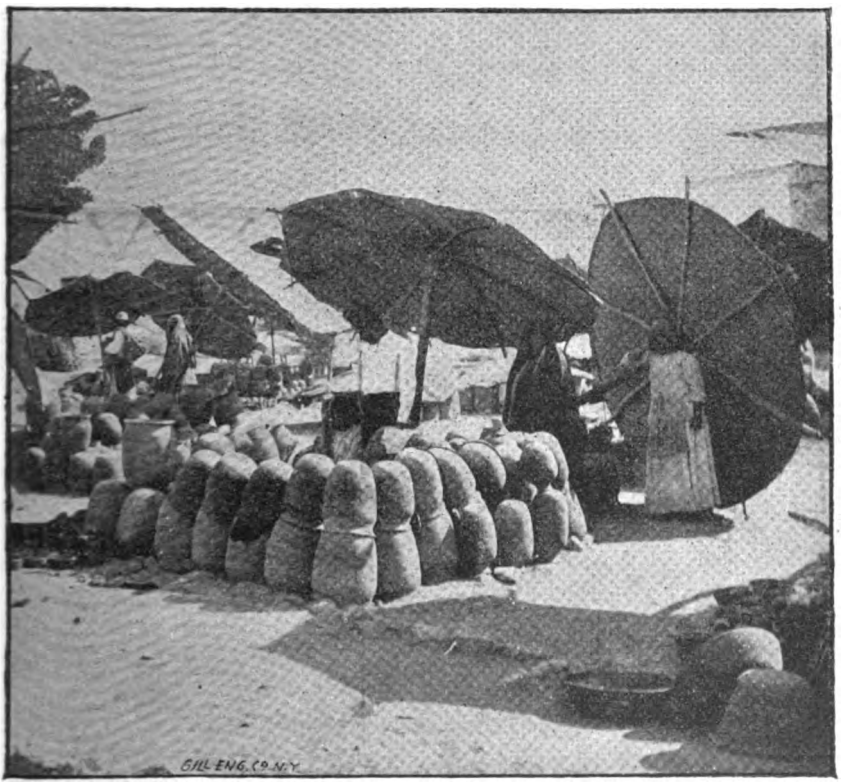
entirely after my own heart. I know I am very troublesome in what Mr. Travers calls my insatiate thirst for information; but it is not only the things you tell that I enjoy, it is your way of telling them, your readiness, your—"

He lifted his hand in protest. "Take care!" he said smiling. "You talk of your heart—have you no thought that mine,



POTTERY MARKET.

however time-hardened and battered, might prove vulnerable to such flattery?"

"But it is not flattery," she answered earnestly. "It is sober truth. As I was saying to Margaret last night, it is simply wonderful that you can take so much interest in guiding and making things pleasant for us."

"And do you not suppose that I am also making them pleasant for myself?" he asked. "Don't credit me with too much unselfishness. In point of fact, I am as selfish as most

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men, for I assure you that nothing would induce me to unite my travelling fortunes with those of people whose society was not agreeable to me. But I am really the person most obliged. You see I have led such a wandering life for many years that I am a very lonely man, as far as the intimate ties of life are concerned. I have hosts of acquaintances all over the world, but very few friends. And no later friendships can take the place of those associated with the memories of one's youth. So I enjoy the companionship of your father, your sister, and yourself—and I must include Travers, who is a very good fellow, though I am afraid you don't believe it—more than I could possibly enjoy that of people equally agreeable who had not the charm of old association. And this being so, pray let me hear no more of any obligation to me for the little service I am able to render you."

She gave him a smile that said more than words, and then they fell to talking of the scene before them, while the band made the air resonant with throbbing, joyous music, so marked in its time that it was no wonder the small, daintily-shod feet passing by kept step to the cadences with soldierly precision; the great stars looked down out of a violet sky, the air was like a sensible caress, and a light passing breeze came laden with all the blossoming fragrance of the night, as night is in this delightful Valley of Warm Waters.

CHRISTIAN REID.

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MAINE OF A LATER DAY.

AMONG the local histories of Maine none have attracted more attention than that of the Indians of Norridgewock and their martyred missionary priest, Father Sébastien Rasles, S.J. Remote from civilization and its amenities, he lived among these Indians for thirty years. He devoted his life to their conversion and instruction, and his labors were crowned with martyrdom; for he was literally hunted to death by the enemies of his faith and nation.

One might suppose the treacherous cruelties practised on the Indians at Pemaquid and Dover, and the crowning act of transporting and selling captured Indians for slaves, were sufficient incentives to hostility. But, forgetful of these atrocities, the government and many of the people of Massachusetts Bay and the District of Maine persisted in ascribing the enmity of the Indians to the influence of "the wily Jesuit," and "there was a universal desire to have him arrested and brought to Boston alive." At the same time a price was offered for his head.

To seize or slay Father Rasles, a military force, under a Captain Moulton, was despatched to Norridgewock in the winter of 1723. "But the cautious Jesuit and his tribe had made a safe retreat; so that the only trophies (*sic*) of the enterprise were a few books and papers* found in the priest's dwelling-house; among which was a letter from the governor of Canada, exhorting him to push on the Indians with all imaginable zeal against the English."

A second and more effective attack upon "the Jesuit" was made in the following August, 1724, when a force of more than two hundred men, under Captains Harmon, Moulton, Bane, and Bourn, left their rendezvous at Fort Richmond on the Kennebeck, a few miles below Gardiner, and ascended the river in whale-boats to a point near the site of Waterville. "Proceeding thence by land, they succeeded in surprising the Indians; among whom, besides old men, women, and children, there were about sixty warriors. These, after firing two volleys, fled to the woods pursued by the victors. The pursuers returned to the

*At one time preserved in the library of Harvard College.

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village and found the Jesuit, in one of the wigwams, firing upon a few of our men who had not followed the wretched fugitives. He had with him an English boy about fourteen years of age, whom he had shot through the thigh, and afterward stabbed in the body, though he ultimately recovered. Moulton had given orders to spare the life of Rasles; but Jacques, a lieutenant, finding him firing from the wigwam, and that he had wounded one of our men, stove in the door and shot him through the head. As an excuse, Jacques alleged that when he entered the wigwam *Rasles was loading his gun*, and declared that he would neither give nor take quarter."

Imagine a solitary old man, surrounded by his enemies, declaring, *while loading his gun*, that he will neither give nor take quarter! "Moulton," it is added, "disapproved the act of his lieutenant; allowing, however, that the priest had *said something* to provoke Jacques; yet doubting whether the statements made by him were literally correct." It is safe to say that no one believed the excuse given for the murder of Father Rasles, and few of the Puritans thought it necessary to condemn or excuse the successful result of an expedition whose avowed purpose was to capture or kill the "wily Jesuit."

Our historian, Williamson, says: "On the 27th of August the *brave detachment* arrived at Fort Richmond *without the loss of a man.* It was an exploit exceedingly gratifying to the community, and considered as brilliant as any other in either of the Indian wars since the fall of King Philip. Harmon, who was the senior in command, proceeded to Boston *with the scalps*, and received in reward for the achievement the commission of lieutenant-colonel—an achievement in which Moulton had the principal agency, though he received no distinguishing recompense except the universal applause of his country. Superior merit has often been overshadowed by superior rank in much more important services" (Williamson, *Hist. Maine*, vii. p. 132). But Harmon was bearer of *the scalps*, and Moulton had disapproved the act of his lieutenant in the murder of Father Rasles, which they who distributed rewards did not.

It seems a strange perversion of language to call the surprise, killing, and scalping of a few Indians, and the murder of a defenceless old priest, a brilliant exploit for a force of two hundred men; but then it was not quite thirty years since, "in 1695–6, a bounty of £50 was offered for every Indian woman or child under fourteen years taken prisoner, or *for an older*

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Indian's scalp produced at the Board of War" (vid. 5 *Mass. Rec.*, p. 437; 2 Holmes' *A. Ann.*, p. 10, as quoted by Williamson). The bounty was afterward increased to £100. Hunting Indians for their scalps promised to become an industry more lucrative than hunting wild animals for their furs.

One finds these statements very shocking. But we cannot read the annals of our colonial period without admitting that the laws of war had no place in the conquest of Indian lands. The early colonists, adventurers and "pilgrims" alike, readily adopted the cruel usages of savage warfare, even to taking scalps. Failing to civilize the savage, they became, in some respects, savages themselves.

Fas est ab hoste doceri is an approved maxim in war. But in our wars with the Indians we learned from them only new forms of cruelty and deceit; and they from us little else than the frauds and destructive vices that deform our civilization. What else have they learned from civilization in the three centuries of contact with it? How many have been civilized? How many have gained any considerable knowledge of industrial arts? How many have been converted from heathen diabolism to Christianity? How many have been, in any way, made better or happier by the instructions and examples of civilization? Not many. But enough to give the lie to the assertion that "the Indians could not be civilized." If it were true that living Indians cannot be made better we should accept the heartless saying, "The good Indians are the dead," and rejoice that civilization has almost done its work of conversion.

We find in Williamson's *History of Maine* a few paragraphs, given as unimportant annals, which seem so like an epitome of our early history—its enterprises and their motives; the greed of gain and lawless deeds of explorers; the cruelties of early colonists and the revenge of savage natives—that they form a fitting conclusion to these excerpts from the early history of the "District of Maine."

"In April, 1614, Captain John Smith"—of South Virginia—"arrived at Monhegan, intending to revive the colony of Fort St. George, at the mouth of the Kennebeck (Sagadahock). He explored the coast as far east as Penobscot Bay. But *his men were chiefly employed in taking whales and trading with the Indians for furs.* Within twenty miles of Monhegan they got from the natives, *for trifles, eleven thousand beavers, a hundred martens, and many otters.* Eastward, about the Penobscot, our

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commodities were not so much esteemed: the French traders bartered their articles on better terms" (Smith's *History of New England*, page 213).

Smith sailed for England July 8, leaving his companion, Thomas Hunt, master of the second vessel of the expedition, who was bound for Spain. Smith says: "Hunt purposely tarried behind to prevent me from making a plantation, to monopolize the trade, and to *steal savages. He carried off twenty-five, whom he sold at Malaga.*"

It is stated in Prince's *Annals* that "the *Friars* took those that were unsold, to Christianize them." In a conference with some Indian sagamores, the governor of Massachusetts Bay promised to restore the enslaved Indians, *if they could be recovered.*"

In February, 1696, three Indian chiefs, *Egermet*, *Toxus*, and *Abenquid*, with other Indians, came to Fort William Henry, on the peninsula of Pemaquid, to effect an exchange of prisoners. The fort was commanded by a Captain Chubb. "In the midst of a parley, Chubb's men fell upon the Indians, killing Egermet, Abenquid, and two others, and making prisoners of nearly all the rest. Only Toxus and a few of his men escaped."

In the following July Pemaquid was attacked by the French under Iberville, aided by some two hundred Indians led by the half-breed Baron de Castine. When the place was summoned Chubb promptly replied: "I will not surrender the fort, though the sea should be covered with French vessels and the land with wild Indians." But after a few bombs had been thrown into the fort he concluded to surrender, on condition that the garrison should be spared, and conveyed to Boston in exchange for an equal number of French and Indians.

"When the gates were thrown open the Indians discovered some of their people *in irons;* and the French commander could hardly restrain the active resentment of his savage allies. Indeed, a few of the soldiers were killed. To protect the rest, they were taken to a small island and guarded by French soldiers until they could be sent to Boston."

But the Indians did not forgive nor forget the treachery of Chubb. Two years after the capture of Pemaquid a small war party made its way to Andover, Massachusetts, and killed him in his own home. This was, of course, an *Indian outrage.*

And the "outrages" of to-day in the far West are so like those of two centuries ago on our eastern coast, their provocations so evidently due to the same denial of the rights of man-

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hood to the Indian race, and the cupidities of civilization, that the statement of an old friend, whose name should be accepted almost as a synonyme for truthfulness, makes a proper sequence to the legends of Indian wars in Maine, as waged by "English colonists" and "Pilgrim fathers."

The late General Crook, of the United States army, who was so energetic and successful in his campaigns against the "hostiles" in New Mexico and Arizona, who defeated and captured their principal chiefs—Geronimo and others—endeavored to inaugurate a policy that promised peace to the Indian country, and the ultimate civilization of the Indian tribes. In a "talk" with the captured chiefs he urged them to consider that war with the United States meant the certain destruction of the Indian people. "We know that," was the reply, "but as the white men will not let us live anywhere in our own country, we wish to die like brave men." The general asked why, since the buffalo and other wild animals would soon be extinct, the Indians would not try to live like the white men—raise cattle and cultivate the land? They answered: "We would like to do so, but the white men will not let us. They want all the good land, and when they find it in our country, they will either seize upon it directly, or do something to provoke our young men to shed blood, or to steal cattle herded on our land; and then your soldiers come to kill us."

The general promised that the white men should not encroach upon their lands, as long as they were peaceful; and the Indians promised to maintain peace and good order on their "reservations." In fact, they organized a species of police for this purpose; and with such effect that the Apache country was, for the time, peaceful and safe. Thieves and other offenders were promptly apprehended, tried, and punished. Life and property were in less jeopardy in the mountains of Arizona and New Mexico than in the streets and purlieus of our cities. Supplied with agricultural implements and seeds, the Indians produced cereals, potatoes, and other culinary vegetables, enough for their own consumption and to supply the troops in their vicinity. The quartermasters bought forage from the Apaches instead of hauling it, at great expense, through hundreds of miles over rough roads from Texas and Missouri.

These Indians, the most numerous and warlike of the Western tribes, had really commenced the work of civilization. Unfortunately, the general over-estimated his ability to improve their

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social condition. His benevolent and wise policy displeased the Indian agents in New Mexico and Arizona, and the Indian Bureau in Washington. It suggested a possible transfer of "the bureau" to the War Department; and the abolition of the civil "agencies" which, sometimes honest but oftener corrupt, had paid Indian annuities in shoddy blankets and merchandise that would be accounted damaged or worthless in ordinary commerce. His policy was doubly displeasing to the host of illicit traders—swindlers—land speculators and plunderers, whose opportunities would cease with the cessation of "Indian outrages" and threats of "another Indian war." And in the army of officials and disappointed adventurers *there were votes!*

General Crook's convention with the Indians was not approved; and because of this undue interference with the administration of his department, and an unwillingness to face the Indians whom he had innocently misled, he asked to be relieved from command in the Indian country. So he was transferred to the Department of Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago; where, three years ago, he died. A brave soldier, an able commander, and a noble man; but wholly unfit to carry out any policy of fraud and cruelty—even against Indians!

I write these paragraphs, of more modern history, in connection with legends of our Indian wars in New England two hundred years ago, to show that neither in the present nor the past have the Indians been regarded as men, or possessors of the rights of men. For, "we hold these truths to be self-evident—that *all men* are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But the Indians have none of these endowments. They live by our sufferance, and they must be happy—or miserable—as we direct. And their liberty is that of the wild beast of the forest.

It would be as unnatural as unjust to rehearse the cruelties of our forefathers, as if they were the willing oppressors of an innocent people who gave no just cause of offence. While there were instances of generous and noble characters, the Indians were a race of savages and the methods of savage warfare are always horrible. But our forefathers—government and people—adopted some of them, even to the taking of scalps. And they added a new horror to their savage warfare by transporting their Indian captives and selling them into slavery!

Government efforts—if efforts they may be called—to civilize

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the Indians have been failures. The few small communities of semi-civilized Christians generally owe their conversion to the perseverant labors of Franciscan, Jesuit, and Oblate missionary priests, whose efforts have been sometimes thwarted and always embarrassed by sectarian influences on the part of government officials. As in 1717 the governor of Massachusetts Bay offered Protestant Bibles and a Protestant teacher to the Catholic Indians of Maine, so his successors in government, a hundred and seventy years later, send Protestant teachers to the Catholic Pueblos in New Mexico. The conditions are not quite parallel; for *then*, in the realm of Great Britain, the Catholic religion was prohibited by her laws; while here and *now* government is forbidden either to teach religion or to prohibit religious teaching.

In New England, prior to "the Revolution," there was religion, but no religious freedom. As in old England king and Parliament usurped the authority of popes and councils, in *New* England all were subjects of the civil powers in matters of faith and church discipline, as well as in secular affairs. Acts of the General Court of Massachusetts assumed to define heresies as well as to enforce the precepts of their religion.

In 1646 it was made penal to "withhold children from the ordinance (*sic*) of baptism." "One *Painter* was publicly whipped for this offence. And in the course of twenty years about *thirty* were either fined, whipped, or banished; and a few *executed*" (Williamson).

As we read these passages from our colonial history, the refrain of Mrs. Hemans's laudatory ode to the New England Pilgrims seems like the expression of a sneer: "Freedom to worship God"!

The authentic legends of Maine, its coasts and islands, bays and rivers, might well serve as links in the chain of historic events, from the visits of European adventurers in 1602 to the present day. Something of this is presented in the brief references to the first English and French navigators and explorers of her coast, and the tripartite contests between the English, French, and Indians, for final possession of the country from the Piscataqua to the St. John.

Though remote from the great battle-fields of "the Revolution," Maine claims a place in its history, from its beginning to its close. It was up the Kennebeck to its head-waters, and thence through miles of wilderness, that the expedition against

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Quebec made its way in the autumn and early winter of 1775. Perhaps our history affords no examples of heroic endurance of privation and toil surpassing those of Arnold's march to Quebec through the forests of Maine. Nor, perhaps, a more striking example of disaster, by the failure of a subordinate, than is presented in the shameful abandonment of the expedition by the commander of one division of his forces. Arnold reached Quebec with but six hundred and fifty of the eleven hundred men of his command. There he was joined by the gallant Montgomery, who led the attack, and was killed almost at the first fire of the British artillery. A monument to his memory is seen in front of St. Paul's, on Broadway. A mural tablet, in honor of "The brave American General Montgomery," once existed in the foundation wall of a house on the street of Quebec near where he fell. It is said to have disappeared; but I saw it and copied its inscription in 1849.

That the invasion of Canada proved a failure was, in great part, due to other causes than inadequate force. The memory of Father Rasles was yet fresh in the minds of Canadians. They knew, also, that in some of the insurgent colonies their co-religionists were not free. And though a Catholic priest—afterward the first Archbishop of Baltimore—was associated with Dr. Franklin to solicit their co-operation in the struggle for independence, the statutes of New England, Virginia, and New York promised less favor to their religious liberty than the treaty obligations of old England. And so, to-day, instead of being component parts of one great American state, Canada and the United States are wrangling about railways and canals, and reciprocity in *trade!*

One of the historic points around which are clustered memorials of French colonization, our own colonial period, and the war for independence, is Castine, on the north-eastern shore of Penobscot Bay. Its name is that of a French adventurer who, for thirty years, was identified with the Indians of the country in opposing English colonization and English marauders. The Baron de Castine resided here from 1667 to 1697. The peninsula on which the town is built once bore the name of an earlier resident Frenchman, and was known as "Major Biguyduce." The Plymouth Company had a trading-house here in 1626, but it was soon abandoned.

In the war of "the Revolution"—1775 to 1783—Biguyduce was a British military post. In the fifth year of the war, 1781, Gen-

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eral Wadsworth commanded the American forces on the coast east of Falmouth (Portland). The troops of his command were chiefly militia, drafted for eight months' service. The four months of winter in that cold climate compelled a suspension of active hostilities, and when in December the greater part of his men had gone to their homes, the general was left with a small force at Camden, on the west shore of the bay, and twenty to thirty miles south-west from the British post. By land the distance was about fifty miles. The general's residence during the period of hibernation was near the village of Thomaston, and three or four miles from the shore, where he was guarded by only six soldiers. But as the post at Camden was between his residence and the enemy, there seems to have been little apprehension of danger. Advised of Wadsworth's slender protection, the British commander at Biguyduce sent a party of twenty-five men, under Lieutenant Stockton, to capture him. The party crossed the bay in a privateer vessel, and at night landed a few miles from the general's house. The weather was intensely cold, and the ground was covered with snow. The guard was not alert when, near midnight, the British party made their attack. It was a complete surprise. The general and his little party made a stout resistance, and surrendered only when he and all but one of the guard were disabled by wounds. He was hurried to the vessel and conveyed to Biguyduce. On his arrival the British commander, General Campbell, called upon him, complimented him on his brave resistance—which he thought hardly justifiable where success was hopeless—and invited him to share his table while a prisoner at the post.

In the following April Major Burton, who had served under General Wadsworth, was captured on the passage from Boston to his home on the St. George. He was brought to Biguyduce, and lodged in the same room with his general. Both were treated with courtesy by the British commander and his officers, while awaiting orders from their commander-in-chief at New York. Some suspension of friendly courtesies, and occasional hints, confirmed the suspicion that the prisoners were not to be exchanged; but were to be sent to England, either to be tried for treason or, at best, to be imprisoned until the close of the war. Mrs. Wadsworth and a friend, Miss Fenno, had been permitted to visit them, and on taking leave Miss Fenno had ventured to say: "General Wadsworth, take care of yourself!" This

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was understood as a hint, and the prisoners determined to escape or perish in the attempt.

The room in which they were confined was in the officers' barrack, within the fort. The scarp wall was over twenty feet high, and a strong *cheveaux-de-frise* ran along its foot, in the ditch. Sentinels were posted at short intervals along the walls, and at the doors of the barracks; and there were two in the gallery on which the prisoners' room opened. The upper half of their door was a glazed window, which enabled the sentinel to view the interior of the room, and which he opened at pleasure. The outside windows were strongly grated.

By a small bribe to the soldier who served as their barber they procured a gimlet, with which Burton was able to bore two lines of holes across a wide board of the ceiling. The interstices between the gimlet-holes were cut with a penknife, leaving only those at the corners, to keep the ceiling apparently intact. For, as soon as a hole was made or a bit of wood removed, the cavity was filled with bread moistened in the mouth, and made so nearly of the same tint as the wood that in a casual inspection it would not be noticed. As only a few turns of the gimlet could be made between the sentinel's successive passages of the door, it required care as well as patience to prosecute the work to completion; but at the end of three weeks it was accomplished.

The prisoners prepared for their journey by laying aside portions of food for subsistence by the way, and waited for weather to favor their attempt. At last it came. On the 18th of June a dark night and heavy rain aided to conceal their movements from the eyes and ears of sentinels. The hole through the ceiling was opened, and with some difficulty the prisoners crawled through it, and along the joists above to an entry open to the roof. Using their blankets as cords, they descended to the floor below. Thence, groping their way to an outer door and across the parade, they reached a bastion and made the descent of the ditch undiscovered. To ascend the counter-scarp was comparatively easy. But only the intense darkness and the howling storm made escape possible, for it was necessary to pass two lines of sentinels, and the guard was relieved while the fugitives were crossing the parapet and ditch. Here they became separated, and the general groped his way alone to the cove behind the fort. Fortunately, the tide was out and the cove, a mile in width, was fordable. After the crossing, it was

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necessary to traverse another mile over rough ground and windfalls to the shore of the bay. There he was rejoined by Major Burton. A boat was found on the beach, in which they crossed the bay to the western shore. Thence, guided by a pocket compass, they made their way through the woods to the head-waters of the St. George. On the third day after leaving the fort they reached the house of a "settler," and procured horses for the rest of the journey to Thomaston.

In rehearsing the hazardous adventure of General Wadsworth little more than a century ago, his narrow escape from an unwilling voyage to England—no longer *home*—to be tried for treason, or else to languish in unhonored captivity, one cannot help contrasting the different minor conditions of now and then. *Then* the general endured privations and encountered dangers to escape the possibility of long captivity—perhaps trial for treason-felony—in "our old home." *Now* a monument to the patriot general's grandson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, holds place in Westminster Abbey.

I have rehearsed some incidents in the history of Maine and New England just as they were suggested by recollections of her lakes and rivers, and that wonderful sea-coast whose many points of interest are little known to "*off-islanders*," to few save those who in childhood have gazed upon the ocean from her beetling cliffs, and been hushed to sleep in the sound of breakers on her granite shores. Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Orchard Beach, and other points of the coast affected by summer tourists are familiar names; but they embrace but small parts of a sea-coast of more than two thousand miles.

E. PARKER-SCAMMON.

New York.

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THE FREDERIC OZANAM OF CORK.

ON All-Saints' Day, 1892, the Young Men's Society of Cork celebrated its fortieth anniversary. Great joy was felt by all on account of the society's marvellous vitality, its present roll numbering 830 members—albeit it had in 1859 1800 members—and a well-grounded hope was expressed for its future progress under the guidance of its ever-zealous officers.

Yet with all this chorus of gladness and hope, and through all this harmony, was felt and heard a minor chord of sorrow for the loss of one whom death had taken from amongst us scarcely two months before—John George MacCarthy, our founder and president for over a quarter of a century. To none at that meeting, however, was that sad memory so real, so touchingly present, as to the four who were associated with Mr. MacCarthy in the foundation of the society, and who, to mark our length of membership, were placed that night amongst the honored guests. Nor did we grieve without added reason, for at this gathering we had all hoped to have once more heard his pleasant voice, to have beheld his graceful figure, and to have felt his genial presence. But such was not to be.

Looking at my Irish Birth-day Book I find his autograph, "John George MacCarthy, born at Cork, June 22, 1829." For that day Miss E. Skeffington Thompson, the compiler, has aptly quoted, but all unconscious of its aptness, these fine lines of Mangan:

"The noble-hearted sees in earth
A paradise before his eyes;
The dreams to which his soul gives birth
He fondly hopes to realize;
He dedicates his burning youth
To glorify the majesty of Truth!"

Surely no verse could be better chosen as an epitome of the life of John George MacCarthy, "the Frederic Ozanam of Cork," as a writer lately called him. His "burning youth" did, indeed, "glorify the majesty of Truth!"—as his manhood exemplified its practice, fully, fearlessly, heroically.

Looking back to boyhood, the first memory of my dear friend I find midway in the "forties"—I a boy of twelve, he a youth of sixteen, reading an essay as a pupil at the "Mansion House" School—St. Vincent's—at the summer vacation exhibition, to which my good mother took me.

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My feelings, I well remember, were of wonder and sympathy for the graceful young essayist. Wonder at his courage, and sympathy, for he was a stammerer. So then was I, and long years after did we both do battle against the common foe, reading poetry aloud together. Longfellow, because it was his favorite, was chosen. "Longfellow" his aunts, with whom he then resided on Charlotte Quay, playfully called him, to mark, no doubt, his stature as well as his love for the poet.

Returning home from vacation in 1852 I found George Roche, a mutual friend of school-days, and who died since as Dr. Roche in Australia, and others gathering recruits for a new society they were about to form. It was to be modelled on another society of a similar nature, founded by Dean O'Brien, among the young men of Limerick.

The Dominican Prior, Very Rev. John Pius Leahy, O.P., St. Mary's, Pope's Quay, who died a few years ago Bishop of Dromore, fostered the society, and with great discernment chose for its president the young law student, John George MacCarthy, then in his twenty-third year.

Bishop Leahy, replying to our address on his elevation to the episcopate, says, October 8, 1854:

"It is not to me our city is indebted for the numerous blessings derived from your society. That merit is due to your late indefatigable secretary, Mr. George Roche, and to your highly gifted and virtuous president, Mr. John George MacCarthy."

In seven years from the inauguration of the society our president married. His reply to our congratulatory address is a good specimen of his fine style, as well as an indication of the high tone of his mind:

"MY DEAR BROTHERS: Slight favors are easily acknowledged. Ordinary language answers for common occasions. But when one receives such a proof of affection as you have given me to-night—affection so thoughtful and generous, so delicate and so vehement—it is simply true that words fail, and tearful eyes must tell one's gratitude.

"During our seven years' work, your kindness to me has been of a nature that only the force of God's blessing on our cause, and the warmth and firmness of your own characters, could account for it. It was quite unlike almost all that one meets in the world. It never failed in the minutest detail of compliment. It never shrank from the largest bestowal of trust. It was not checkered by a change or varied by a word. But

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this last act of kindness is the greatest and most grateful of all. Wholly unexpected—quite undeserved—coming at an era in my life—including one far dearer to me than my life—it is a favor which, as it can never be repeated, can never be forgotten.

"Your beautiful address and your munificent gift shall always be amongst the proudest and pleasantest ornaments of my home. Nor shall they be ornaments merely. They will be incentives, too. They will remind me that I won the affection of eighteen hundred of my fellow-citizens, including some of the best men I know or have ever known, and they will make me strive to be less unworthy of such regard from such men.

"I need scarcely recall to your recollection that the marvellous success of our undertaking has not been my work. After God and our Lady, after our bishop and clergy, it has been yours. The office you gave me was indeed the most prominent and honorable, but it was far from being the most laborious and important. Mine were the public acknowledgments, yours the secret, continuous, indefatigable work, done only for God, known only to him.

"The Institute has benefited many, but none so much as me. It gave me some of the pleasantest hours of the last seven years. It gratified the literary tastes which were almost my only relaxation from an ever-increasingly laborious and responsible profession. Its rules were my guard in temptation, its principles my guide in action. It afforded me some of the fastest and dearest friends I have. And it insured me the example of men whose purity of motive and sustained elevation of thought, word, act, and life are better than any argument, more encouraging than any exhortation.

"Brothers, on my own part, and on that of the lady who has honored me with her hand, I heartily thank you. I trust that you and I shall labor together many years in the good work which has made us friends. Years only increase my enthusiasm for it, and my desire to be permitted to promote it. The county and the city are rising now. To whom should they look if not to their young men? In what should young men trust if not in intelligence and virtue—in knowledge and religion?

"For myself, I shall only say, in conclusion, that though I can do little, that little shall be done 'with a will.' Amidst many defects, despite many shortcomings, I shall endeavor to keep my eye—the eye of head, and heart, and mind—on what is True and Good, and strive straight on to that through all fortunes—

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"'The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow.
We press still through,
Naught that abides in it daunting us,—
Onward!'

"I am, dear brothers,

"Yours gratefully and affectionately,

"JOHN GEORGE MACCARTHY.

"*70 South Mall, December* 5, 1859."

Of Mr. MacCarthy's quarter of a century's noble work for the Brotherhood, done "with a will" that always found a "way," I can find but little record now. The disastrous fire of 1882 destroyed our building and all it contained; books, minutes, guild-rolls, records of all kinds. I am now begging for copies of our old Annual Reports—all from Mr. MacCarthy's pen—down to 1881 (I have but eleven out of twenty-eight), as well as other pamphlets or addresses by him, concerned with our work.

Memory recalls, while I write, how on his return from the Catholic Congress at Malines in 1864, of which he was chosen vice-president, he refused the banquet proposed by our society in his honor; how for many years he supplied, out of his private purse, a £10 case of new books to our reading-room from Morrow's Library in Dublin; how after returning from his well-earned vacations he gave his fellow-members the benefit of what he saw and heard, in charming lectures at our Tuesday evening meetings, which were very rarely without his presence in the chair.

Of Mr. MacCarthy's work for the society the Cork *Examiner's* able obituary says:

"Never has such a mark been made in the history of any body of a religious nature as that created by Mr. MacCarthy in the history of the Cork Young Men's Society. His portrait now occupies a prominent position in the large hall in Castle Street, and his name is inseparably associated with the boundless good effected by the society. . . . Through troublous times he lent all the enthusiasm of his nature to the society, and with the best results." After mentioning the educational work promoted by the society winter after winter, under the ablest professors, and most celebrated lecturers, divines and eminent university scholars—whose services were sought by the president and secured—names like Dr. (since Cardinal) Manning, his nephew Dr. Anderdon, Archbishop Croke, Monsignor Capel, Dr. Cahill, Dean O'Brien, Monsignor Woodlock, Father Burke,

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O.P., Father Pelcherine; and amongst laymen, Lord O'Hagan, Monsell (Lord Emly), Allies, Ornsby, Pollen, Rhodes, Magee (D'Arcy), Maguire, Denny Lane, Dr. Dunne, Count Murphy, and many others, the writer proceeds:

"The Annual Report, prepared by Mr. MacCarthy, came to be regarded by the citizens at large as a literary treat. The recitals of the dry workings of the society . . never failed to open new ground with effect, and the reading of the report was looked forward to with the liveliest interest." In this connection Mr. MacCarthy's great elocutionary powers may be illustrated from the same article. "In Parliament," the writer continues, "Mr. MacCarthy was destined to add lustre to the reputation which had gone before him. In his early days an impediment sadly retarded the flow of impressive speech which characterized all his utterances. With the indomitable energy and perseverance which formed so marked a trait in his nature, he fought against the defect, and was rewarded. Eloquence and fluency distinguished an oratory which was always a model of directness and conciseness, and which never failed to hold the attention of the listener. These qualities were not unnoticed in the House of Commons. His speeches on all matters relating to land attracted especial attention, and doubtless operated largely in securing him the appointment of Land Commissioner. . . . Naturally his love of justice laid him open to a charge of partiality from the Tories, and it will be remembered that about two years ago Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., addressed the House of Commons on this point. Mr. MacCarthy met the insinuation with his usual spirit, and forwarded a memorandum to the Speaker of the House in which he proved that Mr. Russell's statements were based on an entire misconception of the facts. Mr. MacCarthy added that he wholly objected to being attacked in the House of Commons for the manner in which he discharged his judicial functions. The merits of the case were evidently not in favor of Mr. Russell's contention, for no more was heard of these charges, and Mr. MacCarthy continued to fill his office to the satisfaction of all."

In summing up this most interesting and signally meritorious man's life another writer says that "the friendship of John George MacCarthy has been to me for forty years amongst the very choicest of temporal blessings. Of men whom I have met he came nearest to perfection—as a Catholic, as a citizen, as a statesman, as a judge, as a friend, as a *man*."

THOMAS H. ATTERIDGE.

Cork, Ireland.

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

The Unemployed.—The labor problem of the hour in England, and especially in London, is to find employment for the large number of men who are out of work. The number is variously estimated. On the one hand, Mr. Keir Hardie maintains that it amounts for the whole kingdom—including presumably the families of the men—to 1,200,000 persons. On the other, the London *Times* and many of the well-to-do whom it represents—a class which does not like to have its peace disturbed by the knowledge even that others are in distress—affect to believe that the unemployed are made up almost entirely of the idle and the incapable. The truth doubtless lies between these extremes. There are, of course, a large number of loafers and inefficient men—persons who either do not want to work, or who are incapable of doing anything useful. It cannot be denied, however, that there has been for the past eighteen months great depression of trade. In fact, so long has this depression lasted that fears are beginning to be entertained that a permanent alienation of trade has taken place. It is admitted, even by the friends of the working-men, that London has suffered in this way through the celebrated dockers' strike of 1889. The harvest, too, has been exceptionally poor, and the price of grain is now lower than ever before. The McKinley tariff, too, has proved disastrous to workers in Yorkshire and South Wales. And so even the most unwilling are forced to admit that there are reasons for grave anxiety.

Agitating for Work.—Meetings are being held every day on Tower Hill, followed by processions through the streets. The vestries are being called upon to find work; some have consented, others have declared that it was no affair of theirs. The Social Democratic Federation has employed orators, and paid

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them salaries to address the meetings and to organize the processions. This has excited the opposition of others of the unemployed, and as a consequence rival meetings are held. Prominent preachers like Archdeacon Farrar and Dr. Joseph Parker have been interviewed by the leaders, and called upon—much to their embarrassment and dismay—to find not relief but work. The London School Board is asked to feed the children as well as to instruct them. It seems, indeed, to be somewhat of an anomaly that the state should compel a large number of children to go to school who have had no breakfast; as according to all sound philosophical principles food for the body is at least as necessary as instruction for the mind. The state which takes upon itself the duty of giving the latter cannot complain if called upon to give the former. In fact, we believe that this is actually done in Paris. But to return to the unemployed—their efforts to call forth the sympathy of the public culminated in a great meeting, held in Trafalgar Square, at which resolutions were passed demanding that the government and all representative public bodies should at once set on foot the many public improvements that are needed throughout the kingdom, and thus provide work. It is worthy of note that not the least violence of any kind has been used; the most extreme measure proposed being a barefoot procession through the street at midnight, and even this, we believe, has been abandoned.

Results and Remedies.—This agitation has not been without beneficial results, although the evils to be removed are so great that it seems almost hopeless to expect to find anything better than some kind of palliative. Expedients formerly adopted are now discarded as resulting in an aggravation of the existing bad state of things. In 1886 a fund for the relief of the distressed was raised by the lord mayor, and thereupon multitudes flocked from all parts of the kingdom to get a share of it, and the last state of the poor in London became worse than the first. The same thing would take place if public works were instituted on a large scale in London, unless similar works were also undertaken throughout the country. This is admitted, and in fact maintained by the advocates of the cause of the unemployed. The secretary of the Local Government Board has accordingly issued a circular to the local authorities of the United Kingdom, not requiring—for this he has no power to do—but urging them to set on foot at once such works as may be required by the public needs in their respective districts. The

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governing body of London—the county council—has given instructions for the immediate execution of projected improvements, and many of the vestries have adopted a similar course. The first commissioner of public works has undertaken to proceed at once with the demolition of Millbank prison, and this will afford employment for between three and four hundred men for a period of three months. But what is this among so many? The unemployed and many of their most prominent, or at least loud-voiced, friends demand among other things the establishment of workshops, the organization of state and municipal corporation farms, the opening of public bakeries where pure bread is to be sold at cost, the setting on foot of labor bureaus and labor exchanges, and the provision of free meals and free clothes in the board schools. Such being the nature and extent of their demands it is not likely that they will be content with the efforts made to find work for a fractional part of their number. It is worthy of notice that no appeal for charity has been made by those out of work. Work is what is asked for, and indeed claimed as a right, and it is hard to look upon a society as rightly organized in which such a demand cannot be complied with.

"A Clearing-House for the Unemployed."—One of the methods adopted for coping with the present difficulty, which should have been mentioned above, is the establishment by one or two vestries of a register of persons out of work and of employers who are in need of workmen, and of giving information one to the other. This method has contributed to the diminution of existing evils. A somewhat similar scheme, dealing, however, with the distribution of charity, has been set on foot by private persons to which the name of "A Clearing-House for the Unemployed" has been given. It is proposed to appoint a central committee in London and other large towns, and to this committee any person who is willing to help a family whose bread-winner is out of work through no fault of his own to tide over the winter, can send in his name, simply stating what charitable body, if any, is to vouch for the requirements of the family, and to distribute weekly the help when necessary. The committee will then communicate the name of the willing giver to the clergyman, pastor, priest, rabbi, guru, moulvie, Salvationist, Charity Organization Society Committee, or other agency chosen by the giver, or if no agency is chosen, to some reputable society for giving relief. It is hoped by this means to bring the

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many rich persons who are willing to help into direct contact with cases of real distress, for the scheme does not propose that the committee shall itself undertake the distribution of the help afforded, its functions being merely those of a clearing-house. To us it seems somewhat of a round-about way of attaining the end in view. Those, however, who are better able to judge, and among them the Archbishop of Westminster, are taking very great interest in it, looking upon it as a good means of bridging the enormous chasm which exists in England between the wealthy and the poor.

Registration Offices.—In fact, it is upon lines similar to these that remedies for irregular employment are being proposed. Mr. Charles Booth has elaborated a plan of this kind for dealing with the dock laborers in order to keep them in constant work. In its details it is very elaborate, and into them we cannot enter; we may mention, however, that its main feature is to establish a central office, whose duty would be to ascertain where there was a deficiency of men and where there was a surplus, and to effect a transfer from the one place to the other. The Shipping Federation also has devised a method of extending to other trades and occupations the plan which was set on foot by ship-owners to counteract the efforts of the "New Unionism," and which has proved successful in this respect. It is proposed to open in London a central office, or labor exchange, and to establish branches throughout the kingdom. One of the principal duties undertaken would be to collect information from all parts of the country as to the conditions of labor, and to post up notices showing what men wanted work, where and what kind of men were wanted by the masters, and in what particular districts there was already a glut of labor. Employers in want of men would thus be enabled to secure them easily, while the men would know where to go with the best prospect of obtaining employment, and thus be spared fruitless journeys to places where they would have no chance of getting any. This proposal, however, being made by capitalists and employers, and in opposition to the demands of the trade-unions, is not likely to be favorably entertained by the mass of working-men, among whom the appointment of a labor minister whose duty would embrace functions of this kind seems to be obtaining a greater amount of support the more it is discussed. That measures of this kind should not have advanced farther than the stage of discussion shows that Great Britain is

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this respect is behind several countries on the Continent, where labor exchanges have been established for some years.

Legislative Proposals.—Passing from the efforts and projects of private persons to the legislative proposals made by statesmen and politicians, the tendency to an increase of the interference of the law with both employers and employed becomes more and more marked. This appears clearly in the utterances of politicians of all parties, such as Sir John Gorst, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Chamberlain, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, enumerates the measures which he looks upon as desirable, and the passing of which into law he judges to be practicable. These measures consist of the legislative enforcement of the proposals for the shortening of the hours of work for miners, and others engaged in dangerous occupations; the local enforcement of trade regulations for the earlier closing of shops; the establishment of tribunals of arbitration in trade disputes; compensation for injuries received in the course of employment, and to widows and children in case of death, whenever such injuries are not caused by the fault of the person killed or injured; old-age pensions for the deserving poor; increased powers and facilities to local authorities to make town improvements, and prepare for the better housing of the working poor; and power to local authorities to advance money, and afford facilities to the working-classes to become owners of their own dwellings. Almost all these proposals constitute a departure from the hitherto received doctrines of individualism, and, although they do not, especially in the matter of the regulation of the hours of labor by the state, go far enough to satisfy the demands of what seems to be a majority of working-men, they possess this advantage, in the judgment of Mr. Chamberlain, that no great opposition would be offered by any party in Parliament.

Evidence of Mr. Mann.—A still more striking evidence, perhaps, of the progress of public opinion in favor of state-regulation of the relations between capital and labor is the fact that the Royal Commission on Labor has thought it worth while to devote three full days to the examination of the theories of Mr. Tom Mann—one of the founders of the "New Unionism" which has caused so much trouble in recent times. And since we have mentioned the Royal Commission we may, perhaps, be allowed to inform our readers that its proceedings have not yet

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come to a conclusion, and that up to the month of August last it had asked some eighty thousand questions, and received a corresponding number of answers from picked representatives of nearly every trade and occupation in Great Britain. Students of the labor question will find in the evidence, published in the form of government blue books, a mine of information theoretical and practical. To return, however, to Mr. Mann. He is an opponent of the present competitive system, and in favor of the ultimate municipalization both of capital and industry. Although he does not believe that at the present time the people collectively are at once sensible and unselfish enough to be trusted with the management and control of all the affairs and business now carried on by private individuals, he has hopes of their moral condition being greatly improved, and postpones until that time the full realization of his schemes. The scheme, as outlined by Mr. Mann before the commission, proposes that the taxpayers of London should tax themselves in order to get possession of all the trades employing much labor; the municipality itself should then work these huge businesses, and competition with it should be prohibited as is done in the case of the post-office; a beginning should be made with the provision of gas and water, the means of locomotion, wharfage, the erection of buildings, the making of clothes for all public servants, and the supply of cheap literature. Every one of the things here mentioned, except the erection of buildings and the making of clothes, is done already by a large number of towns, in whole or in part, and within the last few weeks the London County Council has decided to abolish contractors, and to carry out many of its own public works without the intervention of any middleman. So that Mr. Mann's proposals are in process of realization—a process developing, too, every day more and more. It is only a question of where to stop. Mr. Mann goes farther than the majority approve at present, and would have every industry carried on by a public body which should have the control of the general wealth for the purpose of securing the greater comfort of labor. Especially he believes that the municipalities would be able so to "dovetail" the work that nobody would be idle, and accordingly favors "trusts" and "syndicates" as steps in the right direction. That these theories and projects should have been deemed worthy of attention by the practical men forming the commission is only one sign among many that there exists a wide-spread suspicion that the present distribution of wealth is unfavorable to the highest well-being of the country,

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and as perilous to the moral excellence of those who possess an excess as to that of those who have not what they need.

The Cotton Trade Strike.—The strike of the cotton-spinners in Lancashire has not attained the magnitude which was expected. It is causing, however, a great deal of distress among those especially who are only indirectly responsible. It seems to be due, we are sorry to say, to unreasonable conduct on the part of the men, and is consequently a disappointment to the hopes of those who were beginning to think an era of conciliation had arrived. This, at least, is the impression which we derive from the reply made by Mr. Maudsley, the secretary of the workmen's union, to the proposal to arbitrate made by the mayor of Manchester. In this reply Mr. Maudsley says that the mayor, by the very fact of his offering to arbitrate, implied "that we and our employers are not able to manage our own business, and that you and others could do it better." He proceeds to call those who made the offer "meddlers in other people's business," and to read the would-be peacemakers the following lecture: "There seems at present to be a tendency amongst the upper classes to try and make a name for themselves on the shoulders of working-men, and then to get them to submit to reductions of wages under the guise of arbitration. It will not happen in our case, and if the letter correspondence between us has convinced one of the advisability of reserving his meddling propensities until he is asked to exercise them by those concerned, it will not have been wasted." Should feelings of this kind be general among working-men, the hopes of conciliation and industrial peace cannot be very confident.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

For the seven-and-twentieth time since the downfall of the Second Empire, two-and-twenty years ago, the French cabinet has been overthrown. Although the ministers who have just been driven from office were in power for only nine months, the period allotted to them was longer than that of some half-dozen previous ministries. In fact, it is beginning to be taken for granted that one of these crises must take place at least once a year, so many are the aspirants to office, and so little capable are those who succeed of retaining possession of power. The special causes of the fall of the Loubet ministry are not far to seek. It tried to please both parties in the Carmaux strike—the mode-

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rate party, which wished for the preservation of order, and the Radicals and Socialists, who sought by means of the strike to promote their theories, and, as often happens, they failed to secure the confidence of either of the combatants. It has, moreover, repelled the advances which, following the counsels of the Holy Father, the members of the monarchical parties have made to the Republic, almost treating with contempt and derision their offer of allegiance. The recent dynamite outrage in Paris showed the inability of its police, and the press law, although it passed the Chambers, added to the dislike felt for the government by both extremes in the house. Having yielded to a demand for a committee of inquiry into the Panama Canal, it refused, and rightly, to allow certain illegal proceedings to be taken by this committee, and so brought to a somewhat dignified end a career which had been characterized by numberless makeshifts and sacrifices of principle for power. Although frequent practice should by this time have made cabinet-making easy for the President, the difficulty found on this occasion was greater than ever; in fact, there exists a wide-spread feeling of alarm and uncertainty as to the future, some even thinking that there exists in an unknown quarter a conspiracy to render all government impossible by discrediting in the eyes of the electors the members of the Chambers: this, it is said, was the real reason for the Panama Canal investigation. The general election will take place next year, and this, together with the growth and strengthening of the Socialist movement, makes it to be feared that troublous times are in store for the Republic.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MR. BROWNELL'S *French Art* is receiving general encomiums, both here and abroad, for the remarkable delicacy of its appreciation of qualities that are most difficult to define. Such of Mr. Brownell's readers as know the subjects which he usually treats and in which he seems most interested, have long been aware of his special faculty in this respect, but his present work* displays another faculty which we have not met before: that of translating the expression of plastic art into that of literature.

Artists themselves are constantly preferring the charge of being "literary" against writers on art, and often with great justice. We suspect, however, that a loose use of the term on the part of artists must be assumed in order to grant that justice. The real trouble seems to be that the literature of the art-critics against whom the charge can be maintained is not as good as it might be. One finds, at all events, that Mr. Brownell can so use the spell of words as to conjure up qualities of appearance, and so order the generalizing terms employed by artists when trying to impart what they see in the art of others or wish to express in their own, as to convey by means of them a clear and definite meaning. It is a service for which every thoughtful artist must be grateful. In no way has he rendered a more distinct service, nor one more difficult, than in his analysis of the qualities of that supreme school of French painters known as the "Fontainebleau Group," including Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Diaz," etc. We extract from it the admirable page in which he defines the charm of the greatest of landscape painters:

"But Corot's true distinction—what gives him his unique position at the very head of landscape art, is neither his color, delicate and interesting as his color is, nor his classic serenity, harmonizing with, instead of depending upon, the chance associations of architecture and mythology with which now and then he decorates his landscapes; it is the blithe, the airy, the truly spiritual way in which he gets farther away than any one from both the actual pigment that is his instrument, and from the phenom-

* *French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture.* By W. C. Brownell. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

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ena that are the objects of his expression—his ethereality, in a word. He has communicated his sentiment almost without material, one may say, so ethereally independent of their actual analogues is the interest of his trees and sky and stretch of sward. This sentiment, thus mysteriously triumphant over color or form, or other sensuous charm, which nevertheless are only subtly subordinated, and by no manner of means treated lightly or inadequately, is as exalted as any that has in our day been expressed in any manner. Indeed, where, outside of the very highest poetry of the century, can one get the same sense of elation, of aspiring delight, of joy unmixed with regret—since the 'splendor of truth,' which Plato defined beauty to be, is more animating and consoling than 'the weary weight of all this unintelligible world' is depressing to a spirit of lofty seriousness and sanity?"

If Mr. Brownell has shown an extremely rare if not altogether unique power in his perception and setting forth of the qualities of painting, his analysis of sculpture recalls the fact that this is the least cared for and least understood of any of the fine arts; a fact so painfully true that nothing could better illustrate, nor by implication criticise more damagingly, the prevalent sense of what sculpture is, as shown in the works of our native sculptors with but few exceptions, than the paragraph we are about to cite from his appreciation of David d'Angers:

"Whether the subject be intractable or not seems to have made no difference to David. He invariably produced a work of art at the same time that he expressed the character of its motive with uncompromising fidelity. His portraits, moreover, are pure sculpture. There is nothing of the cameo-cutter's art about them. They are modelled, not carved. The outline is no more important than it is in nature, so far as it is employed to the end of identification. It is used decoratively. There are surprising effects of foreshortening, exhibiting superb, and, as it were, unconscious ease in handling relief—that most difficult of illusions in respect of having no law (at least no law that it is worth the sculptor's while to try to discover) of correspondence to reality. Forms and masses have a definition and firmness wholly remarkable in their independence of the usual low relief's reliance on pictorial and purely linear design. They do not blend picturesquely with the background, and do not depend on their suggestiveness for their character. They are always realized, executed—sculpture, in a word, whose suggestiveness, quite as potent as that of feebler executants, begins only when actual representation has been triumphantly achieved instead of impotently and skilfully avoided."

Mrs. Clifford's new novel* is clever and well written as a matter of course, but its cleverness falls appreciably short of that

* *Aunt Anne.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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displayed in her last year's book, the *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*. In a foreign letter lying at our hand, written by a not indiscriminating though partial friend of Mrs. Clifford, it is hit off as "wonderfully good as a character sketch, but some of the auxiliary matter is maudlin to a degree." Exception would be taken by many readers, we fancy, to its excellence as a character sketch where its heroine is concerned. Inconsistency is, indeed, the consistence of some persons one meets in books and outside of them, but one feels sure that when such persons attract permanent affection their intrinsically amiable qualities have supplied a solid and invariable basis for surface inconsistencies. Mrs. Clifford does not succeed in making one believe in the irresistible attractiveness of this Harold Skimpole in petticoats, with her ghastly wink, her lack of sympathy for those beneath her in station, her lavish generosity with other people's goods, and that too calculating imprudence which suddenly becomes prudence when no money and no credit but her own is on hand, and those in fast-dwindling measure. These traits all hang together it is true, but they never depend from the peg of genuine lovableness. Aunt Anne's deathbed conversion to charity for fallen women, based on the catastrophe of her own latest venture on the sea of matrimony, is characteristic, and so is her final refusal of forgiveness to Alfred Wimple, for both of these spring from the same inherent self-love and unamiable pride which can mask themselves under as many disguises as Proteus, among them that of self-abnegation on occasion. Mrs. Clifford has produced a clever and amusing novel, notwithstanding. She shows much ingenuity in providing a veil of mysticism whereby to cover Aunt Anne's share of the Wimple business which supplies the motive of her plot. It certainly needed a veil of some description. If Wimple were not the wholly objectionable and unpleasant creature that he is from first to last, Mrs. Clifford having been almost too careful not to give him even one redeeming feature, he would certainly attract more sympathy than Aunt Anne in their relations as here outlined.

Miss Dougall's *Beggars All** eminently deserves the praise that has been bestowed upon it by the critics, and the success it has met with at the hands of the reading public. It is, in the first place, wholly and most agreeably unusual in its scheme, its handling, and its presentation of character. Its simplicity in point of style is also relieved by the same quality of unusualness. What its author sees, that is to say, whether in man and woman or in a

* *Beggars All.* By L. Dougall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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landscape, strikes her reader as obvious and quite true, but gives at the same time an impression of a new point of view, and a vision which if clear is so first of all because it is both sympathetic and intelligent. Just such characters as Hubert Kent and Star Thompson one has pretty certainly never met before on any stage, whether of life or fiction, but they take their place at once as living entities, not soon to be forgotten. Mrs. Thompson, too, the saintly American invalid; Richarda, the oddly humorous cripple; Marian Gower's almost pathetic spinsterhood, and the hover of both her own and Star's fancies about young Dr. Bramwell, are all personages and situations that assert their right to be by virtue of their obvious reality, and yet defy the insinuation of portraiture or photographic representation. Their truth is essential, not accidental. Miss Dougall's patriotism probably counts for something in her selection of an American girl of Star Thompson's antecedents for the place filled by that wholly unique and charming young person in her novel. Given so much innocence, integrity, high feeling, and self-devotion as hers, backed by such refinement and habituation to wealth and its opportunities, and Miss Dougall implies plainly enough that an English girl so equipped would not or could not have acted in the same way. Patriotism is, however, as legitimate an artistic property as any. The same sense of fitness ruled her choice of an English setting for her hero, Hubert Kent. A burglar has surely never been drawn before on lines so large—lines large enough both in what they enclose and what they exclude to fit a Montana "water-baron" or an Eastern "railway king," and to admit as many if not more pleas in extenuation in one case as in the other. Yet there is not in the book the least excuse or encouragement given to a lax morality on any point. Star's needed lesson of respect for her womanhood so high as to bear any strain laid upon it, is taught her uncompromisingly and directly by those vital experiences which Miss Dougall depicts with so sure a hand. If filial charity leads her to throw her self-respect into the gulf, she goes there likewise with her whole identity, and rescues from it not only all that she has risked, but another soul besides. Altogether, the book is unique in our experience of novels, and will doubtless have a long life in literature.

Mrs. Dahlgren's *Chim** is a bright and amusing skit at certain fads and phases of Washington society. Her skye-terrier makes

* *Chim: His Washington Winter.* By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. New York: C. L. Webster & Co.

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a very successful hero, and her little plot revolves about him without a jar or creak in the machinery. Her story, in fact, is quite complete as a story, and is written with grace and animation. Her hits at theosophy, and her sketch of the chief adept, Professor Wissy-Wassy, who

"was essentially an orientalist in thought and modes of non-action, but so strong are the binding ties of our surroundings, that when he did act, his habits were those of a Californian,"

are not merely acute and discriminating, but laid on with a not too heavy hand. She has avoided stress and kept well on the artistic side of good-natured satire where this phase of her story is concerned. One wonders, however, if the La Fayette de Noos are not punctuated a trifle too heavily, if not for truth, at all events for good taste.

A book to keep by one is Miss Repplier's selections of *Famous Verse*,* for if one does not find in it all one's favorites, one is sure to find nothing that is either not already well-beloved, or eminently certain to become so on acquaintance. No book, though twice the size of this one, could contain all that one loves or has loved in English verse. Miss Repplier has been handicapped, moreover, for any such achievement, by the necessity here laid on her of selecting chiefly with an eye to the needs and capacities of young readers. But she judges wisely that the imagination of children outstrips their understanding, and that poetry appeals to something that lies deeper than intelligence, and so has produced a book whose range is wide and from which the commonplace alone has been rigidly excluded.

Another volume of poetical selections,† admirably adapted to readers on the declining scale of life, comes from the Chicago publishing house of A. C. McClurg. The unnamed compiler has done the work assigned extremely well and with rare good taste. The poems are ranged under four heads: September—Thirty-five; October—Two Score and Ten; November—Three Score; and December—Seven Times Eleven. The tone of the whole is uplifting, heart-cheering, and we can hardly think of a more appropriate present than this pretty little volume for a friend in advancing years.

It is not the poetry of young hope and aspiration, nor yet that of resignation, peace, and the forward look of serene old age, which finds a voice in the dainty posthumous collection of

* *A Book of Famous Verse.* Selected by Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Poetry of the Gathered Years.* Compiled by M. H. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co

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Miss Aldrich's verses.* Their author died last summer at the age of twenty-six, as one learns from Mr. Brownell's brief but exquisite prefatory notice. A year or two ago she published a novel in whose prose most of the notes here struck in a softer, more musical key, were anticipated. Her execution then was crude and her motive unpleasant, but her work showed power at least, if not much salutary promise. One sees now by what storms her soul was lashed, and feels relieved that the tempest is at last ended. There are verses in this volume which take strong hold on one's imagination, but for the most part their appeal is to one's pity and compassion. As a matter of technique they are often of extreme beauty. For a specimen of their quality at its best we refer the reader to the concluding poem, on the Eternal Justice.

The whole book is tense with personal expression—the expression of a soul that had suffered both spiritual and bodily ills, and whose true and exquisite poetic gift had as yet never found any but a purely subjective outlet. Hence it is morbid to a degree, and its total impression is painful, even where its music is most sweet and strange.

From the pretty volume of Mr. Egan's newly-collected songs and sonnets† we select for quotation his sonnet, "The Heart." Our readers are too well acquainted with the merits, peculiarities, and value of Mr. Egan's poetical achievement to need or desire a critical appreciation of it which might seem presumptuous:

"How red it burns within yon crimson rose!
Deeper than fire in rubies is its hue
Of brightest blood, which, shed for me and you,
From that dear Heart has flowed, for ever flows.
In waving sprays of buds, carved mountain snows,
I see *her* heart, for ever pure and true,—
The Virgin's Heart!—and in the morning dew
The tears of joy she shed when her great woes
Were lost in Heaven: and all June things speak,
From ambient perfume in the sunlit air
To trembling stalklets tipped by clover bloom,
Of Christ, His Mother, and the Heart we seek
Through tangled roads and by-ways foul or fair,
The Heart that cheers us in the deepest gloom."

From another publishing house comes another book by Mr.

* *Songs about Life, Love, and Death.* By Anne Reeves Aldrich. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Songs and Sonnets, and Other Poems.* By Maurice Francis Egan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

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Egan, a collection of stories* for children which will be found cheerful reading by boys and girls alike. They are all entertaining, and, as befits their audience, not too imaginative, not too remote from the ordinary surroundings of child-life in city and country to run any risk of failing to hit their intended mark. Mr. Egan has a flow and felicity of expression, and a happy knack in the selection of points to illustrate, and ways whereby to illustrate them, which justify and explain his popularity as a writer of tales and sketches.

Miss Donnelly's original and selected rhymes† for very young readers, though they do not show her at her best, which could hardly be expected under the given circumstances, are yet extremely well adapted to their special purpose, and ought to be found very useful in the nursery—perhaps also in the kindergartens.

Mrs. Chanler resumes her maiden name on the title-page of her sequel‡ to *The Quick or the Dead*, and prefaces it with a quotation from the *Phædrus* of Plato, from which the reader gathers that, finding her previous story "misunderstood and unjustly attacked," she comes now in a parental capacity to its aid; "for, unaided, it can neither retaliate nor defend itself." He further gathers that "Barbara," after enduring two years of loneliness consequent on "Jock Dering's" departure, without perceptible consolation arising from her fidelity to the deceased "Val," concludes to marry Jock on his return, and does so amidst much rapturous love-making which both precedes and follows the nuptial ceremony. And then the troubles of the pair begin. Barbara in her present phase, and especially under the light reflected on her by the Platonic quotation which ushers her once more into public notice, seems intended to correct certain misappreciations concerning both herself and her creator. She is, in reality, a very spiritual young woman, burning with clear, pure fires, and her new troubles arise from Jock's failure to appreciate the refined and beautiful sentiment she gives him. One would not like to animadvert on the position taken by the author, to cast blame on, or to poke fun at it. Perhaps, though, one might suggest that the object lesson would be more effective were it given in less glowing colors.

* *How they Worked their Way, and Other Tales* (Stories of Duty). By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. New York: Benziger Bros.

† *Little Compliments of the Season and Other Tiny Rhymes for Tiny Readers.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York: Benziger Bros.

‡ *Barbara Dering. A Sequel to The Quick or the Dead.* By Amélie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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Such homely drabs and puritan browns, for example, as have been donned for a somewhat similar purpose by a woman whom we take to be as wide apart as the poles from Amélie Rives in general mental make-up, Mrs. Gestefeld. *The Woman Who Dares** is a serious book on a serious subject, and its unadorned simplicity has the effect of art, whether or not it were so intended. We take it to be unpremeditated and necessary. The author has somewhat to say which is worth saying, worth hearing, and worthy of serious reflection,—and she has cast it into story form, perhaps thinking to win a wider audience by so doing. There is no blinking the fact that the women of our day and generation, and presumably of that which is to follow, are taking a more decided stand on questions relating to their own personalities and personal accountability than they have done in any previous period. They are at least plainly bound to show that there are two sides to a shield which for ages has been held to have but one.

Still another clever study of the wrong-headedness of one of the many sides of the modern woman's struggle for absolute independence and individuality is to be found in Mrs. Andrew Dean's novelette, *A Splendid Cousin*,† the latest issue of Cassell's "Unknown" Library. It is wonderfully well done as a matter of artistic presentation of absolutely unconscious selfishness. Not a stroke too much mars, nor is one lacking to the completeness of the portrait of Theodora's self-absorption in an art in which she can never rise above amateurship, but to which everything else in life is not so much sacrificed without a pang, as accepted in sacrifice with the unresponsive unconcern of a fetich before its worshippers. Mrs. Dean's own art is so good that she has no need to preach or moralize. She is wisely content to set her people in evidence and in motion, and let them produce their own effect. She is plainly familiar with the moral and intellectual atmosphere which she indicates so well. Her style is as redolent of it as that of Vernon Lee, but she brings into it a waft of healthier air, a breath of common sense which blows away its mists and allows a glimpse of true local color to be caught.

* *The Woman Who Dares.* By Ursula N. Gestefeld. New York: Lovell, Gestefeld & Company.

† *A Splendid Cousin.* By Mrs. Andrew Dean. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

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I.—FELIX ADLER'S METHOD OF TEACHING RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.*

This is the twenty-fourth volume of the International Education Series, edited by William T. Harris, A.M., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education. In his preface Mr. Harris ventures to hope that this timely book is full of helpful suggestions, and "may open for many teachers a new road to theoretic instruction in morality, and at the same time reinforce the study of literature in our schools." We can find in the volume before us no sure and safe foundation for this new road.

Mr. Adler informs us—page 15—that "the conscience can be enlightened, strengthened, guided . . . without once raising the question why it is wrong to do what is forbidden. The ultimate grounds of moral obligation need never be discussed in school. It is the business of religion and philosophy to propose theories, or to formulate articles of belief with respect to the ultimate sources and sanctions of duty." He thinks the moral teacher is to be a supreme judge of metaphysical and theological asseverations. He is not to explain or show reasons why we should do right, but to make young people see what is right more clearly, and instil into them "his own love of and respect for the right." Moreover he holds that there is a body of moral truth upon which all good men are agreed, and that "*it is the business of the public schools to deliver to their pupils this common fund of moral truth.*" After making this statement Mr. Adler goes on to the end of his volume without informing the expectant reader where the authority is to be found which can determine the extent of this "common fund of moral truth."

Some time ago we heard that as a practical application of his theories Mr. Adler requested a teacher in his kindergarten to impress upon the minds of her scholars the maxims of ethical culture without mentioning the name of God. The teacher replied that the success of kindergarten teaching depended largely on object lessons fully explained in simple language, and that God as the father of the world, the protector of the good, is a most attractive object of thought for little children. Unconsciously this teacher followed the same line of reasoning which St. Thomas Aquinas adopted long ago, when he proved the necessity of an objective reality for rational thought. Needless to say that Mr. Adler's new volume of speculative moral instruction cannot change the laws of the human mind, even though it is endorsed by modern agnostics.

* *The Moral Instruction of Children.* By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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2.—LAMBERT'S FAMOUS ANSWERS TO INGERSOLL.*

Bishop Spalding's introduction to *Famous Answers* is—one knows not whether to term it powerful, philosophical, or charming, for it is all these and more. It charms by its beautiful rhetoric; its power is in the very truth of its every sentence; its philosophy is evidenced in the terse and logical reasoning; it is a careful and deeply thought essay on religion; it is very earnest and sincere, and adds great value to the book. We wonder if Colonel Ingersoll is capable of appreciating any part of it other than the beautiful and poetic English in which it is written. It is in strange and favorable contrast to Father Lambert's brilliant sword-thrusts at the colonel. His style of writing is in keeping with that flourish and flash of the agnostic antagonist. If Colonel Ingersoll reads this introduction he must wince at the thrusts he gets from the bishop's lance, when he is placed in contrast with his fellow-agnostics, if I may so call them, Fichte and Richter. There are passages in this essay that have the ring of inspired poetry—notably the one which begins: "I have reasons to believe that Colonel Ingersoll is a generous and kind-hearted man. Let him turn from," etc., at page 25. Father Lambert's book is in the same scintillating style as his widely-known and much-read *Notes on Ingersoll*, and, indeed, is even more drastic and cutting. Colonel Ingersoll's ignorance, shallowness, unfairness, blunderings, and misstatements, his lack of the reasoning faculty, and his want of logical mind-training, his utter "bubbleness," so to speak, are shown up in a merciless way, with a touch of humor that is inimitable. Max O'Rell says of Ingersoll that he is the greatest American philosopher. In the light of Father Lambert's *Famous Answers*, we pity those other American philosophers who are only greater or great. But then Max O'Rell is a literary persifleur, and his remarks anent the distinguished colonel may be an intended witticism. The *Colorado Catholic* has done a good work in placing the book before the public. The work is already in the fifth edition. We predict for it a very extensive sale.

3.—MISSION SERMONS FROM THE FLEMISH.†

These two handy volumes contain some fifty sermons on the topics that are preached the more frequently from the Catholic

* *Famous Answers to Colonel Ingersoll.* By Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Introduction by Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D. Published by the *Colorado Catholic*, Denver, Colorado.

† *Sermons from the Flemish.* Fifth series. Mission sermons, or courses for Advent and Lent. Translated by a Catholic Priest. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

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pulpit. They embrace the whole line of subjects that are touched on during a mission, and should be preached in every congregation during Advent and Lent. The treatment of the great truths, as well as the moral subjects, is straightforward and practical.

It is just such hard-headed, matter-of-fact discourses, going straight to the heart, which are far more potent to change a man from his evil ways, to make him hate vice and love virtue, that should be used as models of sermonizing, rather than beautiful rhetorical essays sometimes published under the name of sermons. We commend these Flemish sermons particularly.

4.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND HIS MONUMENT.*

The book is a curious and entertaining compilation. The author says in his preface: "This volume of tributes essays to be but a concordance of some of the most choice and interesting extracts artistically illustrated with statues, scenes, and inscriptions." These words fairly describe the book. The illustrations are good and the extracts curious and many, ranging from old Spanish state papers to the recent literature of the Columbus celebration; from poet and historian, from old mural inscriptions, from inscriptions of the oldest statues to that of the New York monument. A book for the train, for idle moments, to fill up the time when one must wait—for instance in the reception office of a busy doctor—not without its value, interest, and instruction.

5.—THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF FAITH AND MORALS.†

One of the best books of instruction on religious matters that has ever come to our hands, invaluable to the teacher and advanced students of Christian doctrine. Cardinal Gibbons's letter of commendation, in which he says, "though unpretentious in size, is comprehensive in scope, embracing as it does the creeds and Sacraments of the church, and the moral law," well describes the work. The table of contents is excellently arranged and complete. There is also a copious index at the end of the volume, and, what will prove useful, a few pages of definition of terms. We congratulate the publishers on the typographical excellence of the book.

* *Christopher Columbus and His Monument—Columbia.* By J. M. Dickey. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

† *The Catholic Doctrine of Faith and Morals.* By Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D., Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston. Boston: Cashman, Keating & Co. 1892.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Briggs heresy trial is developing some new and interesting features. Already are the lines being sharply drawn between the seminary which fathers Dr. Briggs, on the one hand, and the gentlemen of the prosecution, on the other. If Dr. Briggs is condemned of differing from Dr. Birch—no very great crime after all, for on strictly Protestant theory one man has just as much a right to his interpretation of Scripture as the other—the matter will be just as far from being settled as it ever was. The outcome of the trial probably will be the rending in twain of the unity of the Presbyterian Church. Then as to which portion will last is a question of the "survival of the fittest."

In the meantime the publicity the trial has attained, and the questions so thoroughly discussed in it as to the authenticity of the Bible, are unsettling the faith of thousands who look to the Sacred Book for all the religion they have.

It is in reality the great principle of Protestantism—the sufficiency of the Bible and the Bible alone as both a dogmatic and a moral teacher—that is on trial. Doubts in the minds of all who read and think are being thrown on the origin, authority, and genuineness of every book in the Bible. The props on which the whole fabric of Protestantism rests are being knocked away, one after the other. If Dr. Briggs only had the courage of his convictions, and would act as logically as he reasons, to-morrow he would apply at the study of some Catholic priest and ask for admission into the church. He reasons in this way: Some court of last appeal is necessary to settle infallibly disputes on vital points of belief. The Bible is so uncertain, even interpreted by higher criticism or enlightened conscience, that we cannot unerringly depend on it. There is only left, then, the church inspired by the Holy Spirit, which is established to teach all things whatsoever revealed and for all time. Thus he reasons; the next step is to do what so many great men, like Newman and Brownson and Hecker, have done before him—to submit to the guidance of the infallible church.

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Apropos of this Scripture controversy, we wish to announce that in the February number there will be published a very able article on Scriptural inspiration from the pen of Father Ryder of the Oratory, the successor of Cardinal Newman, and one of the ablest churchmen in England to-day.

A remarkable article has just been published by Mivart in the *Nineteenth Century* on a topic of intense interest in our modern controversy, and although we do not wish to be understood as approving every one of his conclusions, yet we think that we do a service to the cause of Catholic truth by calling attention to it.

Under the striking paradox of *Happiness in Hell* Mivart deliberately, in the first place, closes the gates of hell (that is, the hell of the damned) as far as may be, and narrows the way thereto by insisting on the teaching of Catholic theologians in regard to the destiny of unbaptized children and of those infants of larger growth, the untutored savages, and by a very liberal interpretation of the "baptism of desire" he keeps still others out from the exterior darkness. Then he proceeds to strictly interpret the conditions necessary for a hell-deserving mortal sin—the full knowledge, the free deliberation, and the plenary consent. In this way, leaning on Catholic theology, he succeeds in closing the door against a very large portion of the human race. Then, with a strong plea for mercy, he ameliorates the condition of the portion who are condemned. He contends that heredity and environment, and the necessities of life to some extent, diminish the malice of grievous sins and therefore their punishment, and that what *pœna sensus* there may be inflicted will mitigate until existence will be in a sense tolerable and certainly be more desirable than annihilation.

However, in so short a space we cannot give anything like a full synopsis of the article. But the point is, it is an adequate answer to all those, and they are not a few, who find what they think is the teaching of the church on the doctrine of hell a stumbling-block to their faith.

The Convention of the Apostolate of the Press, held this time last year, is not called again because the Catholic Summer-School affords a better opportunity, considering time and place, for the proper discussion of its aims and methods. The Summer-School offers a larger field for the development of the ideas generated before and in the last Convention, and is in

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many respects the ideal place for the next session of the Convention.

We present a very taking list of articles this month. Father Zahm's paper on Pasteur will be read with intense interest by many who will be made aware that Pasteur, who has accomplished as much for science as any man living, is a sincerely earnest and devout Catholic. The paper is an exhaustive survey of his life's work, and gives in detail the various conquests he has made in the world of the infinitely little.

The Nazareth article appeals to a large clientelle in the South-west and elsewhere who have known or have come under the influence of the Sisters of Nazareth.

Next month we shall have a beautifully illustrated article on Maryville, one of the noted convents of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

The article on Fröbel will serve to increase the enthusiasm already manifesting itself in so many quarters for the kindergarten system. This series of articles on educators and their methods next month will include a paper on Overberg, the great Normal educator.

The Archbishops have sent out a strong letter urging interest in the Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, saying that as long as the work has been undertaken it ought to be carried to perfection, that to the thousands who will attend the Fair the exhibit of the Catholic schools will not only be a measure of the zeal and interest Catholics have shown for this work, but it will be evidence of the wonderful success that has attended their efforts. In order to fitly carry out the work planned donations may be sent to Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, Thirty-fifth Street and Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ISABELLA, the generous patroness of Columbus, has claims on the women of America not yet discovered by the National Board of Lady Managers in charge of the Woman's Building at the World's Columbian Exposition. Very reluctantly we make this statement, which is based on information communicated to us in letters from Chicago and elsewhere. For five days these managers discussed many topics, yet the official report of this long session contains no mention of the name of Isabella. Mrs. Potter Palmer, in her official address at the dedication, declared that no organization comparable to this Board of Lady Managers—of which she is president—"has ever before existed among women. It is official, acting under government authority and sustained by government funds. It is so far-reaching that it encircles the globe. Without touching upon politics, suffrage, or other irrelevant issues, this unique organization of women for women will devote itself to the promotion of their industrial interests. It will address itself to the formation of a public sentiment which will favor woman's industrial equality and her receiving just compensation for services rendered." No plan was made known in this address by a woman and for women especially by which to render "just compensation for services" to the glorious Queen of Spain. We are informed that a remonstrance sent to the Board of Lady Managers from New York has elicited a most unsatisfactory reply. The women of America cannot accept the responsibility of denying public honor to Isabella.

* * *

On behalf of the intelligent women members of numerous Catholic Reading Circles, we had hoped to be able to get a definite assurance that Isabella would be allowed at the World's Exposition to share with Columbus the honors of his great discovery. We are unwilling to think that a "unique organization of women for women" can be tainted with feminine ingratitude or historical ignorance of a most persistent type. No reasonable objection can be found for excluding Isabella from public and prominent recognition at an exposition intended to honor all the great personages associated with the discovery of America. If any defence is needed of the claims of Isabella, the loyal friends of her own sex in the United States should not remain silent. Nothing less than national honor is due to the co-discoverer of America. The official board which alone can secure this national honor to one of the noblest of their sex, cannot escape just censure if the power delegated for a useful purpose be displayed in gratifying any unlovely traits of human nature.

* * *

The secretary of the Committee of One Hundred, Commissioner Wahle, was applauded to the echo by distinguished representatives of all creeds in New York when he said:

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"Let us pause for a moment to gaze upon that noble woman through whose generosity and faith this country was discovered. The Genoese dreamer would never have found ears to listen to his appeals save through the mystic ties of his church, save through the brotherhood in God which prompted men to deeds of martyrdom, which made crusaders, and which urged this woman to rob herself of the riches which were hers that Columbus might sail to find treasures to bring to her Redeemer's feet. Deeply reverent do we stand before that wonderful faith, humbly do we bow before the discipline and wonderful fraternity of that church which brought queen and pauper together, and gave to civilization a new world. Such is the story of the sailing of Columbus. No sordid gains, no selfish motive dwelt within the heart of that great queen. Deeply thankful for the victory of the Spaniards over the Moors, she hoped to find a fitting tribute to her God. Her mission was to civilize, her object was to dispel the gloom of heathenism. Among all bright pages of woman's history that upon which the name of the great Queen Isabella is inscribed is the brightest, because of her noble devotion to her faith, because of the sacrifices she made to accomplish the end she believed could be, because of the nobility which prompted the powerful Queen of Castile to sit with the beggar, the enthusiast, Columbus, to bid him adieu at Palos wharf."

In presence of the vast multitude assembled at the Columbian celebration in Brooklyn Rev. E. W. McCarthy delivered this beautiful tribute to Isabella:

"While thanking God and praising Columbus, we must not be unmindful of Isabella. It is one of the pathetic and pleasing features of this great event that it had as its patroness this illustrious queen. She is described as being one of the purest and most beautiful characters in all history. Majestic in her bearing, affable in her manner, she combined many of the stronger characteristics of man with the qualities of woman. Isabella, it would seem, had been inclined from the beginning to favor Columbus, against the advice of her councillors. Her brave spirit was attracted by the enterprise and her good heart longed for the spread of Christianity. When we think of the almost fabulous character of the promises of Columbus, the state of the scientific mind at the time, the pronounced opposition of the great majority of the learned men around her, and the impoverished condition of her treasury, we appreciate Isabella's great mental grasp and nobleness of soul, as she rises above all these influences and gives her name, her enthusiasm, and her wealth to the unpopular project. Undaunted by the coldness, if not unfriendliness, of Ferdinand towards it, she boldly stood out alone and said, 'I undertake it for my own crown of Castile.' Like the daughter of Pharao, who lifted the helpless infant from the river's bank, and protected it and supported it until it grew to be the great leader of the down-trodden Israelites who conducted them across the desert to the promised land, so Isabella took from the brink of despair, in utter helplessness, this other Moses, and by her royal generosity enabled him to lead the way across the waste of waters for the poor and the oppressed and the liberty-loving people of every country and all time to this larger land of brighter promise. Womanhood has done much for humanity. The history of the human race is a story of woman's noble self-sacrifice and unappreciated work. Womanhood has rocked the cradle of the world and has taught its teachers, trained its heroes, and soothed its sorrows; has wept over its miseries, has been the sunshine of life; but look along the line of human effort to the beginning and you will fail to find of her sex one who has done more for the human family than the immortal Isabella of Castile. Her name will be in benediction as long as the imperishable glory of America.

"I cannot help rejoicing not only because Isabella the Catholic stands sponsor for the infant America, but also because Catholic France held in her friendly arms our own infant Republic when it was baptized on the battle-fields of the Revolution.

"First, then, we should sing a Te Deum in praise of him who in the beginning said, 'Let the dry land appear.' Then, looking back to the event over which we rejoice, we see Columbus and Isabella standing hand-in-hand, and above them God, his hands extended over both. Columbus, clad in the richness of nature's

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royal gifts; Isabella, robed in the splendors of the best type of monarchy. Columbus—risen from the common people—a nobleman of nature; Isabella, a beautiful outgrowth of the purest aristocracy. Columbus representing the royalty of the New World, Isabella the royalty of the Old, with hands joined in enduring friendship, while God blesses them both."

* * *

Members of Reading Circles devoted to the study of history will read with interest the following letter, written evidently with a desire to arouse enthusiasm for our Catholic pioneers in America:

"The universal history of the church, her world-wide work, is so vast a field that Catholic Reading Circles can do no more than hastily travel over it. Then it is remote—covering a past of far-reaching antiquity. Our Catholic history, the wonderful growth of the faith, the transplanting of an old faith to new fields, is so near us in time, so close in location, that we cannot but be interested. Yet, while American Catholic history is limited in time and place, it is cosmopolitan in the elements that compose it. The wonderful commingling of nations, the culture and experience of the missionaries who founded the church, furnish abundant material for study. So, I should say to all Catholic Reading Circles: study your own history of America. Bring the enthusiasm of youth to the investigation of the works of men and women who trod the same land we now inhabit, and looked on the same mountains and rivers. We enjoy our comfortable churches—they worshipped in the wild forests. It is the very romance of history, the founding of our faith in this new world, whether you take the States of the North, with their phlegmatic Dutch settlers; Canada and the West, with their fiery-hearted French; the southern Colonies and California, with their courtly Spanish conquerors, it is all a wonderful, fascinating story, and full of those elements of adventure, danger, and final triumph that work the magic of fiction. No writers of romance conceived greater perils for their heroes than these same men—real men—suffered. It is a wonderful story, one to fascinate the mind, uplift the purpose, strengthen the faith of a comfort-loving age, and renew our gratitude for the great inheritance won for us by our fearless Catholic ancestors.

"In New York State the martyrdom of Father Jogues and his companions; in Virginia the slaying of Father Segura's little band. Here the tomahawk flourishes with as grand a gleam as in any novel; but its red stains are the blessed blood-drops of martyrs. Even the scalping, that cruel act of every Indian tragedy, is not wanting. Mark the distinction between these real tragedies and the mock-heroic pictures of savage life in fiction. These men of our faith, who suffered unto death, were not impelled by the vulgar greed of the trader and the Indian-fighter to go into the red man's territory. They were not rough pioneers building up fortune in the new land. They represented exquisite refinement, high intellect, and nobility of purpose. Generations of culture in the old-world civilization alone could produce such types. Read the letters they wrote—quaint as they seem to us now—in the flowing French, the courteous Spanish, the cordial English of Celt or Saxon, and contrast their natural dignity with the bombast of Indian or pioneer fiction.

"These men, cavaliers of France, hidalgos of Spain, noblemen of England and Ireland, priests and laymen, came from colleges and centres of culture to live simple, rough lives among the savages. With the grand gifts of faith they left, too, the impress of that gentler, fuller life they had forsaken.

"Forgive me if I have too long detained you dwelling on the picture revealed to us through the doors of our own native Catholic history. The beauty of the opening, ever-widening panorama must be my excuse; and the ideal it suggests will atone for the weakness of my description. To enjoy it at its best one must open wide the door. Having furnished some faint outline of the pleasure and profit in store for the Catholic clubs who follow invigorating excursions into our own past, it may not be amiss to add a few practical hints. Intellectual pursuits, whether begun in the solitude of one's own study or with pleasant, sympathetic stimulus of fellow-workers, are enjoyable in proportion to their earnestness and thoroughness. No half-hearted mental exertion brings any compensation; it is a

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weariness of spirit. So begin by being thoroughly interested in whatever subject is taken up for the season's work; study it in all its details. Bring to bear all that touches on that line of thought. You will be surprised to find how much matter in the way of reference you can command when once your attention is fixed on a given subject. Books, newspaper and magazine articles will all seem to spring up everywhere with information to your hand. You will wonder at all that has been written on a subject that perhaps you have hardly ever before considered.

"If you have taken up the study of American Catholic history you can make it more local by studying the progress of the church in the State of New York. There is the settlement by the Dutch, the coming of the first missionaries, some account of the early dwellings, the topography of Manhattan Island, the manners and customs of the early settlers, the social enjoyments—music, dancing, meetings—the language spoken, wherein it differs from any spoken to-day, the laws that governed the people, the prevailing religion, the popular opinion, the forces that fostered or fettered the founding of Catholicity—all these could be studied, written about, or taught by extracts from the writers of those days. Should the history of your own State seem so local and familiar as to be wanting in interest, there are the chronicles of the Southern States and California teeming with romance and adventure, narratives of the early Florida and Mexican missions reflecting the old world grace and chivalry.

"For a general text-book there can be nothing better than Dr. Gilmary Shea's invaluable work. Besides, there are numerous histories of the different States. Once launched on this subject we find no lack of charts to guide us into varied streams. We come back from the study, having looked into the dauntless faces of the storm-tossed pioneers of early American Catholicity, and we follow our own smooth way with stronger faith, greater gratitude, and higher resolution.

"M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

"Mobile, Ala."

* * *

The John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston, of which Miss Katherine E. Conway is president, has organized a course of lectures in aid of its library and reading-room fund. It is a most hopeful sign of growing strength and influence when a Reading Circle can undertake to secure an audience for these distinguished lecturers:

Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., Boston College: "Garcia Moreno, the Martyred President of Ecuador."

George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D.: "The Pole Star of American Literature."

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.: "The Irish Element in Modern English Literature."

All the lectures will be given in the new hall of the Knights of St. Rose, Worcester Street, Boston. The John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle was organized in October, 1889, and is the oldest of the Boston Reading Circles. It has had three seasons of earnest work, during which the members have strengthened themselves not only in things intellectual, but in Catholic feeling and steadfast enthusiasm for the present Catholic literary movement. The Circle has already the beginning of a good library, and its present enterprise is to add to this, and provide for itself a permanent reading-room.

* * *

We owe an apology to many of our correspondents for delay in answering their communications, as there is no salaried official to attend to such matters. Some of the questions asked require much time and research, and we are entirely dependent on volunteer service in our work for the diffusion of Catholic literature. Here is a letter which shows the work is appreciated:

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"I approve most heartily, as every Christian must, of the design of the Columbian Reading Union. To-day we need to spread our faith in printed form more than ever before. There are many who can be reached in this way—earnest, truth-seeking people who have never had an opportunity to read a Catholic book. Catholics, as a rule, are close-mouthed before non-Catholics, for fear of ridicule or of being misunderstood. In many cases the non-Catholic child is early taught that Catholics are ignorant idolaters, blind, led by the priests. If you have not already written Catholic tracts and distributed them, I would suggest that the experiment be tried.

"LUCY AGNES HAYES.

"New Bedford, Mass."

* * *

Four of the Catholic Reading Circles of Brooklyn—the St. James, the Loughlin, the Perboyre, and the Fransioli—formed a diocesan union Nov. 14, 1892, under the direction of Rev. W. E. Farrell. The members of the different Circles were well represented in the musical and literary programme prepared for the evening of Nov. 22. St. Peter's orchestra rendered some choice selections, under the personal direction of Rev. John Canmer. The paper on Columbus by Mr. R. T. Rea was a noble tribute to the heroism and faith of the great discoverer. From the early history of America he gathered many proofs that long before a Puritan set foot on Plymouth Rock civilization had been established on this continent by heroic Catholic pioneers and missionaries.

The St. Scholastica Reading Circle of Albany held a meeting entirely devoted to Columbus. Many selections were read from the articles that have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Besides the regular work appointed for the meetings this Circle has a *home study* for members. New features that have proved interesting are a summary of the news of the week and a review of the contents of some of the leading magazines.

There is a demand for handy volumes bearing on the history of the middle ages. Here is a suggestion for publishers from one of our correspondents: "There are four essays by Archbishop Spalding that I wish might be published in one small volume: *Literature and the Arts in the Middle Ages; Literature and the Catholic Clergy; Schools and Universities in the Dark Ages; The Origin of Libraries in Ancient and Modern Times.* Such a volume would be a treasure to Catholic teachers, and would also be a good antidote to some works that I could mention on the history of education."

The Notre Dame Reading Circle of Dayton, Ohio, is composed of young ladies formerly pupils of the Notre Dame Academy. Meetings are held twice a month. Rev. Father Neville attends one meeting each month, and gives the members a share in the benefits of his extensive reading. The Columbian programme sent to us from this Circle indicates a wide range of talent among the members.

M. C. M.

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NEW BOOKS.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago:

How They Worked Their Way, and other Tales. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D.

Spiritual Crumbs for Hungry Little Souls; or, Simple Instructions on the Virtues, for the Children of the Catholic Church. By Mary E. Richardson.

Little Compliments of the Season, and other Tiny Rhymes for Tiny Readers. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Pustet, Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati:

Magister Choralis. A theoretical and practical Manual of Gregorian Chant, for the use of Clergy, Seminarists, Organists, Choir-masters. By Dr. F. X. Haberl. From the German by Right Rev. Dr. Donnelly.

Side-Switches of the Short Line. Jointly by Rev. J. W. Dean Book, Cannelton, Ind., and Rev. Thos. Jefferson Jenkins, St. Lawrence, Ky.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia:

The Lost Lode. By Christian Reid. *Stella's Discipline.* By F. X. L.

Brentano's, New York:

Magnificat. Illustrated by Frank M. Gregory.

Life of Chopin. (Petite Library.) By Edward Francis.

Chas. A. Rogers, Louisville, Ky.:

The Columbian Celebration at St. Louis Bertrand.

John A. Heilmann, Kansas City, Mo.:

On the Mission in Missouri, 1857–1868. By Right Rev. John Joseph Hogan.

J. W. Doré, London:

Best Dressed Man. A Gossip on Manners and Modes.

Cashman, Keating & Co., Boston:

The Catholic Doctrine of Faith and Morals, gathered from Sacred Scripture, Decrees of Councils, and approved Catechisms. By Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D.

Ginn & Co., Boston:

A French Reader. By Rev. Alphonse Dufour, S.J.

Geo. H. Ellis, Boston and New York:

The Evolution of Christianity. By M. J. Savage.

The Insight of Faith. By Henry Wilder Foote, Minister of King's Chapel.

Afterglow. By Frederic A. Hincley.

"*Members of One Body.*" Six Sermons. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York:

The Church in Relation to Sceptics. A Conversational Guide to Evidential Work. By Rev. Alex. J. Harrison, B.D.

McMillan & Co., New York and London:

Don Orsino. By F. Marion Crawford.

Franz Kirchheim, Mainz:

General-Register des "Katholik" vom jahre 1821 bis 1889. Von Johannes Stillbauer.

Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York:

A Perplexed Philosopher. By Henry George.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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LAVIGERIE, THE NEW ST. PAUL.*

"INVESTIGATE the ruins which everywhere strew the ground, you will discover in them, lying one above the other, the traces of great historic races; the remains of the highest and most varied civilization; the graves, the monuments, and the memorials of the most illustrious men; the scattered stones of the world-famed cities. What names are those of Carthage, Hippo, and Utica; of Scipio, Hannibal, Marius, Cato, Jugurtha, and Cæsar!

"But for us Christians there exist memories of a far more hallowed nature, sacred memories of the heroes of our faith, of their courage, their genius, and their sanctity. Grand indeed was the Church of Africa with her seven hundred bishops, her innumerable churches, her monasteries, her doctors. The soil was saturated with the blood of martyrs; the whole church rejoiced to listen while a Cyprian and an Augustine unfolded dogmas and doctrines; and in the hour of persecution the courage of her delicate maidens surpassed that of hardy and intrepid men; the grottoes of her mountains and the oases of her deserts were perfumed by the virtues of her solitaries.

"Why hast thou fallen, great and illustrious church? Why have the stones of thy sanctuaries been scattered?"

Such was the way in which Charles Martial-Allemand Lavigerie expressed himself on taking possession of the Archiepiscopal See of Algiers in 1867.

* *Cardinal Lavigerie and African Slavery.* By Father Clarke, S.J.; *Blackwood's Magazine* (Sept., 1892), "Europe and Africa"; *Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race.* By Blyden.

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Within a year after this he had been to Rome, experienced a narrow escape from shipwreck, and in his own diocese went through the ordeal of two plagues—cholera and famine—which culminated in typhus. According to the official report, half a million died either from starvation or pestilence. This famine furnished the occasion for Lavigerie to speak to Christians throughout the world, calling on them to come to the rescue of their famishing fellow-creatures. And Catholic charity, true to its divine instinct, offered abundant help. Money came, but better still, volunteers flocked to Afric's sunny clime; priests and laymen, religious of many orders, ladies of rank, physicians and soldiers, all lent their energies to the work.

The archbishop's special labor seems to have been among the orphans. Starting with one, he soon had two thousand on his hands. His interview with the first, as narrated by himself, is touching:

"It was November, 1867, that the first one presented himself—a boy about ten years old. He was worn to a skeleton.

"'Where do you come from, my child?' I asked.

"'From the mountains, a long, long way off.'

"'What has become of your parents?'

"'My father is dead. My mother is in her gourbi' (a kind of hut formed of branches).

"'Why did you leave her?'

"'She told me there was no more bread for me there, that I must go away to the Christian villages; so I came here.'

"'What did you do on the way?'

"'In the day-time I ate the grass in the fields, and at night I hid in some hole lest the Arabs should see me; for people said that they would kill and eat me.'

"'And now where are you going?'

"'I do not know.'

"'Would you like to go to an Arab marabout?'

"'Oh, no, no! When I went to them they drove me away, and if I did not go off fast enough they set their dogs at me.'

"'Would you like to stay here with me?'

"'Oh, yes! I should like that.'

"'Well, then, come with me and I will take you into the house where my children are; you shall be one of them, and you shall be called by my name, Charles.'

"That same day I took him to the Lesser Seminary. He proved to be a charming child, docile and intelligent. The an-

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swer he made me when, after the famine was over, I one day asked him whether he would not like to go and look for his mother, was worthy of the tact and warm-heartedness that are so strongly blended in the Arab character. He negatived my proposal most decidedly, and I inquired the reason.

"'Because,' he replied, 'I have found a father here who is both father and mother to me.'"

This child's story is a fair sample of all the rest. All who came were equally homeless, equally friendless; and some of them told tales so terrible as to make the missionaries shudder.

ARAB CHRISTIAN VILLAGES.

The outgrowth of these orphanages were the Arab Christian villages, which were first started in 1873. Writing about them the illustrious archbishop says:

"The villages are the salvation of our children. There, gathered together under the eye of the missioner, encouraging and helping one another by mutual example, they are sheltered from the dangers to which they would be exposed in any other part of the colony. The Christian village is an oasis in the desert; all around is sadly desolate and parched up by human passions. Here grow up not only my children but my grandchildren, for I have been for some years a grandfather, the greater part of the cottages being now enlivened with the presence of one or two, or even more, little ones. I wish you could come with me to visit the village of St. Cyprian, and see me surrounded by a crowd of little folk, who call me 'Grandpapa Bishop,' pull me by my cassock, and climb upon my knees to see if I have any goodies to distribute. I submit to all with joy and thank God, who has made use of the charity of the faithful to give life to so many innocent creatures destined to be some day the instruments of his wise designs. It is only in the church that these little ones sometimes give a small amount of trouble; for one cannot induce the mothers to leave them behind, nor can we coax the children, when there, to cease from their spontaneous cries of joy and wonder. But no matter; they give to God their unconscious homage, like the birds that chirp around us, and celebrate in their own way the infinite providence of their Creator."

But come now and visit the village. The houses stand apart, and are arranged in regular streets. They are humble, it is

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true, but they are bright with cleanliness—one of the most attractive signs of civilization. Young plants of the eucalyptus display their verdure. A church, poor indeed but clean and spotless, like the other buildings which it overlooks, is surmounted by that sign of peaceful conquest, the cross, which is destined to give spiritual life to Africa, so long bent under the yoke of death. In front of the village there stretches a long garden divided into lots apportioned to the different families, and watered by two wells sunk in the soil; in the back there is a field, surrounded by a double mound of earth, within which are enclosed at night-time the oxen employed in tillage.

LAVIGERIE AS A MISSIONARY.

But the missionary side of the life of this great apostle is the most attractive. According to an estimate recently made, it is calculated that the vast area of the continent of Africa, consisting of 11,900,000 square miles, is now almost entirely under the proclaimed authority and sway of the European powers. Only 2,500,000 square miles are still to be accounted for. This partition of Africa has not been preceded by the clash of arms, nor is it the result of any great war. For weal or woe the whole of the Dark Continent is now within the European system, and forms, to all intents and purposes, an extension of the various European states over the broad spaces reaching from the Cape to Cairo. Since 1876 France has increased her African lands eightfold, Great Britain sevenfold, the Congo Free States of 1,000,000 square miles is a perfectly new creation, and both Germany and Italy have for the first time in their history taken up serious African responsibilities. Besides these, our own Liberia plays no mean part. Such a collocation of interests could hardly have been foreseen even a few years ago, and is scarcely yet realized in its full significance.

"Africa herself is forgotten, remaining in the mysterious background as the witch-power of history, attracting and repelling, puzzling and fascinating alternately. Carthage lies in ruins, with a curse upon the hand that would rebuild her; Zama is forgotten; and, age after age, the immovable Sphinx gazes over the desert sands with fixed eyes beneath the solemn canopy of cerulean night, a symbol of Africa herself, whose fortunes no man has told, whose thoughts no one has measured. Now and then, as 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,' the eye lights upon an abiding spot in her annals, and a green fertilizing oasis in the midst of oblivion, rescued from 'the

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boundless contiguity' of the shadowless desert. Still there is no continuous thread in the labyrinth of her annals, no leading motives in her fortunes, no method in her policies. At one time it is a country fit only to breed lions for the amphitheatre, at another to breed slaves for Europe. Sitting, as it were, in a dark room, with dissolving views before us, we seem to look upon the incidents of history rather than upon history itself in the past annals of the African continent" (*Blackwood's Magazine*).

"The evangelization of this Africa Monsignor Lavigerie had chiefly at heart. From the moment he set foot on that coast he felt the need of a body of men specially devoted to the preaching of the faith of Christ to the natives. His diocesan clergy barely sufficed for the needs of the colony, and we are assured that they were impressed from their youth up with the idea that to hold any intercourse or establish any relations, even those of simple charity, with the natives would draw down upon them the displeasure of the authorities; hence they never attempted to acquire such mastery of the native tongue as would render intercourse possible" (Clarke's *Lavigerie*, page 90).

While the archbishop was full of these reflections, he was agreeably surprised to find that the rector of his seminary, who had passed forty years in Algeria, was of the same mind. "The Ancient Father," as this venerable priest was familiarly called, brought one day to the archbishop three of the seminarians, who offered themselves for the African missions. Monsignor Lavigerie accepted them, imparting his blessing to the kneeling four. Providence sent him guides for the new work in the persons of two priests, a Jesuit and a Sulpician, who had come to Algiers for their health and had asked to be given some work compatible with their weak state. A house was built, in which were installed these two fathers—one a type of St. Ignatius's faith and military spirit, and the other of the Venerable Olier's sacerdotal sanctity. It was the first novitiate of the Society of African Missions, which was formally approved by the Holy See in 1873. Although the mother-house of this new society was in his own diocese, Monsignor Lavigerie, in organizing a definite form of government, exempted it from the authority of the ordinary, viz., the Archbishop of Algiers. At the consecration of the chapel of the seminary Archbishop Lavigerie poured out his heart and wishes as follows:

"But now," he said, addressing his spiritual sons, "my con-

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science will be at rest. My works will not perish, for I have placed them in your hands; you will continue them; nay, more, they will grow and multiply, for they no longer depend for support on the frail force of one whom a few steps may carry to the grave, but on the stalwart shoulders of a young and flourishing community. I can depart in peace, certain that the children we have received will not again become outcasts, that the poor we have befriended will not be forsaken, that the souls who cried to me for help will not cry to you in vain.

" . . . Ever keep in view the spirit and distinctive character of our society; lose sight of that, and the peculiar object of its creation disappears. This special end must be accomplished by special means. We must assume as much as possible the manners of the natives; we must speak their language, wear their garments, eat their food, in conformity to the example of the Apostle: 'become all things to all men, that we may save all.'

"But mission work in Algeria is far from being the chief object of our ambition. The aim and end of our apostolate is the evangelization of Africa—of that almost impenetrable interior whose dark depths are the last hiding-places of a brutal barbarism, where cannibalism still prevails, and slavery in its most degrading forms. To this work you have pledged yourselves by a solemn vow and promise, and I see you now waiting with impatience to enter the field of battle; your weapons deeds of charity, your shields gentleness and patience, your teaching that of example, your triumph the heroic sacrifice of your life" (Clarke's *Life*, page 95).

THE WORK BEGINS IN THE SAHARA DESERT.

It was in the Sahara that the missioners first established a footing; but, by the advice of Monsignor Lavigerie, they did not preach openly because of the intense opposition. "Our school and our drug-shop are our great strongholds," wrote one of the missionaries. Gratis they administered remedies for the physical ills of the poor Moslems, while they educated the rising generation. And soon the Arabs learned to love these fathers, whose French government they abhorred. The following description of Monsignor Lavigerie's first official visit to the Berbers is very entertaining:

"We went through several villages, passing sometimes below, sometimes above the houses, as our zigzag path led us. Ever and anon the women's faces would peep out from behind the

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walls of their dwellings, regarding us half with alarm, half with curiosity. Some of the boldest children ventured a little way towards us; but if we took a single step in their direction, they instantly took to their heels, screaming at the top of their voices. We held out some *sous* to them from afar, as an incitement. This was a sore temptation. I remember one little fellow, about four or five years old, less timid than the rest, a very bundle of rags, one eye already gone, the other soon to disappear in its turn beneath the crust of dirt and the repulsive sores that covered his face; he longed for our *sous*, but still kept at a respectful distance.

"'Come along, then,' one of our party said to him; 'if you want them, come and get them.'

"The boy, whose single eye had in it all the cunning of the savage, stretched out his tiny hand and, pointing with his finger, said:

"'Ah! I know why you want me to come for the *sous;* you want to catch me and carry me off; throw them down on the road, and then I will pick them up.'

"We burst out laughing, as may be imagined, and threw him the coins, which he gathered up in a moment, and then sped away like an arrow from a bow, scaling with marvellous agility the precipitous rocks overhanging the village. The reason of the terror excited was afterwards explained to us. In order to prevent the boys and girls of the villages from holding any intercourse with the French, the Kabyles give them the most alarming accounts of the way in which we treat children. According to them, the French are a race of ogres who live on raw flesh, and greedily devour all children on whom they can lay hands. Our overtures of friendship, in the eyes of my little urchins, were a diabolical trap, laid for the purpose of providing a fresh dish for breakfast. We could not help laughing at the fright the poor little fellow had been in; but it was sad to think that the child, who had been taught to consider Christians as objects of terror, was himself a descendant of Christians who had loved the faith and suffered for it."

One of those who accompanied Monsignor Lavigerie on this journey thus describes his reception in a village:

"We went thither on foot, for the steep mountain paths are, as may well be imagined, quite impassable for carriages. After interminable windings among rocks, valleys, and trees, we came

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in sight of the village whither we were bound, standing on a slight eminence. The archbishop had announced his visit beforehand, and at the entrance of the village all the men, headed by its venerable patriarch, were assembled to receive him in a house entirely open on the side which looked onto the road. The women and children were perched in all imaginable places—the ledges of the rocks, the roofs of the houses—every spot which afforded standing-room, where human feet could climb or human limbs could rest.

"Monsignor Lavigerie was in full canonicals, and was surrounded by the priests belonging to his suite. When he arrived within a short distance of the village, the men advanced in a body solemnly to meet him and bid him welcome. The aged patriarch who preceded them was the amin or major, the others were his council; for the Kabyles have retained a municipal form of government, after the model of the Roman, with public assemblies and popular elections. The building mentioned above was the forum, or, as they call it there, the djemmaa—a kind of town-hall, the meeting-place of all the male inhabitants of an age to carry arms. There affairs of local or general interest are discussed, transfer of land is effected, and all business of a civic or political nature transacted.

"The amin approached the archbishop, and with a stately and dignified gesture laid his hand lightly on the vestment, and then raised it respectfully to his lips.

"'May the blessing of God be with you all!' the archbishop said. And with one voice they all responded: 'May it be also with thee!'

"We then proceeded to the djemmaa—the first house, as we had said, at the entrance of the village; being completely open on two sides, it looked more like a shed than anything else. Against the two walls on the right and on the left were rows of stone seats rising above one another like the tiers of an amphitheatre. The place of honor was assigned to Monsignor Lavigerie; then each one took a seat where he pleased.

"'I have come to see you,' the archbishop began, addressing the amin, 'to show my affection for you. (Here all present simultaneously laid their hands, first on their heart, then on their forehead.) I have reason to love you, for we French are related to you; the same blood runs in our veins. Our forefathers were Romans, in part at least, as were yours; we are Christians, as you too once were. Look at me. I am a Christian bishop. Well, in days gone by, there were more than five hundred bishops

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like me in Africa, all Kabyles, many of them illustrious men distinguished for their learning. All of your race were originally, Christians; but the Arabs came and ruthlessly slaughtered your bishops and priests, and compelled your ancestors to adopt their creed. Do you know all this?'

"A very voluble consultation took place among the audience, then the amin replied:

"'Yes, we know it; but you speak of a time long past. Our grandfathers have told us these things; but as for ourselves, we have seen nothing of them.'"

WOMEN BECOME MISSIONARIES.

In connection with the seminary the archbishop established the Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions. In heathen and Mohammedan countries women are secluded, and in consequence can be reached by women only. The wives and daughters of the men and boys whom Monsignor Lavigerie's missionaries were converting needed the sisters to take care of them. It took the prudent archbishop ten years to form this community of sisters, whose growth, however, was very great, while of their work Monsignor Lavigerie thus speaks:

"I have seen them in the midst of their work; I have seen them surrounded by a motley crowd of men and children, both Christians and Mohammedans, all clamoring for succor, begging them to cure their ailments, to relieve their poverty, kissing with the utmost veneration the habit they wear. I remember hearing one of our sisters say that once, while passing through the streets of a populous Eastern city, she was accosted by an old man, a Turk, who asked her, with a mixture of curiosity and respect: 'Tell me, sister, when you came down from heaven did you wear the same dress in which we see you now?'" (Clarke's *Lavigerie*, p. 108).

HE EDUCATES PRIESTS FOR THE ORIENTAL COMMUNIONS.

With the brief mention of his opening an hospital outside of Algiers for the Arabs, let us go on to the establishment of St. Ann's Apostolic School and Seminary, Jerusalem. The great primate had this work started for the purpose of training natives for the priesthood in the Melchite and Oriental communions. The following extracts are from a letter addressed by its rector, Rev. L. Federlin, to the director of the work of Eastern schools (*L'Ouvre d'Écoles de l'Orient*):

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" . . . Last year I had the honor of conversing with you concerning the dangers of Catholics in the East from the influence of Russians and Protestants. I sketched in part the work which a native seminary could take in this battle against heresy and infidelity—this combat between truth and error. Then I expressed the hope that it might be our good fortune to furnish the first contingent to this army of the Lord. It is a great consolation to us now to know that God has granted this wish. Blessed be his name! . . . You will not be astonished to know that the beginning of this work has been of the humblest kind, whatever it may have already accomplished. It is always so with the works of God, but especially, it seems to me, with seminaries. It is a truth too often misunderstood in our days. Nowhere, but especially not in mission countries, should apostolic vocations be hurried. Besides the direct call from God, they need a long and thorough formation. It is only this year, then, that St. Ann has had its first ordination. Five of our seminarians having finished their theological studies, were thought worthy to receive Holy Orders. . . . In the meanwhile God had in store for us a bitter trial. In his inscrutable designs, he had resolved to call to himself one of the young Levites before he had ascended the holy altar. . . . On the 28th, at the earliest dawn of day, a great crowd filled the venerable basilica erected over the tomb of the Blessed Virgin, amongst them the faithful of all the different rites and of every religious community in and around Jerusalem, all being anxious to witness the touching ceremony and become partakers in our great joy. . . . After the chanting of the Gospel in Greek and Arabic, I took my place near the throne of Cardinal Lavigerie, our illustrious father, who at the command of Leo XIII. had established the Seminary of St. Ann. Although he could not be present in the flesh, yet he was with us in spirit, as is testified by the letter which I will enclose for your perusal:

"'MY BELOVED CHILDREN: Permit me to call you thus—though you do not yet know me personally, and thus far I have not had the pleasure of coming in immediate contact with you. But the charity of the Lord and that which it has inspired me to do for you through your masters, who are my beloved sons, has implanted in my heart a truly paternal love for each and every one, and my soul goes out in gratitude to Him who calls you now to enter into the sanctuary and ascend to the holy altar, the first-fruits of the Seminary of St. Ann.

"'How dearly would I love to assist at the ceremony, for I have always cherished a tender affection for your church and for

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the Oriental Christians, and greatly desire to see you so increase in knowledge and virtue as to bring back the glory of past centuries. Indeed, the tears of joy flow freely from my eyes at the thought that this little seed planted by me will, by the grace of God, become a great tree, under whose thick and shady branches future generations shall come to find repose, guided by you, who will be their pastors. But though these tears may not be shed in your venerable sanctuary, so replete with memories of former greatness, yet far from you will they flow, mingled with fervent prayers to the Heart of Jesus and of his Immaculate Mother, under whose protection you have passed the most precious years of your lives.

"'With these sentiments do I extend in spirit my hands above your heads, in union with that venerable pontiff who will confer upon you the sacred rite of ordination, and at the same time will offer to God, if he thinks best, the few remaining years of my life to obtain for you the grace of becoming true apostles to your nation, and worthy laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.

"'The day of your ordination, my dear children, will be the happiest gift you could offer to the old cardinal who rejoices in the title of "your father."

"'To my paternal benediction I have the consolation of joining that of the Father of all the faithful, for I have obtained from the Holy Father the Pope, through his Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, a special blessing for you, because Leo XIII. tenderly loves the Eastern, and particularly our Melchite Church, and unites his wishes with mine that you may receive at your ordination all the plenitude of the gifts of God. With these prayers and wishes, my very dear children, I am only too happy to sign myself once more

"'Your father in Christ,

"'CHARLES CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

"'*Algiers, 3d Sept., 1890.*

"'*To the Greek Catholic students of St. Ann's Seminary, but especially to those who, having finished their course of studies, are about to receive Holy Orders.*'

" . . . This touching letter of the great Apostle of Africa was accompanied by the pontifical brief, in which His Holiness deigned to bless our work and urge it on with his precious encouragement. . . . Of one thing, though, I must speak, and that is of the outburst of joy on the part of all the Greek Catholics at the news of these ordinations, and the venerable patriarch expressed aloud the gratitude which filled his own heart and those of the people towards the seminary and to the beloved Cardinal Lavigerie. At Jerusalem also was the feeling most profound, and in that holy city were assembled in sepa-

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rate groups the children of the church and representatives of its cut-off branches.

"To the first, these ordinations were an unmixed joy; for they were a new proof of Catholic union, and also of the jealous care with which our Holy Mother guards the ancient rites of the Oriental Church; but to our separated brethren, they were as the sound of the death-knell; for their Seminary of the Holy Cross, once so prosperous, is closed for lack of candidates, while St. Ann's goes on increasing in vigor and training native Levites in large numbers for the work before them. Oh! may our poor misguided brethren soon open their eyes and their hearts to the truth, and, returning to the faith of their fathers, take once more in the great Catholic family the brilliant place they once occupied. . . . After their ordination our pupils entered at once upon their new career, and now they are spreading abroad amongst their brethren the truths imbibed by them in the seminary. By this teaching they make our faith known. . . . It will not be long ere they are reinforced by the younger pupils who are now being trained for the Catholic Apostolate."

THE MISSIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

The greatest of all the illustrious Primate of Africa's labors was in Central Africa, which brought him face to face with the slave-trade.

"My spiritual sons have already gone forth to plant the standard of the Cross in distant regions. They are to be found in Tunis, amid the ruins of Carthage, on the spot where St. Louis of France breathed his last. They have established themselves at the Leptis of the ancients, and thence they have advanced by the old route into the desert—that desert which the resources and discoveries of civilization render no longer impassable, and the sands of which are dyed with the blood of their young and generous hearts. They are in Palestine, at Jerusalem, where they are constituted the guardians of a sanctuary dear to the Christian world on account of its historical associations and traditional interests. And lastly, what is most important of all, they have penetrated into the interior of Africa, and reached the barbarous lands surrounding the great lakes discovered by Livingstone and Stanley; there they form the nucleus of a great army, an army of peace, whose mission is to deliver the unhappy negro race from the thraldom under which they groan. It is my task to direct the tactics of these warriors and strengthen their hands in the distant lands where they are encamped; to provide them with their daily bread, the necessaries

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of life. For this I must toil in the sweat of my brow; do not, therefore, begrudge me my leisure—a leisure which brings no lessening of labor. To you I can address the self-same words that were spoken to the faithful at Hippo: 'Nemo ergo invideat otio meo, quia otium meum magnum habet negotium'—Let no one begrudge me my rest from labor, for with me rest from labor means plenty of fresh work" (Clarke's *Life*).

The scramble for Africa is almost now a byword. The nations of Europe have deliberately divided the Dark Continent among themselves without as much as saying "By your leave" to the natives; the soldiers, too, of the Cross, in the peaceful way of Christ, have divided the country into spiritual kingdoms. Along the shores of the Mediterranean are the Franciscans; in Abyssinia, the Lazarists; in Senegambia and Senegal, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost; the African missionaries of Lyons are in Guinea, at the Cape, and in Dahomey; the missioners of Verona are in the country south of Egypt, lately overrun by the Mahdi; the Jesuits are on the island of Madagascar and neighboring islets; the Oblates of Mary at Natal. All along the shores of Africa there is no spot untrodden by the messengers of peace, whose errand is to bring that peace which surpasses all understanding to the unhappy progeny of Ham.

Pius IX., as he stood on the brink of the grave, gave the impetus to this outpouring of the Spirit. His eyes were weary in beholding the rising tide of irreligion in Europe, but they lit up with ardor and enthusiasm at the prospect of the great conquests to the Cross to be made among the one hundred million souls in Africa.

Among the obstacles enumerated by Lavigerie to the success of the evangelization of Africa pre-eminent mention is given to Mohammedanism, for in its train follow the evils of polygamy and slavery. With the efforts made to stamp out the latter the name of the great primate will ever be identified. His crusade throughout Europe was crowned with wonderful blessing. It is a matter of deep regret that his journeyings did not extend to America, for the abolition of slavery here furnished the key-note of what could be done with the infamous traffic on the Dark Continent.

THE WHITE FATHERS.

Cardinal Lavigerie believed that an armed force was necessary to accomplish his end; hence his military order—the Brothers of the Sahara—was started. France's generous heart is shown by the fact that over two thousand of her noble sons volunteered, although but fifty were accepted. Not long ago the first

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novices were professed and the nascent knights of the desert sands are now in a fair way to second the arduous labors of the missionaries.

The headquarters of the Brothers of the Sahara are at Biskra, on the Algerian borders of the great desert. Impressive was the ceremony of profession made by the first batch of those warrior monks. Twelve in number, they were one and all of the French aristocracy and officers in the French army, two being lieutenant-colonels, while the best-known is Vicomte Guy de Brissac, once a well-known club-man in Parisian circles. A dramatic feature in the ceremony occurred when Cardinal Lavigerie led to the altar a little negro girl, barely nine years old, who had succeeded in escaping from a slave caravan which was crossing the desert a few miles distant. By accident the child standing at the altar dropped something. The aged cardinal, stooping over, picked it up. *It was the child's hand.* In sheer wantonness her captors had thus mutilated the poor little thing. Holding it aloft and pointing it southward with one hand, the Primate of Africa raised with the other the mangled stump of the child, so that all could see both. "*I would to God,*" he cried out, "*that all Europe could see this little hand. May it point out your line of march. En avant for God and humanity!*"

Notwithstanding its foulness, slavery has been the consecrated channel of Afric's touch on Christendom. Strange consecration! Had not the slave-trade arisen, the cordon round that unhappy country might have been drawn tight and fast even now. But the infamous traffic in human flesh was the commerce that brought Africa and Christendom together, making the slave-trade a prominent figure in national policies. To-day Africa may be termed civilization writ large upon the earth's face, not as a separate power, but as furnishing integral parts of the European governments, with the huge Congo Free State as a neutral ground, while Liberia represents our own country. And Africa is written, we may add, in letters of fire across the hills and vales of these United States. Our Negro question will tax the best energies of our statesmen and politicians to solve, while it will test to the utmost the strength of our Constitution. A weird spell negro slavery wields! A mysterious policy-shaping influence upon the destinies of nations is wafted from the hidden lakes of the Dark Continent's primeval forests. By the amendments, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, to the Constitution, the United States seemed anxious to smooth away the wrinkles from a criminal brow and to lead the slave to look forward in renewed

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hope. It should prove a study of warm interest, had we the time, to search into the manifold effects of slavery on the moral and spiritual life of the North and South, Catholic and Protestant alike. But one after-effect stares us in the face: the former objects of our charity and the *protégés* of our philanthropists have multiplied and increased until they now constitute an *imperium in imperio.* A strange revenge slavery has brought us!

THE LATTER YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

Within the last ten years of his life came to Monsignor Lavigerie his two greatest honors—the Cardinalate and the Primacy of Africa. He received news of the former elevation in March, 1882, while at Carthage. The formalities incident thereto obliged him to go to Paris, and afterwards to Rome. En route homewards he stopped at Malta, where he baptized twelve negro youths, whom he had ransomed from slavery and had sent thither to study medicine, in view of joining them later on with his missionaries in the Apostolate of Central Africa. Shortly after this he offered the famous toast to the officers of the French Mediterranean squadron, which proved the forerunner of Leo XIII.'s stand so favorable to the Republic of France. About it Cardinal Lavigerie made the remark that no one read his pastorals, but a few words after dinner set the French world aglow.

The Primacy of Africa soon followed. The cardinal himself petitioned for the restoration of the See of Carthage. The name of Carthage reminds us how very nearly Rome had been conquered, and the course of history reversed. At the battle of Metaurus, when Hasdrubal was defeated, Hannibal seized his head, flung it into the trenches, exclaiming, in the words of Horace:

> "Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
> Mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
> Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
> Nominis, Hasdrubale interempto."

But Carthage dead speaks to us through the living voice of Pope Leo XIII., who graciously acceded to this proposal. In the bull of restoration he speaks of the regret with which the church ever views the relapse of a people once enlightened with the light of faith into the darkness of superstition and error, as has been the case with the inhabitants of Northern Africa. The African Church, so great and glorious in the early ages of Christianity, had long since ceased to be an example to the nations. Carthage, too, which had been amongst the first to receive the faith of Christ, had become a heap of ruins; Carthage,

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whose name recalled the memories of so many saints and martyrs, so many bishops and doctors; of Perpetua and Felicitas, of Augustine, Tertullian, and Cyprian. Carthage had been the scene of much heroism and courage under the persecutions of proconsuls, the violence of Vandals, the merciless onslaught of Moslems; she had, moreover, until her final destruction, held unrivalled sway over the Church of Northern Africa, for hers was the metropolitan see, and to her authority seven hundred and fifty churches were subject.

From the day that the Arab sheik, waving his scimetar over his head, rode into the cathedral of Carthage shouting, "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet," twelve centuries had come and gone. And in its resurrected fane the undying strength of Catholicism is effectively proved. No longer will Cato's wail, "Carthago delenda est," resound; but Lavigerie's watchword, "Carthago vivificanda est," will lead on to greater victories.

No doubt the unhappy disasters at Uganda told on the already impaired health of the Cardinal of Africa. Although of so robust a build and so herculean a stature that he was likened to the famous Moses of the artist, yet a quarter of a century passed in the heats of that arid clime, and culminating in the ruin which overtook his missions in Central Africa, must have hastened his death. He was buried in his own cathedral of Carthage, in the tomb long ago prepared by himself, with an epitaph which has charmed the world by its simplicity.

The governor of Algeria recalled in his funeral discourse a saying of Cardinal Lavigerie which gives the key to the dead Primate's life: "I am the servant of a Master they could never shut up in a tomb." It was this energy—the expression of his love for souls—which led him on to undertake his numerous works. They will continue, for they are well founded. The African race owe him a lasting debt of gratitude which they will ever remember, for they are a grateful people. Far too few and too widely separated are their friends, that the unhappy people should forget any of them. Would to God that the negroes of America had in the Catholic Church of our land as devoted a champion and as successful a pleader! Then indeed the story of the church's relations to them might be well sung in a joyous key. To-day her note may but re-echo the wail of the Jews, who refused to sing by the waters of Babylon the songs of Sion:

"Quomodo cantabimus in terra aliena?"

Baltimore. J. R. SLATTERY.

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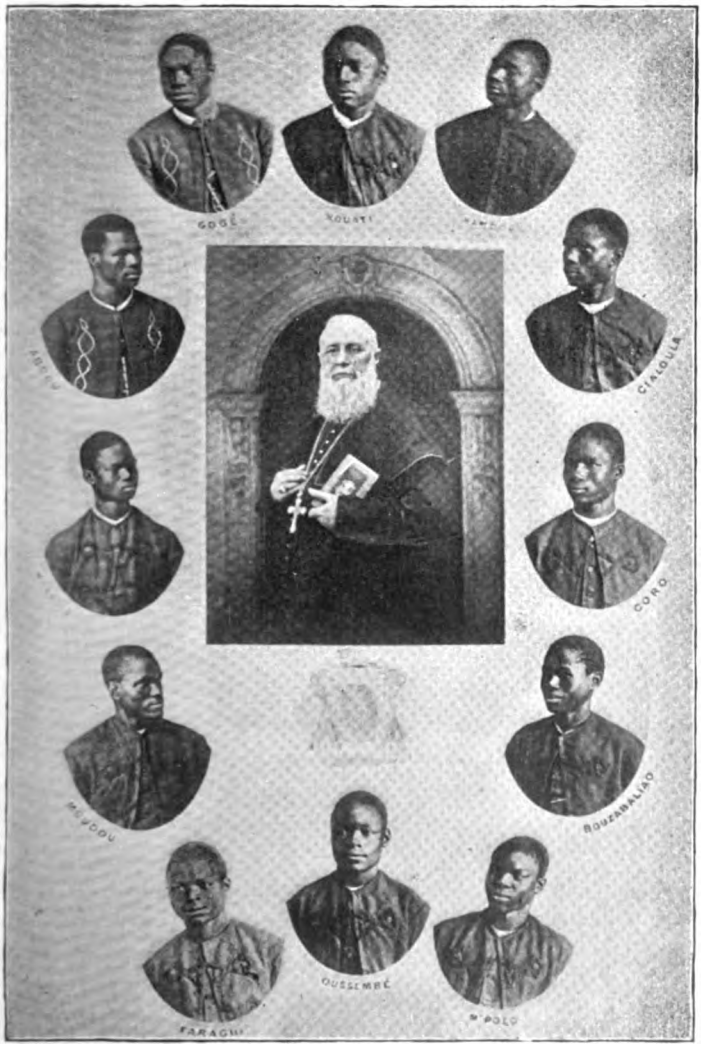

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE,

AND HIS NATIVE MISSIONARIES.

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TWO LITTLE ROMAN BEGGARS.

N the banks of the Tiber, not far from Rome, there is a mineral spring called Acqua Cetosa; and a little way beyond is, or was, a donkey-shed, in the loft of which, on a sack of corn-husks, slept the twin brothers, Tito and Cesare. They were allowed to sleep there by the man who owned the place because he had been a comrade of their father's, and because the boys were now homeless orphans, both father and mother gone.

During the first few months of their orphanhood they had earned their living by begging, which is not so easy a life as many imagine. It may not tire the muscles, but it makes the heart weary. When a scornful refusal is given, the heart becomes bitter as well as weary, and instead of a sad humility, is filled with revengeful hate.

Tito and Cesare were scarcely old enough to know what such hate is; but they were sometimes desperate. It was always foreigners, and particularly Americans, who spoke brutally to them, though some Americans were kind. Italians are always kind to the poor, even in refusing charity. "*Figlio mio*, I have no change to-day," they will say. In Spain also, when they cannot give, they refuse with courtesy and kindness. "Excuse me to-day, brother."

Such people have been taught charity and good manners. To them the poor are "God's poor."

After a time the twins found employment. They got permission to sell matches in the streets of Rome; and in the spring they sold violets. The matches were those dear little waxen ones put up in brightly-pictured boxes; and for some mysterious reason they do not there all stick together in a lump, as they do here. Perhaps it is because in those European countries they keep so many bees that they can afford to make their wax matches of wax.

While selling these the boys slept in Rome, in an old stage-coach in an old stable in a street so old that its pavements must have been pressed by the sandals of Julius Cæsar. There is some evidence also that it is the same street where that famous bore button-holed Horatius Flaccus, and got his portrait sketched for our delectation.

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The hostler in this stable was another old comrade of the boys' father.

When they sold violets they slept in the donkey-shed up the Tiber. There they would rise as soon as day, eat a piece of bread, and run away to certain grassy banks and nooks they knew, where, from February to May, the ground was every morning all a blue mist with fragrant, long-stemmed violets.

One June day, the violet season being over, and the match-business dull, as they wandered disconsolately about the streets and squares of Rome, a foreign artist whom they knew met them, and gave them a fine commission. He wanted for the next day as many as they could bring him of a certain fragrant yellow flower that grows all about the Tiber. A princess of royal blood, passing through Rome on her way to Naples, was to visit his studio, and he was adorning it for her reception.

"Come and see how I want to use the flowers," he said pleasantly; and the twins followed him, full of curiosity. They had seen the studios of painters, had even served as models once; but they knew nothing of sculptor's work; and this man was a sculptor.

They entered from the street through wide double doors, like stable-doors, a very large room on the ground-floor. Here two men in white linen blouses and paper caps were at work with chisel and mallet on two tall blocks of milk-white Carrara marble. Other blocks, large and small, lay or stood about.

One of the men touched lightly, taking off only a white dust from an arm and hand of the half-shaped figure he worked upon.

"There's a man inside the stone trying to get out," Cesare whispered to his brother. "Oh! I wish I could make a hand like that!"

The other workman chiseled off large pieces, his block being almost whole.

"It sounds like music," Tito said to Cesare.

"It does ring," the sculptor said, overhearing him. "I remember," he added, addressing his workman, "Giovanni Dupré saying that when he gave the last touches to one of his monuments before it was unveiled, the marble rang back like a bell when he struck it. Giovanni was a realist. His St. Francis, in Assisi, has got a little patch chiseled into his robe. Come, boys!"

As they went, Tito looked back and sang softly, in a sweet, clear voice, the very note the marble struck out.

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"What a true voice you've got!" the sculptor exclaimed, stopping to look at the boy. "A bird's voice, too. You must sing to me some time."

Tito hung his head, and said nothing. He had forgotten that he was not in some grove by the Tiber mimicking a bird.

They went up a few steps and past the gray curtain over a wide door into the artist's work-room, where he stopped a moment to dismiss a model who was waiting for him, and wet the cloths on a clay figure that stood in the full light of a single broad window there.

"Oh!" said Cesare, "if I could only make them!"

From this room a stair led up to a lofty hall with an arched roof supported by pillars, where, scattered about, singly or in groups, was a company of snow-white figures. If Medusa had come suddenly upon an assembly of beautiful men, women, and children, and changed them all into stone with her first glance, they could not have looked at once more lifelike and more deathlike. The smile, the frown, the gesture, the position—all were petrified on the instant. There were roguish cupids, noble forms draped to their feet, praying forms, wrestlers—religion, intellect, strength, and gracefulness, all shaped in purest marble. Mingled with these, and setting them off, were colored draperies, plants, laurel-boughs, some high-backed chairs of carven oak, and a few pictures.

"Now see what I want," the sculptor said, and preceded the boys to a niche where a slender female shape stood on a pedestal. She had a beautiful smiling face; but there was something cruel and deceitful in her smile.

The name carved on her pedestal was CICUTA.

Now, the yellow-flowering branches that the sculptor wanted were of a shrub called *cicuta*, or hemlock, said to be the same plant with which Socrates was poisoned.

"I want to line the niche and half cover the pedestal with those flowers," the sculptor said. "Can you bring me enough for that?"

"Oh, yes!" Tito said.

Cesare could not hear the question. His eyes were flashing from object to object of the beautiful place, and his ears were ringing. "Oh, if I could make them! If I could make them!" he thought, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Perhaps," the artist said, "I may let you stay and see the princess. Who knows but she would give you something. People always take notice of twins. You would look well cheek to

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cheek beside the pedestal, and half covered up with flowers. Now you may go."

Tito went directly, Cesare as though his feet stuck to the floor.

"If the princess should ask me to sing, I will," said Tito when they were outside.

"Oh, if I could make them! If I could make them!" murmured his brother.

That night they slept in the donkey-shed, and the next morning they were out at sunrise searching for and cutting long, flexible branches of the sweet-smelling flowers of the cicuta. Their plan was to tie these branches about them in a way they knew, to their legs, arms, neck, and waist, till they should be all covered but their feet, and look like two great gold-colored bouquets. Sometimes you may see in Italy a child dressed in this way, walking off like a plant that has left its roots for a ramble; or you may see a woman coming up into town from the fields with her whole person covered with long grass and poppies, only a pair of prettily-stepping feet visible.

The boys piled a great heap of flowers on a piece of smooth turf that crumbled down into the river. The Tiber is a dangerous river, and this was a very dangerous spot, for the current makes here a deep curve into the bank, whirling swiftly out again lower down. But the piece of clean turf was just what the boys wanted to lay their flowers on, and make their toilet on. They were getting the strings out of their pockets, thinking that they had flowers enough, when Cesare espied at a little distance some branches of cicuta so richly blooming as to seem carven in pure gold. He bade Tito go and get them.

"Go yourself!" said Tito.

He often complained that Cesare ordered him about too much. They had some sharp words about it now, but it ended in Tito going for the cicuta.

When at a little distance he turned and called back, "I don't have to cover my ears!"—then ran.

Cesare looked at him angrily, but did not move nor speak, though the taunt was a cruel one; for half of one of his ears had been bitten off by a dog years before, and he was at some pains to conceal the mutilation with his curly hair.

Tito came back presently with his arms full of the finest blossoms they had found that morning, and seeing how angry his brother looked, stood holding them before him as a shield.

"Why don't you throw them down?" asked Cesare roughly.

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"You're not my master!" Tito replied in the same tone.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Cesare sprang upon him. Tito was between him and the river, and at that sudden onset he staggered backward, stumbled over the crumbling bank, and fell, he and his load of blossoms, with a splash, into the Tiber.

There was a momentary pause; then the swift current dragged him away, leaving Cesare almost paralyzed with horror. He had forgotten in his anger that the river was there.

The flowers spread themselves out on the water surrounding a white little face and disordered chestnut-colored hair, and two arms stretched wildly upward.

"Oh, put your arms down! Try to swim!" cried his brother, finding voice. "Swim across! Try hard! O Tito! Tito!"

A vine-covered branch that hung out over the water intercepted his gaze for a moment; then the golden mat of flowers came into sight again lower down. But the face and arms had disappeared.

Cesare's eyes, still staring, saw all the world grow dark, his heart seemed to turn over heavily and sink downward, and something struck him on the head. It was the ground as he fell. Then he lost consciousness.

Opening his eyes again, he first wondered where he was and how he came there. Then he thought, "Where's Tito?" And then, remembering all, he started up and began to search along the river-bank, staggering as he went, and calling his brother desperately. Tito *must* have escaped! He would not believe otherwise.

It was a day of full sunshine. The branches of the trees waved softly now and then, and in a thick grove a nightingale sang, though it was almost nine o'clock. All nature seemed to be at peace with a lovely harmony and brightness, and quite unconscious of the wretched child who, with wild eyes and tear-stained face, went running from place to place, searching, scarcely knowing what he was about, moaning with every breath, "Tito! O Tito!"

There was no answer. He ran half a mile down the bank, then came back to the place he had started from, and sat down by his heap of cicuta. Hope died out of his heart. It was vain, he knew, to search for one who had fallen into that strong writhing current, except to find a lifeless body far below. Nothing remained for him but to conceal what had happened, and try to keep out of jail. The day dragged itself away like a wounded

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creature. Cesare passed it in wandering through the woods, and staring up and down the road. If he saw any one coming he hid himself. But he could not escape the birds which every moment looked at him with their sharp eyes, and said interrogatively, "Tito? Tito?"

At twilight Cesare started for the donkey-shed. As he climbed the ladder to the loft a sudden hope woke in his heart so sharply that it hurt. What if he should find Tito there asleep!

No! The sack of corn-husks was all his to sleep on, if he could sleep. They would never quarrel any more about the old gray blanket that was their sole covering. Sometimes they had disputed over it for sport, ending with a kiss. The twins always kissed each other good-night.

Cesare, weeping drearily, kissed his brother's end of the bolster, and put all the blanket at Tito's side of the bed, though he was himself shivering with a chill of fear and grief. For hours he lay and suffered, but at length sleep overcame him. He was just losing consciousness, when something cold and damp touched his forehead, as if a hand had been drawn across it.

He started up in affright. "Its Tito's ghost!" he thought and his heart thumped loudly against his side.

All was dark and still. Only the trees rustled outside, and from far away came the dull murmur of the Tiber. Cesare sat there till daylight, staring into the dark, and listening. Then he wrapped himself in the blanket and, utterly exhausted, went to sleep.

It was late when he got up and started for Rome. He begged a piece of bread by the way, and pulled some wild salad-leaves to eat with it. He was half-starved. Reaching the city, he was careful to avoid the places where he might have been recognized. Going from bridge to bridge, he clung to the railing, and stared down into the Tiber. He did not dare to ask a question, but whenever he saw several men talking together, he passed slowly close to them, looking another way, and listened to hear if they were talking of a little drowned boy that had been taken out of the Tiber, with a cicuta blossom clenched in his hand and another tangled in his hair.

When night came, he went to sleep in the old stage-coach. Bernardo, the hostler, would ask him no questions. The twins had always come and gone as unquestioned as two cats.

When the thoughts have dwelt long and constantly on a grief it becomes dull to them, as a stone loses its sharp edges

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when running water has washed it about for a long time. The stone remains smooth, but when the weary mind has rested awhile, it wakes to find its grief as sharp as ever.

Cesare, having thought of nothing but his brother for so long a time, had become so dull and weary that he had scarcely curled himself up on the back seat of the old *diligenza* when he was sound asleep.

Deep in the night he was wakened by something like a cold hand drawn across his forehead. He started up, screaming.

All was dark and still.

Presently the door of a little room beside the stable opened and the hostler called out roughly, asking what the matter was.

"I—I had a bad dream," the boy stammered, comforted by the sound of a human voice.

"If you wake me again with your bad dreams I'll turn you into the street," said Bernardo, and shut his door with a slam.

Cesare sat up all the rest of the night on the back seat of the couch and stared through darkness at the front seat where his brother had always slept. When the day dawned he went out, begged something to eat, and got some matches to sell. The man he bought them of trusted him for a few boxes.

"But where is your brother?" the man asked.

"I don't know," said Cesare. "He's round somewhere."

Almost a week went past in this way. Every day the boy went about the city selling matches, and every night he spent in misery with the visitor who never failed to come.

At length, one night, instead of cowering in silence after that cold touch had waked him from his first sleep, he sat up and spoke. "I didn't mean to do it, Tito," he said. "And I'm sorry. Oh! I'm sorry. I never thought of the river being there. And, Tito, you didn't know how bad I feel about my ear. It spoils me. I'm like one of those old crumbly statues in a garden. I miss you so, Tito! If you were here you might have all my money. I don't care about it now."

And he sobbed bitterly.

Cesare did not know it, for he never looked into a mirror; but he was wasting away, consumed by a fever of grief, fear, and sleeplessness. He could scarcely swallow food, and sometimes such a faintness would come over him that he could not stand.

Otherwise, his affairs prospered, and now that he cared so little for money he earned more than ever before. People had begun to

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make collections of such pictured match-boxes as he sold, especially such as carried out a series illustrating some story; and the very day after he spoke to his brother at night he filled two orders that gave what to him was a large profit. A lady had employed him to get her a whole set of the boxes having tiny photographs of Doré's illustrations of Dante's *Inferno;* and a gentleman who was making a humorous collection gave him twenty cents for a single box. The picture was of a man sitting on the floor, with a wine-flask on a bench beside him, and a tumbler half-full of wine tipping over in his hand. He was saying: "*Aveva ragione Galileo: la terra gira*" (Galileo was right: the earth goes round).

When night came, it seemed to him that he could not go back to the stage-coach. Perhaps if he should go to some place where he and his brother had never slept, Tito's hand would not find him out, he thought.

After wandering about for a while, he came to the Roman Forum. The great dark mass of the Colosseum loomed before him. He watched his opportunity when no one was near, and slipped into its shadow. The moon shone in from the south, and showed him a piece of smooth turf under one of the arches. She seemed to say: "Lie down there, little boy, and I will watch over you!"

She seemed to do more. She shadowed out a great cross above the dark excavations in the central space, and called up all round the ghosts of vanished Stations of the Cross where he had seen them stand, where he and Tito had gone one Good Friday with their mother to say the prayers. The boy recollected his neglected religion as he recollected his mother, and kneeling there in the moonlight, he said an Our Father and Hail Mary. Then, comforted, he lay down, put his cap under his head, and was asleep in a minute, in a deep, sweet sleep.

He woke but once in the night, and that was because a large walnut in his pocket hurt him. As he turned from it, he heard a sound of breathing not far away. It was a soft, regular breathing of one who slept.

Glad to have company, he slept again, and did not wake till dawn. The hand had not found him that night.

Cesare sighed, shook the dust from his cap, put it on, and was about going away, when he recollected the breathing he had heard, and looked about to see who his companion was. They might watch their chance to get out together.

The sleeper was dimly visible under an inner arch, and Ce-

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sare made out the figure of a boy who lay with his face turned away, and one arm bent for a pillow under his head.

Cesare went softly nearer, then stopped, his heart giving a leap. He half turned back with an impulse of flight. But the air was all clear and bright about him, and the sky blue and full of sunshine above the dark Colosseum ring. He blessed himself, and went a step nearer. Yet another step, and he saw chestnut-colored ringlets like his own, and a fair profile showing pale against the dark sleeve it rested on. Then, with a gasp, he ran, he fell on his knees beside the sleeper.

It was Tito! He touched the hair, and it was real hair. He looked at the clothes. They were the real clothes of a poor little boy, such as Tito had worn. He bent and felt the soft breath fan his cheek, and whispered close to the sleeper's ear, "Tito!"

The boy stirred, and murmured drowsily, "Yes, Ces!"

Even in his sleep he knew that in all the world there was no one to kiss him but his brother.

At that word Cesare wept aloud for joy; and in a moment the twins were clasped in each other's arms.

"Did Bernardo know?" asked Cesare after a while.

"He only knew that I didn't want you to see me. I slept in the stage-box. I'm sorry I frightened you, Ces. I cried when you spoke the other night. I would have answered, but I thought it would frighten you more. I told Bern to tell you yesterday that I was coming, and I waited hidden to see how you would take it. I tried to find you. I went twice to the stable. The last time the door was shut. Then I came here. I'm sorry I frightened you, Ces!"

Cesare drew a handful of copper coins from his pocket—"You may have 'em all," he said; "and now tell me how you got out of the water."

Tito gazed with delight at the money. He had never had so much all his own.

"You remember the branch that hung out over the water just where we were?" he said. "I caught a twig of that, and drew myself out. I just barely got it. Then I ran for the shed, hung my clothes to dry in the sun, and went to bed while they dried. I slept almost all day. Then I got up and waited for you. I was behind the bunch of corn-stalks. I'm sorry I frightened you, Ces!"

Cesare took a large walnut from his pocket. It was the one that had waked him in the night.

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"Take it!" he said. "And don't you want to swap knives with me, Tito? Mine is the best. And we'll go and get some breakfast. You shall have coffee with milk and sugar in it, and a white roll, and a little two-cent pat of butter with the wolf and twins stamped on it. You shall have everything that you want, Tito."

Tito had cracked the walnut between his little teeth that were like polished alabaster, and put half the kernel in his brother's mouth. He sprang up at the offer of this magnificent breakfast, the like of which he had never eaten in all his life, and the two, watching their chance, crept out into the street.

The bell of the Church of San Clemente close by was ringing for an early Mass. They went in, and, kneeling side by side on the ancient pavement, sent a glad Ave Maria upward, like two uniting wreaths of incense, from their happy hearts. Then, still on their knees, one said, "I'm sorry I pushed Tito!" and the other added, "I'm sorry I frightened Cesare." After which they blessed themselves, made a hurried genuflection to the altar, and went out.

The sun was just rising, and it threw their long shadows before them as they went toward the Capitol.

"Ces," said Tito, "let's catch our shadows."

They laughed, and started off hand-in-hand after the shadows that leaped before them up the steep way to the Campidoglio, their chase a swiftly passing figure of many a life-long pursuit these ancient walls had seen begin and disappear since first the morning light shone on their sombre stones.

But at the piazza a loud voice arrested their course.

"What! Castor and Pollux, just in time, even as at the battle of Lake Regillus, and careering like two young colts," said the voice; and their friend, the sculptor, stopped before them.

For a moment they looked at each other in silence, the boys somewhat embarrassed.

"Why did you break your promise to me?" asked the sculptor, assuming an air of severity.

"I fell into the Tiber," said Tito.

"How fortunate!" exclaimed the artist. "It saved me forty cents. The princess couldn't come, after all. But she is coming back, and the visit will be made to-morrow. Can I trust you this time? or will you fall into the Tiber again?"

"Oh! we will bring the flowers," said Cesare fervently. "You may be sure."

And they did bring them, and were half covered up in them

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at the side of Cicuta's pedestal the next afternoon when the sculptor stood in the door to receive his royal visitor.

She was not a very young lady; but she was a very noble and gracious one; and she had been all her life so accustomed to seeing the finest works of art that her praise was of value.

"It is such a pleasure to be among so many beautiful objects," she said. "It must be quite an ideal life, Signore, that which you live."

A younger lady and a gentleman accompanied the princess, and walked quietly behind her while she went about with the artist, looking at everything. The lady was her companion, and the gentleman a Roman nobleman, a cousin of the princess.

They looked at the Cicuta last. The sculptor was half-afraid that if he took his visitors there first, his other marbles might not be found so interesting: for not only was the statue exquisite on its golden background, but the twins made the loveliest picture possible.

In fact, the princess had but given a glance at the Cicuta and pronounced her beautiful, when she saw the two dusky little masks framed in gold and leaning cheek to cheek against her pedestal.

"Why! what is that?" she exclaimed.

The twins had been told to lie quite still and keep their eyes closed; but Tito, at sound of that musical voice, could not help smiling very faintly.

"It's alive!" cried the princess, and bending, touched the cheek with a finger-tip.

It sank and dimpled under the light pressure, and two rows of small white teeth appeared. Lastly the eye-lashes trembled, and a pair of brilliant dark eyes were disclosed.

A very pretty scene was then enacted. The twins were taken out of their flowery bed, and made to talk, and tell their story. The lady leaned back in an arm-chair and grew serious as she listened to it all; for it was all told, even to the fall into the Tiber, and the finding in the Colosseum. Nor was the mode of telling less touching than the story itself. For it was a sort of duetto, where, one of the boys beginning to blame himself, the other took the word and excused him, going on with the story till interrupted in his turn; and as they talked they got nearer and nearer to each other, and ended with their arms around each other's shoulders.

But when Tito struck an attitude and sang for them, the

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lady could but smile. The smile, however, soon lost its amusement, and became one of pleasant surprise.

He sang:

"Vedi che luna bianca!
Vedi che notte azzura!
Un' aura non sussura,
Non tremola uno stel."

Ending, they all applauded.

"Why, Enrico, the child ought to be a choir-singer!" the princess exclaimed to her cousin.

"So I was thinking," he said. "Leave it to me. There is always room for a voice like that."

"And what would you like to do?" the princess asked of Cesare.

His eyes filled with tears, and he trembled. "I want to stay with Tito," he almost sobbed.

"Don't fear! you shall not be separated," she said soothingly. "But what would you like to do while your brother is singing or learning to sing?"

"Listen to him!" said Cesare, still trembling.

"Dear child, no human being shall separate you from him!" the lady exclaimed. "A home shall be found where you can live together. But surely you would not wish to be idle while he is working. Is there nothing that you would like to be?"

His fears at rest, Cesare's thought detached itself from his brother. His bright eyes swept a glance around the sculptured forms of beauty that seemed to listen to their talk, and you would have said that the child grew taller.

"I want to be a sculptor!" he said briefly, and with a certain decision.

There was a moment of silence. The visitors had not, apparently, expected so ambitious a choice. Then the artist said:

"He has had that idea ever since he first came here. Who knows! If a home is provided for him, I will give him a chance to begin. I'd like to have the boy about the studio."

"Would you like that, my child?" asked the princess smiling. "You shall come here, be useful to this gentleman, see how he works, try to model with your own little hands, and have a fair chance to see if you can be a sculptor."

You have seen the sun come out after the rain, and strike

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across some tremulous drop till it hung on stone or leaf like a diamond brilliant.

It might be said that this boy's soul was like such a drop at that moment. He stood erect in a trance of rapture, looking straight before him, the eyes a little uplifted, all glowing as if they saw some wondrous vision in the air.

He stood so for a moment, then, becoming conscious of his surroundings, he smiled, and blessed himself. It seemed to him that he had been praying. He had indeed entertained that divine spouse of prayer, the consenting response of God!

The princess stretched out her hand and drew the boy to her side, and her eyes sparkled as she turned to the sculptor.

"Put *that* into marble for me!" she exclaimed.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

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THE NEW HOME-RULE BILL.

IRELAND is once more in an attitude of expectancy. Her fate trembles again in the scales of time; yet a wonderful calmness pervades her people. The bitter conflict of the past two years appears to have produced a chastening effect. The petty ebullitions of rancor which manifest themselves in isolated places furnish no true indication of the general mind.

If we take into account the circumstances of the fiery ordeal through which the country has passed, the wide-spread raking up of political passions, and the unscrupulous appeals to that sentiment of personal devotion which under different conditions would be an amiable weakness in the Irish character, it must be acknowledged that the country has emerged from the deplorable internecine conflict with credit and dignity.

Looking through Mr. John Morley's recent speeches, one is struck with the fact that an undercurrent of apprehension has been running in his mind regarding the reception which Mr. Gladstone's new proposals were likely to meet with from the small remnant of what may be termed the Irreconcilable party. It is not unlikely that Mr. Morley may be deceived into exaggerating the influence of this element. If a reasonable and honest offer to settle the long-standing quarrel with England be made by his government, this little knot of beaten politicians will not dare to stand in the way. They know the country would not brook such an attitude. They know in their souls that if, by any machinations of theirs, in conjunction with hostile English party combinations, they could succeed in wrecking a fair Home-Rule Bill, they would be regarded by the mass of their fellow-countrymen as traitors, and their names be handed down to posterity with an indelible stigma of infamy. No sophistry, however subtle, could excuse them. The will of the majority must be the ruling power in Ireland as well as elsewhere; and the will of the majority there now has declared for peace with honor. Ireland will not suffer any man or any clique to play the part of Erostratus in the new-reared fabric of her freedom.

All speculations regarding the outlines of the new constitution for Ireland upon which Mr. Gladstone's cabinet is engaged may be simply appraised as efforts of the imagination. The

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time for the oracle to pronounce has not yet come; and statesmen engaged in such delicate work know how to screen it from prying eyes until the time is ripe for disclosure.

There is, however, no audacity in the assumption that the coming bill will be marked by no retrocession in point of generosity from the former proposed measure. Assurances on that score have been publicly made in terms as specific as regard for the oaths of cabinet ministers could allow. Mr. John Morley is certainly a minister who has earned a title for honesty, not only in opinion but in action. His words at Newcastle on the 8th of December last, when, at the peroration of his speech, he referred to the prevailing curiosity over the details of the new constitution, were clear and unequivocal. "I see every reason to hope," he declared, "that when the government faces the House of Commons in February, it will be with a scheme which Ireland ought to accept, and which Great Britain ought not and will not refuse." Nay, more; it will be such a scheme, he went on to opine, as must even silence the clamor of Irish malcontents. "There is every reason to hope" (these are his words) "that our policy will command the assent of all the English Liberal party, and of all those who are entitled—to whatever section they belong—to speak for the people of Ireland."

This is distinct enough. Mr. Morley is speaking from an informed mind. He knows the lines upon which the new bill is cast; he is aware of the radical defects of the former scheme; he is cognizant of the points upon which the Parnellites have been insisting as indispensable in any acceptable scheme of Home Rule; and he can pin them to their declarations, for they stand on record.

But there is more than this. The followers of Mr. Parnell cannot surely go beyond Mr. Parnell's own delimitations. The dead leader whom they are constantly invoking gave, in the name of his colleagues and the Irish people, his adhesion to the constitution which Mr. Gladstone proposed in 1886. Speaking on the second reading of the Home-Rule Bill, on June 7, 1886, Mr. Parnell said:

"I now repeat what I have already said, on the first reading of the measure, immediately after I heard the statement of the prime minister: that we look upon the provisions of the bill *as a final settlement of this question*, and that I believe that the Irish people have accepted it as such a settlement. Of course you may not believe me, but I can say no more. I think my words upon that occasion have been singularly justified by the

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result. We have had this measure accepted in the sense I indicated by the leaders of every section of National opinion both in Ireland and outside Ireland. It has been so accepted in the United States of America, and by the Irish population in that country, with whose vengeance some honorable members are so fond of threatening us. Not a single dissentient voice has been raised against this bill by any Irishman—not by any Irishman holding National opinions—and I need scarcely remind the House that there are sections amongst Irish Nationalists just as much as there are even among the great Conservative party. I say that as far as it is possible for a nation to accept a measure cheerfully, freely, gladly, and without reservation as a final settlement—I say that the Irish people have shown that they have accepted this measure in that sense."

Such were Mr. Parnell's *ipsissima verba* on that momentous measure; the official organ of the Irish National party, *United Ireland*, in effect echoed his words. Objections were started regarding certain provisions of the bill, such as that establishing a national tribute for imperial purposes, and some minor features, but taking the bill as a whole, the entire National and Liberal press of Ireland welcomed it with one voice as a much larger and more sweeping readjustment than the most sanguine had expected.

The only whisper of dissent that was heard came from a few extreme members of the Physical Force party; but these found no public expression. The men who uttered them were extremists, whom nothing but total separation from Great Britain would satisfy. They never gave their support to Mr. Parnell while he was in accord with his colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party. It was only when an issue disastrous to the cause of Home Rule was raised by him that they threw in their lot with his enterprise. Their support or their antagonism, under present conditions, cannot count for much. It is only a matter of political exigency. They represent no substantial body of public opinion in Ireland just now.

Another shibboleth of posthumous Parnellism is "independence of all English political parties." This principle has at times expanded itself into rejection of any Home-Rule measure save such a one as Ireland herself may dictate, and even rejection of any measure proposed by Mr. Gladstone, who had come to be regarded as the arch-enemy of the late Mr. Parnell. But the enunciation of such doctrines, tentatively put forward, never found any popular favor; hence it became necessary to modify them, and the formula now is simply independence and an open

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mind to treat with any party which will grant Home Rule on the terms the Parnellites demand. This was Mr. Parnell's own position, subsequent to the divorce court decree; antecedently to that he was of a different mind.

So lately as June, 1889, speaking at the Westminster Palace Hotel, after his interview with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, the then Irish leader used these words: "We are happy, and Ireland is happy, that the time has come when we can shake hands with Englishmen with the consciousness that in doing so we make no sacrifice of principle, of hope for the future of our country, and with the belief that Ireland, as she has trusted us in the past, both in Ireland and wherever the Irish race exists, will be justified by the results of the future in that trust which she has honored us by extending to us. They will entrust to that great statesman who will then be called to power—the only man of distinguished genius before the public—as his great final and crowning work, the task of finding some method in which might be entrusted to Ireland her own destinies while she also is privileged to take a share in the greater interests of the Empire. I am confident that Mr. Gladstone's genius will be equal to the task; that he will be powerful enough to reconcile and assuage the prejudices which still unhappily prevail to some extent; that he will be able to show his countrymen how the true interests of the nation and of imperial safety may be reconciled to the self-government of Ireland by her people, and that a great measure of Home Rule for our country will be the result—a measure which will be practically accepted by the great majority of the English people as a settlement of the Irish question—a measure which will be accepted by our own people as a sufficient solution."

This was the picture which Mr. Parnell painted barely a year and a half before the great cleavage, and what in the meanwhile had Mr. Gladstone done to change its roseate hues into the sombre tints which pervaded all Mr. Parnell's speeches after he had sought to wreck the movement? Nothing more than to declare his opinion that were Mr. Parnell to retain his leadership the chances of carrying a Home-Rule measure would be endangered. This was the head and front of his offending. It was not until then that Mr. Parnell discovered that Mr. Gladstone's assurances about the Irish constabulary, the judiciary, the retention of the Irish members in the imperial parliament, and the settlement of the land question in Ireland, were unsatisfactory. What passed between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell at Hawar-

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den with reference to these important points does not much matter now; it is sufficient to know that they also formed vital elements in the construction of the first Home-Rule Bill, and that Mr. Parnell's acceptance of them, on behalf of his party and the Irish nation at large, is on record in the words quoted above, and it cannot be supposed for one moment that the new proposals of Mr. Gladstone differed, save in the one important particular of the settlement of the land question, from those embraced in the original bill.

It is well to bear these facts in mind in any endeavor to forecast the nature of the coming measure and the possibility of factious objections to some of its chief provisions. In one important respect it must necessarily differ from the Home-Rule Bill of 1886. This is in regard to the settlement of the land difficulty.

There is very strong reason to suppose that Mr. Gladstone would have been able to carry this bill had he not adopted the disastrous course of pinning the land bill to it as a concurrent and correlative measure. It was the outcry against sinking British capital in the risky security of Irish land, rather than any bogus fears about dismemberment of the empire, which brought about the fall of his government. Mr. Gladstone will be wiser now. He will not hazard the success of his second attempt by any such Mezentius-like experiment as linking a live measure to a moribund one. It needs no ghost from the grave to come and tell us that. The settlement of the knotty problem involved in the agrarian condition of Ireland will, in all probability, be left to the hands most fit to solve it—those of the Irish Parliament.

The task has been rendered somewhat easier now than it would have been then, by reason of the fact that the late Tory government, the members of which were at that time so virtuously indignant over the proposal to pledge British credit on the security of Irish land, were not very long in office ere they proceeded to so pledge it. Under the acts of Parliament known as the Ashbourne Act and the subsequent Purchase of Land Act, they devoted British credit to the extent of forty million pounds sterling to the purpose which they had previously denounced as risky. Mr. Gladstone did not ask for much more than this total. Under his land bill the cost of buying out the Irish landlords was estimated at only ten millions more. The sales effected under the two Tory Acts since then have been very large, and are taking place without intermission. Hence the difficulty of dealing with this branch of the Irish problem

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has been vastly diminished since 1886. The evidence collected before the Evicted Tenants' Commission during the past couple of months must also help in facilitating a settlement of the question. Inexorable economic laws have already pronounced the doom of the present agrarian system in Ireland. Its existence is incompatible with the ability of the working population to live on their own soil. Hence an Irish Parliament will be fortified by the full sanction of existing facts and the moral sense of civilization in buying the anomaly out at its lowest market value.

Hence there is no gift of prophecy needed to anticipate that the scope of the new bill may be so enlarged as to enable the Irish Parliament and the Irish executive to deal with this great question of the agrarian difficulty on principles of equity and common sense. It is an Irish question pure and simple, and therefore properly within the purview of an Irish Home-Rule Bill.

About the preceding Home-Rule Bill itself, that portion of it which seemed most open to practical objection was the provision for what Mr. Gladstone styled "The Tribute" from Ireland. This tribute was Ireland's contribution to the imperial expenditure. This arrangement contemplated the payment by Ireland of a sum amounting to one-fifteenth of the gross amount paid by the imperial government for the maintenance of the army and navy, the interest on the national debt, and the civil service. This proportion, in addition to the cost of the Irish constabulary, would bring Ireland's annual liability for these charges up to a total of four millions six hundred and two thousand pounds. Against this there would be a set-off of one million three hundred thousand pounds excess of customs and excise dues over outlay. It is to be observed that under the Act of Union Ireland was decreed to pay only a proportion of two in fifteen of the whole imperial bill annually, that she was exempted from the payment of income-tax (which she is paying at present), and from liability for any national debt save her own (at that date only twenty-six millions, and it had been *only four millions before the Rebellion* in 1798). The proportion of Ireland's liability settled by the Act of Union was denounced by all the patriots as based upon a fraudulent account; and that unjust apportionment has been immensely aggravated from that day to this, when we compare the enormous advance of England in material wealth, and the no less enormous decay of Ireland's trade and resources and population. A committee was appointed during

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the last Parliament to investigate the financial relations of Ireland to Great Britain; and it is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone's sense of justice may induce him to so modify this branch of the settlement as to give the Irish government and the Irish people fair play in the handling of their own resources.

Under the provisions of the same bill the appointment of the judges in Ireland was vested in the Irish government. This was one of the most important concessions in the bill, as under the existing system no abuse could be more flagrant than the present system of manning the Irish judicial bench. It has been almost invariably the rule that the soiled gown of the partisan advocate was exchanged for the ermine of the judge; and the partisan advocate became necessarily the partisan judge. The promotion of Mr. Peter O'Brien, the manipulator of the Gweedore prosecutions, is a living evidence of the system. For his successful prosecutions of the Donegal peasantry he was raised *per saltem* from the attorney-generalship to the post of lord chief-justice, with the addition of a baronetcy. The case of the infamous Keogh may also be pointed to as a fitting illustration of this scandalous system. It may be assumed that under the new *régime* all this would be attended to.

That hugh instrument of landlord tyranny conceived in the Machiavellian brain of Sir Robert Peel, known as the Royal Irish Constabulary, was, according to the previous Home-Rule Bill, to be suffered to undergo a gradual metamorphosis from a military espionage into a civil force, obedient to the home government, and not controlled, as heretofore, by an alien power. There would be no place for it in the new order; consequently it would, under the new constitution, be suffered to lapse by a slow process, and its place be taken by a peace force, the military establishment of the kingdom being held in undiminished strength as the guarantee of imperial supremacy.

The main essential of the former bill was the establishment of an Irish executive in Ireland, subject to parliamentary control, and responsible to the majority in Parliament. It was the absence of such a ministry which formed the canker in Grattan's Parliament, and left it at the mercy of the English minister and his satellites in Dublin Castle. Without such a ministry any home rule must prove only so much waste paper. The principle of parliamentary control will be fully recognized in the new measure, unless the English Liberal party intend to stultify themselves. Such a principle is of the very essence of free government; and the Irish Bill must be identical with the English constitution in this respect.

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The prerogative of the crown in summoning and dissolving Parliament, as in the case of England, goes without question. In the Irish bill, however, the duration of each Parliament was limited to five years. This was a confession that the principle of septennial parliaments was an obsolete one. Possibly the new bill may mark a further step in advance by setting up the triennial system, or adopting the American plan of quadrennial parliaments as a golden mean.

Only one house of parliament was contemplated in the old bill; but this was composed of two "orders." The first "order" was to be made up of the Irish representative peers, who sit at present in the English House of Lords, together with a number of other representatives who were to be elected on a fancy franchise. The second "order" was to be made up of the Irish members of the House of Commons then sitting, together with as many more, who should be elected by the constituencies, the representation of each constituency to be doubled for that purpose. Both "orders" were to sit and vote in the one house.

The principle of hereditary legislators thus recognized was confessedly a vicious one, as the bill further provided that it was to cease after a certain time, and all members of the first "order" should be subject to the elective system. The Ireland of the future will essentially be a democratic Ireland, and it is to be hoped that the hereditary principle will find no recognition whatever in the coming bill. The lord-lieutenant was to continue to represent the crown in Ireland, but the character of his office was to be altered, inasmuch as it was not to be dependent on the fate of a ministry, as at present. Furthermore, there was to be no religious disqualification attaching to the holder of it, as there is now.

An objectionable feature in the old bill was the arming of the Irish Privy Council with power to decide upon all questions which might arise between the Irish Parliament and the crown touching the scope of the powers of Parliament. The Privy Council in Ireland has from time immemorial been a body entirely devoted to English interests, and there is no likelihood of its ever being able to cast its skin. A tribunal of three experienced jurisconsults from Ireland, England, and Scotland would be a far more satisfactory and equitable one as a court of high constitutional appeal.

The endowment of any form of religion was forbidden in the scheme. With Mr. Gladstone's record as a disestablisher of religious establishments no other decision could have been expected on such a point as this. The Catholic Church in Ire-

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land will not quarrel with it. The bonds between its ministers and the laity would not be strengthened if the church were a state-aided one. There is a sacredness of affection between priests and people, fellow-sufferers through ages of persecution, which exists perhaps in no other country in the world. This bond of sympathy grew up under the voluntary system, and this very venerableness of the link ought to be enough to prevent all desire for a change.

On the question of education the conditions are different. Hitherto the Catholic population have been grievously handicapped in that most vital function. The previous bill very wisely provided that the hands of the Irish Parliament should be entirely unfettered in dealing with the future of education. Nothing has since occurred to suggest any reason for a change of policy on this head.

It is no easy task to revolutionize a country grown old and soul-sick in the ways of prescriptive tyranny, and this is what must be done, and done thoroughly, if the nation is to be preserved from crumbling to pieces. It is fast approaching that condition. After ninety years of government by the imperial Parliament it presents a spectacle of decay and beggary and depopulation which has no parallel in Christendom. Yet in the hour of its dissolution the country might be more dangerous far to its oppressor than it ever was in the days of its greatest vigor, and it is as much for the safety as for the credit of England that her statesmen see that such systems of rule as that which brought about the decadence of a brilliant and generous nation are not abreast of the times and ideas amid which we are moving.

The moment is most auspicious for making the essay. There is no difference of opinion amongst the bulk of the population on the subject of the acceptance of the bill. One mind characterizes priesthood and people. Not all the Keoghs or (Judge) O'Briens who ever trafficked with conscience for judges' wigs can ever persuade the world that in this unity there is any feeling of the kind which exists between a horse and its rider. That is an old-time calumny, and one of the greatest blessings which Home Rule will bring to Ireland will be the cessation of the system of making vitriolic partisan judges and disappointed "patriots" of the Keogh and O'Brien stamp the censors of men whose lives are as spotless as those of their judicial critics are besmirched.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

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THE LAND OF THE SUN.

THE CITY OF THE ARGENTINE HILLS.

ORNING, which is ever in Mexico like a new creation of the earth, broke in resplendent beauty over the wide plain that surrounds Silao. The sun leaped from a couch of dazzling glory and spread his mantle of gold over the far-stretching expanse of the plateau, over the purple heights draped in soft mists of morning, over the lovely towers and shining domes of the town, and over the party that wended their way, followed by two porters laden with the impedimenta of travel, across the broad open space that lies between the hotel where they spent the night and the railway station whither they were bound.

Around the station were the booths of the venders of all manner of eatables, the usual throng of peddlers and beggars and squads of soldiers, for the military arm, which is strongly in evidence everywhere in Mexico, is nowhere more so than in Silao, which had once an unenviable reputation as a haunt of outlaws and bandits, and between which and Guanajuato, the rich mining city of the mountains beyond, runs a train that, carrying much bullion, is always guarded by a strong military escort.

It was seated in this train, half an hour later, that the travellers turned their faces toward the city, which Russell assured them was the most picturesque in Mexico and one of the most picturesque in the world, as it sits high on its great hill, the name of which in the Tarascan tongue signifies the Hill of the Frog, because here in ancient times the Tarascan Indians found a stone in the shape of a frog which they worshipped. Other men in later times have found here other stones which they worship with a no less ardent devotion—for famous among all the mines of Mexico stand the mines of Guanajuato.

As they moved off, passing in a great curve around Silao, they had a charming view of the town as it lay in the sunshine of early morning, its long, white walls encircling masses of feathery foliage, above which the slender, graceful minarets of its churches rose in the sparkling air. Then, in the golden light

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that was making all the wide scene glorious, they sped across the level plain, green with its springing harvests, toward the massive heights that seemed as if they must bar all progress to the city that lay beyond. Their car was well filled with passengers of many and varied types. Grave, stately Mexican gentlemen; eager, restless, talkative Americans, discussing mines, intent upon speculations and investments; tourists of different nationalities, and groups of dark-eyed señoritas. The general, glancing around, remarked that the train for a local one seemed to be well filled.

"It always is," said Russell. "Guanajuato is a very rich and important place—the greatest mining centre in Mexico."

"And like Zacatécas, I suppose, it owes its existence to the mines," said Mrs. Langdon, looking at the mountains which began to reveal themselves in their ruggedness as the train approached.

"Undoubtedly," replied Travers. "Our guide-book says: 'The site of this city, with much surrounding land in what was a very barren place, was given by the Viceroy Don Antonio de Mendoza to Don Rodrigo Vazquez, one of the *conquistadores*, in recompense for his services in helping to win for his royal master the rich country of New Spain.' If silver was not discovered at that time," said the reader, interrupting himself, "Don Rodrigo could not have felt that his services were very well recompensed. But when silver was discovered, of course the aspect of things materially changed—which contains a moral that I need not elaborate. Silver was found, we are told, in 1548. It would be interesting to know how much the mines have produced from that time to this."

"An immense total," said Russell. "One mine alone—the Valenciana—according to Humboldt, produced in one year more than all the mines of Peru. Its yield up to the present time is estimated to have been eight hundred millions."

"Can one see that mine?" asked the general.

"You not only can but must—it will interest you in every way. And I think the ladies will also be interested in seeing it."

"We must take your word for that," said Dorothea a little sceptically. "Meanwhile, here we are among the mountains. Has any one observed what a fine highway runs parallel with our track, and what picturesque groups of people and burros we are passing?"

"The highway ought to be fine," remarked Travers. "We

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are told that it was nearly a hundred years in building. As for the burros, they plainly indicate that all the freight of the country does not go by rail."

Troops of these small, patient animals were indeed passing along the road, laden with produce of all kinds; herdsmen came riding by with coiled lassoes at their pommels; the brown hills closed nearer; on their sides sheep and goats were nibbling scanty herbage; the highway swept over an arched stone bridge, where graceful trees drooped along the verge of the little stream that fretted over the rocks below, while from their slackened speed it was evident that the train was mounting a heavy grade. Higher and higher they climbed, rounding the abrupt and massive heights that seemed pressing forward to guard the way, and presently paused in a small valley at the mouth of a narrow, rocky pass.

"This is Marfil," said Russell, as every one rose with a simultaneous movement. "We go from here to Guanajuato—about three miles—by tramway. The *cañada* into which we enter is too narrow to admit of a railroad track."

Tram-cars, drawn by lively, able-bodied mules, awaited the passengers, who filled them speedily. They were soon in motion, and what Dorothea saw from the platform where she insisted upon standing, very much to the surprise and concern of various courteous Mexicans, was a narrow, winding defile between great precipitous heights, containing barely room enough for the highway (along one side of which the tramway was laid), and a very small stream carefully walled in its rocky bed. As for the town of Marfil, it clung, perched, hung, sometimes it seemed by grappling-hooks, to the almost perpendicular mountain sides—the heavy, Moorish houses, built with a solidity equal to that of the rocks on which they rested, looking as if nothing short of a convulsion of nature could detach them from their positions. In a nook of the closely enfolding heights the parish church stood, a Byzantine-like chapel of pink stone crowned a brown hill, and along the stream a succession of reduction works, enclosed in strong, bastioned walls, rose like forts.

"They look as if they were built to stand a siege!" said Dorothea.

"So they were," answered Russell. "Many has been the siege these mines have stood in times past. They have been sacked again and again. No city in Mexico has a more thrilling and bloody history than Guanajuato. Its riches have tempted the cupidity of armies as well as of banditti, and it has been

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plundered until its recuperation proves more conclusively than anything else the immense resources of its mines."

"I am afraid you do not pay much attention to the information which I take pains to draw from Mr. Janvier's pages and give you," said Travers. "It has not been long since

THE STREETS CLIMB UPWARD.

I told you that the first settlement here was a fort at the place now called Marfil, erected by some Spanish adventurers to secure the silver they obtained from the mines. A little later the existing city was founded under the truly formidable name of the Villa y Real de Minas de Santa Fé de Guanajuato."

"The situation of the city must be as formidable as its

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name," said Dorothea, observing that although the town of Marfil had now been left behind, they were still mounting upward and upward along the narrow pass, winding sharply around the rocky escarpments that appeared at times almost to close the way, with the great mountains frowning over them, and the little river, which in the rainy season is a roaring flood, flowing within its walled bed beside them. "One might be approaching a citadel, but a city—"

"It is citadel and city in one," said Russell. "This defile is its only outlet. It leads like a gateway to Guanajuato, which lies in a high, irregular basin, completely encircled by mountains. Ah!" as they dashed around another sharp curve—"here we are at the gates!"

A short pause, and then the tram-car began to wind its way into a city which seemed a dream of mediæval Europe and the Orient mingled, as it lay like a brilliant jewel in the midst of its rugged fastnesses, the amphitheatre of brown mountains which surround it framing the mass of glowing and varied color that its houses, castles, and churches present. A sea-shell-pink is perhaps the pervading tone of color, with many soft tints of amber and a malachite green, which is the hue of the beautifully variegated stone largely used for building. The deep, cup-shaped valley in which the town lies, affords hardly any level space; and the streets, therefore, climb upward—sometimes by stairways—in all directions, run along the terraced mountain sides, where the massive dwellings stand tier above tier and turn zigzag in a multiplicity of irregular ways. Advancing farther into the heart of this unique city, what pictures reveal themselves on all sides! Softly-tinted houses with balconies of sculptured stone and glimpses through open archways of courts, like a vision of Granada, with their slender pillars and graceful springing arches, their flowers and fountains and delicately frescoed walls; tiled domes iridescent as a peacock's neck; towers rich with carving that looked like a lacework of stone against the dazzling azure of the sky; and everywhere a throng of brightly-dressed people, of laden burros, of picturesque artisans working in the doors of their small, dark shops, of splendidly mounted cavaliers—in short, all the varied life and activity of a busy and prosperous city.

Passing through these glowing scenes, the car at length gained the Plaza de Mejia Mora—a small square set like an emerald in the midst of the many-tinted surroundings—and paused to allow its passengers to descend.

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The greenness and beauty of this lovely spot was an unexpected pleasure to the eye, and after engaging rooms in the hotel that looked down upon its trees and shaded walks, the party set forth to enjoy the most enchanting sight-seeing they had yet known.

How can one hope to describe the scenes through which they wandered? Save in the hands of a consummate artist, words are poor instruments with which to paint such combinations of form and color as meet the gaze on every side as the feet pass through the winding ways of Guanajuato. The wealth drawn from the bosom of its great silver-bearing heights has found expression in the Moresque houses, rich with sculpture; in their exquisite courts and gardens, and in the splendid churches and public edifices; but there is not a foot of its twisting, irregular streets that is not richer still in lovely artistic effect, in vistas so full of vivid picturesqueness, as they climb upward toward the sky or lead downward to lower levels, that one can only pause to paint the scenes upon one's memory, and ask one's self by what spell this perfect mediæval city has been preserved untouched and unspoiled, to gladden one's eyes with its delightful beauty in the midst of the ugliness of the nineteenth century.

Up and down, among the bewildering network of streets, loitering under great archways, pausing for some vision of arcaded coolness wandering through the market-places where color seemed running riot, or climbing the platforms that lead to the great churches, the little group found everywhere fresh food for their enthusiasm and delight. It was Dorothea who stopped once and pointed over the intervening balustraded roofs to a superb tower of sculptured stone, thrown out against the deep-blue sky. "Let us find that church," she said. "It must be worth seeing."

"That is the Compañia," said Russell. "As the name indicates, it is a Jesuit foundation. Confiscated, of course—but the church has been spared for religious use, although the great community house is occupied as a barracks or something of the kind."

"Confiscation is a very economical business—for the government," said the general in a sarcastic tone. "It saves the expense of erecting any buildings for public purposes. I have yet to see the first that has not been stolen from some religious order. What an infernal set of robbers—"

"Papa!"

"I use the term advisedly, my dear. I repeat, what an *in-*

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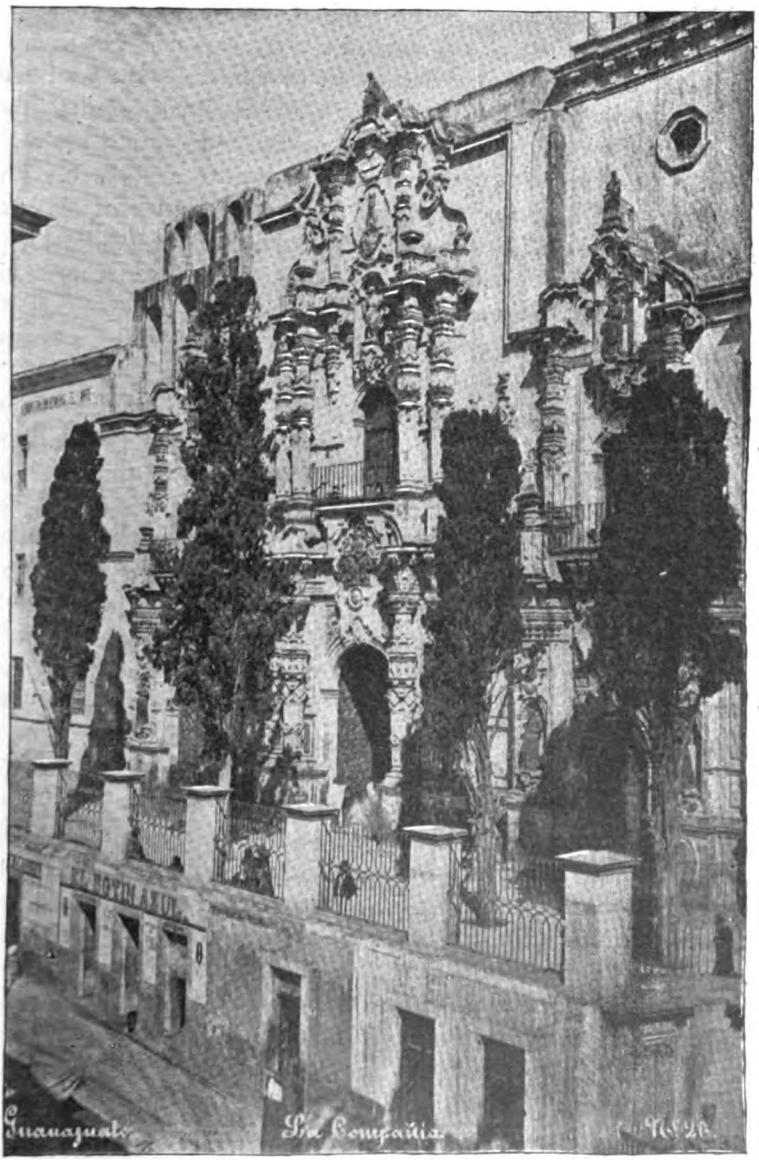
fernal set of robbers this country seems to have been cursed with ever since it set up a government of its own!"



THE OLD JESUIT CHURCH.

"Such robbers," said Russell, "that it is wonderful any rights of property remain untouched, and that the people as a whole have been so little demoralized."

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No less than eighty thousand dollars were spent in blasting out the level space upon which the splendid mass of the Compañia stands—a fact which will give some idea of the difficulties which have attended building in Guanajuato. Looking up at the great church proudly seated on its elevated platform, as one mounts the street leading to it, one has a sight as beautiful as it is imposing. Built of a pink stone which stands in exquisite contrast against brown mountain and sapphire sky, its richly decorated front is covered with elaborate sculpture. Over the central doorway stands the figure of the founder of the "all-conquering Company," other Jesuit saints fill the other niches, Faith, Hope, and Charity look down, the noble tower, rich in carving, rises above, and so far back that it looks as if it belonged to another building, the sunlight catches the gleaming tiles of the great dome.

Within something of disappointment awaited them. There can be no finer space and proportion than that which meets the eye on entering, but the interior was undergoing repairs which, from the nature of the work in progress, could not but be of long duration. In the apse of the sanctuary they found great blocks of stone on which the sculptors were at work in a faithful, artistic fashion beyond praise. There was nothing of pretence here. Every stroke of the chisel was guided by an eye trained to artistic perception, every wrought column was solid and firm, every arch as perfect in workmanship as in symmetry. They lingered long—interested in the work, admiring the result, questioning the men who were so courteously ready to answer, and whose delicate faces, lithe forms, and slender brown hands were so attractive to the eye.

Here also they found some fine old paintings, and when they presently emerged from the vast church—founded indeed on a rock, and rock-like in its splendid durability—into the narrow, picturesque street winding by, their attention was at once arrested by the great mass of another noble sanctuary.

"That is *la parróquia*—the parish church," said Russell. "It is generally taken by strangers for a cathedral, but Guanajuato is not the seat of a bishop."

La parróquia is a very beautiful old church, as it, too, stands on its *lonja*, or high platform, above the streets that run up and down around it. This platform is surrounded by a twisted iron railing with stone pillars surmounted by curious urns and crosses, and approached by a sweeping flight of semicircular stone steps. On these steps a beggar sits and holds out a withered brown

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hand for the alms which he asks *por amor de Dios;* a vender of pottery has established herself with all her wares around her, the graceful vessels with their glazed surface and decoration in brilliant tints making a mass of lovely color against the gray background of stone. The great doors of the church stand open. And here as elsewhere the interior is so simply and nobly conceived, the wide nave has such space, the arched roof such splendid height and upward sweep, that one loses sight of any unsatisfactory details in the beautiful effect of the whole, which is rich in carving and a gilding that has faded with time only enough to be harmonious, in soft lights and deep picturesque shadows, and above all in the sense of a peace so exalted that it falls like a touch of balm on the spirit. As through the ever-open portals figures come and go, gliding noiselessly across the floor, kneeling before shrines where beautiful old lamps of rare design have burned for ages, one feels how truly this church, and all like it throughout the land, has proved a sanctuary in the old mediæval sense—a spot where, through the terrible stress of war, the horror of revolution, the rough oppression and misrule, the spoliation, poverty and suffering, the people have come to lay down their burdens of anguish for a little while, to find a place of refuge from the racking torture of life, and to gather courage to endure with calm and steadfast patience unto the end. Such calmness, such pathetic patience one reads on many of these faces now, as they are seen for an instant in the shade of the great doorways before passing out to the dazzling world of light and color beyond.

It was a very dazzling world to the eyes of the group who presently left the cool, shadowy church, its dusky chapels and the richly decorated shrine where Nuestra Señora de Guanajuato stands, surrounded by lamps that have never ceased to burn in her honor since that distant day when Philip Second sent the little statue over sea and land as his gift to Guanajuato, and emerged into the outer sunlight. A charming little plaza, also elevated above the street and reached by flights of steps, is opposite the church. Here they went, to rest a little, to watch the throng of people passing constantly along the busy thoroughfares, and to decide what they should see and do next.

It was several hours later that they found themselves in what they unanimously declared to be the most charming spot they had yet seen. And indeed no one who has beheld the Presa de la Olla of Guanajuato will be likely to deny that it is one

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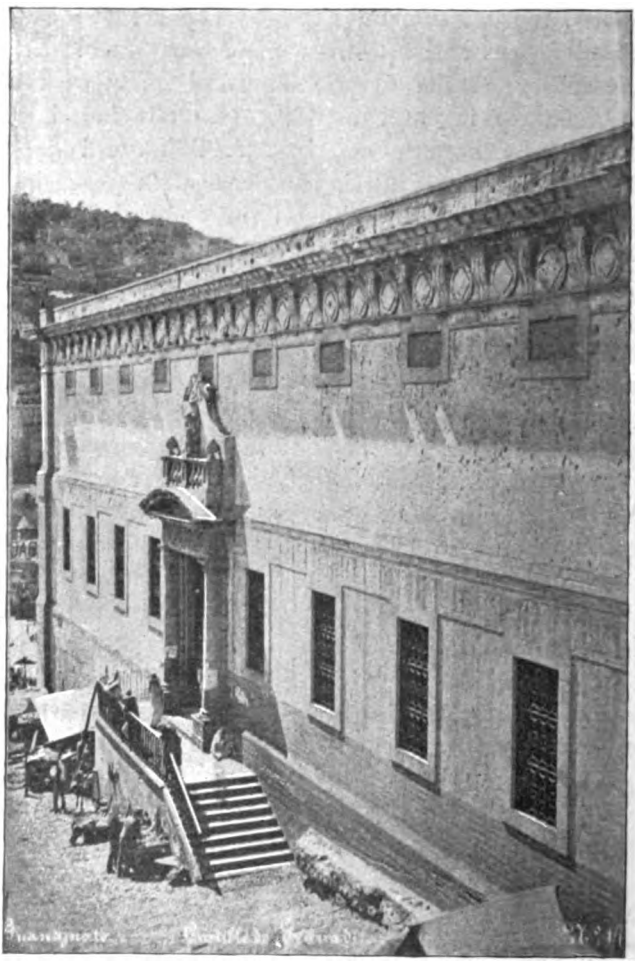
of the most charming spots to be possibly seen anywhere. The valley in which the city lies widens a little at this its upper end, and here a stream of considerable size descending from the mountains has been confined in a succession of reservoirs built one below the other in a series of basins limpid, rock-



THE ALHÓNDIGA, FAMOUS IN THE BLOOD-STAINED ANNALS OF THE CITY.

lined, overhung on one side by beautiful gardens and picturesque residences, bordered on the other by the road that winds up the gorge, which is also lined by handsome homes, while the great mountains rise abruptly into towering heights on each hand and enhance by contrast the fairy-like aspect of the scene. Broad paths lead over the massive dams that confine the waters,

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to the verdure-embowered houses that occupy the narrow space between the reservoirs and the precipitous cliffs rising behind them, their graceful arcades, frescoed in soft, lovely colors, reflected with almost startling distinctness in the mirror-like surface of the lakelets, together with the abundant deep-green foliage and gorgeously flowering shrubs that fringe their verges.

"Could anything be more exquisite!" cried Dorothea, pausing to contemplate one of these pictures—a vision of delicately painted arches almost hidden by overhanging vines and trees, birds singing in gilded cages, a tree laden with scarlet blossoms bending over the glassy surface of the water, a peacock displaying his magnificent tail on a low rock wall.

"They are pretty places," said the general, "but they give me an uncomfortable idea of dampness. Standing immediately on the water, with that mountain-like wall behind them, they are exceedingly suggestive of rheumatism."

"Oh, papa, how dreadfully prosaic!" said Dorothea with a laugh. "They seem to me enchanting—*casas de recreo* in the fullest sense, suggestive of all manner of fancies as charming as themselves."

"They do not suggest much of the serious business of life," observed Travers. "One can hardly imagine one's self doing anything in such a habitation except listening to a lady playing on a lute—and perhaps making love to her between whiles."

"How very tiresome to the lady that would be," said Miss Gresham with an air of innocent malice.

"They are certainly charming," said Mrs. Langdon. "But like papa, I wonder if there are not some possibilities of dampness about them."

"You must remember," said Russell, "that we are in a land of perpetual sunshine and nearly seven thousand feet above the sea. Dampness is almost an impossibility here."

So talking, they walked slowly up the winding roadway until they reached the end of the ascending gorge, where a plaza has been laid out in a garden full of flowers and all manner of tropical plants. Beyond and above it the great brown heights close like a wall, below the necklace of crystal lakes drops down in the midst of greenery, to the city glowing with sea-shell color, that lies in the heart of its deep valley and on the steep acclivities of its encircling hills.

"It is an entrancing place altogether," said Dorothea with a soft sigh of pleasure. "One could spend a long time here

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without wearying. And now, Mr. Russell, where shall we go next?"

"Tell us, Russell," said Mr. Travers with an air of resignation. "Don't keep us in suspense. Miss Gresham looks pale with anxiety to know what exertion will next be required of her."

"Well," said Russell tentatively, "yonder is the Cerro de San Miguel. How would you like to climb up there, inspect the fort, and take in a fine view of Guanajuato?"

"Admirable!" exclaimed Dorothea—but it was evident that the rest of the party were not inclined to attempt the ascent of the great hill upon which they could see the frowning bastioned walls of the Fort of the Archangel. There was a moment's silence and then Mrs. Langdon said:

"I suppose Dorothea will regard us very contemptuously, but I think I express the sentiments of the majority when I ask, can you not suggest something a little more accessible?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Russell. "There is the Alhóndiga de Granaditas, so famous in the blood-stained annals of the place, which you have not yet seen. It is very accessible, being in the heart of the city."

"The Alhóndiga!—we must on no account overlook that," said the general. "It seems to be the most interesting historical object in Guanajuato. I was reading last night a description of the siege it stood when the city was captured by the revolutionists under Hidalgo, and again when retaken by the Spaniards. There is nothing in history to surpass the horrors of either siege—but especially of the first."

"I, too, was reading that description the other day," said Mrs. Langdon, "and the wholesale slaughter that followed the capture of the citadel by Hidalgo's forces was so horrible that I do not wonder the Spaniards sent his head to ornament a spike on the building, when they captured him. Remembering all the excesses he committed, I can feel no interest in his career, nor pity for his fate."

"In extenuation, one should recollect that his army was only an undisciplined mob of half-civilized Indians, very difficult to restrain," said Russell. "Only success, with its accompaniments of bloodshed and plunder, kept the mass of them with him. You know, after his final defeat near Guadalajara, they melted away like the mists of morning."

"He had the power, or at least he might have manifested

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the will, to show some mercy to the Spanish garrison who had held the Alhóndiga with so much courage," said the general; "but they were butchered to the last man."

"The vengeance which the Spaniards took on Guanajuato was terrific," said Russell. "We are told that its streets literally ran with blood. But these are gruesome memories for such bright scenes. Shall we go and see the Alhóndiga? It is the city prison now, you know."

"I observe in the guide-book," said Travers, "a very sensible remark to the effect that 'in a Mexican prison are many creeping and hopping things which creep and hop from the unjust prisoners to the just visitors with most undesirable celerity.' So I think that I shall be satisfied with viewing the exterior of this famous building."

"I am sorry for any one," remarked Dorothea, "who in the midst of great historical associations, in a place where human endurance and human heroism have been displayed to their utmost limit, can think of anything so small as—"

"Creeping and hopping things?" asked her sister with a smile. "But although small, they are more to be dreaded than many much larger things; so I am inclined to decide also for the outside of the building. What do you say, Violet?"

"There is really little to be seen inside," said Russell. "The historical associations can be appreciated as well without as within, and the building is only worth entering for the view from the roof. That is very fine."

"Then," said Dorothea with decision, "I, for one, shall certainly see it, be the consequences what they may."

Travers looked at Mrs. Langdon with a laugh. "What is to be done?" he asked. "Shall we leave Russell and Miss Dorothea to risk the creeping and hopping things alone?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the general. "Not see a most interesting historical building because of such considerations—what nonsense!"

"Come," said Russell, also looking at Mrs. Langdon. "It is late enough for a good view from the roof, and I will warrant you against unpleasant consequences."

"Oh! in that case of course we will go," said she promptly, while Travers shrugged his shoulders slightly, as he fell back with Miss Gresham.

"I am really afraid of the result of this excursion on Russell's character," he confided to her. "The effect is not perceptible yet, but a man *must* become intolerable who is constantly

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telling people what they should do, and being deferred to and obeyed."

"It is more Dorothea's fault than Mr. Russell's," said Miss Gresham. "If *she* would have some moderation we should not be dragged into so many impossible places! Now, this prison—I really don't think that I care for it at all."

"Then why trouble yourself to see it?" her companion inquired. "We shall pass the hotel on our way, and you can stop there."

"Shall *you?*" she asked.

"I? Oh, no!" he answered. "I am weak-minded enough to generally go with the majority."

"I suppose it is best," she said with a sigh, for the ways that lead to the Alhóndiga are steep, and the solitude of her chamber at the hotel was not inviting.

It is certainly the most impressive object in Guanajuato, this great Alhóndiga de Granaditas, as it stands on the higher ground of the city, looking far more like the citadel of war, into which fate transformed it, than the peaceful commercial exchange for which it was erected. Few forts have ever stood more terrible sieges, and the shot-marks with which its walls are covered testify to the fury of the cannonading which it has suffered. Scarred with these signs of battle, bathed in memories of blood, each corner bearing still the grisly spike on which the head of a revolutionary leader was affixed, it is a picture never to be forgotten as it dominates the beautiful city like a stern reminder of the terrible scenes which changed it into a very Inferno of horror.

Fresh from the pages of history, where these scenes are written, the little group stood for some time gazing at the walls which are the memorial of so much endurance on the one side and daring on the other, of courage and heroism, of dauntless defiance and passions unloosed to do the work of fiends.

"God forgive the man who, without gravest cause, brings the unspeakable horrors of war upon a country!" said the general very solemnly at length. "Only those who have seen war know what it is. And if, under its influence, men who have inherited the civilization of ages become savages, what can be expected of those who have close behind them an absolutely savage past? What these walls have witnessed may answer."

"They witnessed the worst scenes of all the revolution," said Russell. "As savagery always provokes savagery, one side rivalled the other in excesses of cruelty. As for Hidalgo—I have

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not much admiration for his character, and scant sympathy for a priest who put himself at the head of anything certain to be so long and terrible as a war of revolution—but he must be granted patriotic intention and heroic courage."

"With him certainly the words were strikingly verified, that 'they who take the sword shall perish by the sword,'" said Margaret Langdon.

All eyes followed her own to the spike where that head once rested, the lips of which had uttered the Cry of Dolores—that stirring, heart-piercing cry which never died in the hearts of the people until Mexico had won the freedom that as yet has hardly proved a blessing to her. A plate let into the wall below the spike bears the simple name "Hidalgo," as at the other corners similar tablets bear the names of the other leaders whose heads were also displayed here—Allende, Jiménez, and Aldama.

But when they entered, and led by a courteous official found themselves on the roof of the building, it was easy to forget all memories of warfare and bloodshed in the contemplation of the scene spread before them. The encircling hills, on which the watchfires of Hidalgo's forces once burned, were now bathed in sunshine that wrapped like a mantle their great brown shoulders, which were dotted with mines surrounded by gray, bastioned, loop-holed walls, and mining villages out of which graceful church spires rose. At their feet the city lay in a mass of softly-mingled color, narrow streets winding through mediæval houses, plazas forming lovely bits of greenness, splendid towers thrown out against the sky, the noble sculptured façade of the Campañia standing proudly on its mountain platform, and the sea-green arches of the unfinished theatre catching the eye, while over all was spread a charm as subtle but as distinct as the sunset radiance which presently fell upon and glorified it, making the beautiful semi-Oriental picture of many-tinted buildings, of fretted spires and shining domes swim, as it were, in a sea of golden light for a few enchanted minutes before the purple twilight fell.

CHRISTIAN REID.

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THE CHILDREN'S LAND.

I KNOW a land, a beautiful land,
Fairer than isles of the East,
Where the farthest hills are rainbow-spanned,
And mirth holds an endless feast;
Where tears are dried like the morning dew,
And joys are many, and griefs are few;
Where the old each day grows glad and new,
And life rings clear as a bell:
Oh! the land where the chimes speak sweet and true
Is the land where the children dwell!

There are beautiful lands where the rivers flow
Through valleys of ripened grain;
There are lands where armies of worshippers know
No God but the God of Gain.
The chink of gold is the song they sing,
And all their life-time harvesting
Are the glittering joys that gold may bring,
In measures they buy and sell;
But the land where love is the coin and king
Is the land where the children dwell!

They romp in troops through this beautiful land
From morning till set of sun,
And the Drowsy Fairies have sweet dreams planned
When the little tasks are done.
Here are no strivings for power and place,
The last are first in the mimic race,
All hearts are trusted, all life is grace,
And Peace sings "All goes well"—
For God walks daily with unveiled face
In the land where the children dwell!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

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AN EDUCATIONAL BUREAU AND JOURNAL.

THAT strange paradox we call Life is ever bristling with serious problems. It is like the charged battery when negative and positive influences are brought to bear upon it. As by these very opposing forces the most magnificent effects are produced, so from the contending energies of man's brain and heart are developed some of the greatest results.

As we grope in a dim, uncertain way, after the lessons these problems teach we catch a glimpse of life's meaning, which, to many, is the greatest of all mysteries.

There is revealed the wondrous plan of creation, hoary with age, yet ever and again renewing its youth. True the creative act ceased when the Almighty beholding his work pronounced it good, yet the process of reproduction, of renovation still continues. From old ideas, principles, and symbols are wrought the new. This is true evolution as distinguished from its primitive meaning, which somewhat doubtfully credits Darwin with the brilliant idea that an immortal man can be evolved from a mortal monkey, or, as more recently suggested, that animated matter may be directly produced from the inanimate! Poverty-stricken Nature! Are her resources thus limited or exhausted, that man must come to the rescue? Such might be the inference from the views and theories of some of our latter-day sages.

Puzzling and baffling as seem many of these mysteries, the solution will come sooner or later through divine lights and inspirations given to man, as instruments, thus guiding all things to their destined end.

The heart of humanity, by its very longing, ever makes prophetic the great events of time. Long in travail and with much groaning have ignorance and oppression awaited their deliverance.

But oh! these birth-hours of history, what a glorious dawn do they ever foreshadow! The downfall of Constantinople, the uncrowning of its last Christian ruler, Constantine Palæologus, and the consequent extinction of the great Eastern Empire after a duration of eleven hundred and twenty-five years, followed by the dispersion of the Greeks through Europe—all this seemed certain disaster and ruin to civilization, yet proved quite other-

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wise. Those very exiled Greeks became the true light-bearers, scattering broadcast their priceless treasures of science and art, literature and philosophy, waking to new life and vigor man's dormant faculties.

THE WORLD AWAKENS TO A NEW LIFE.

That same fifteenth century gave a new world to the old, and with it freedom—true liberty in a broader sense than had ever been dreamed of. The spirit of discovery and invention ran riot, inaugurated by the mariner's compass, which, with the printing-press and steam, opened unknown regions in the world of mind and matter.

Later on, by girdling our globe with the magic electric current, the prophecy of Puck was more than fulfilled. Philanthropy brooded over this new order of things; prejudices were softened, arbitration hushed the cannon's roar, put the sword in its scabbard, and spiked our guns on the battle-field. Brain proved more effective than brawn. Those triumvirs, printing, steam, and electricity, with their progeny of inventions, have done more in one decade for the world's progress than in three millenniums before, as Europe's greatest statesman declares. Religion, under varied forms and names, has found its true mission, that of united effort for the public good.

This was well illustrated in 1884, when the representatives of fourteen countries, including Catholics, Protestants, and a Mohammedan, met at Berlin to frame a constitution for the Congo Free State. What a comment upon previous methods! To-day Christian civilization no longer recognizes serfdom or slavery. A wider charity prevails, making of the human race one family, with God as Father, and Christ as Brother. Our own lives, too, become parcels of this great drama, ever renewing its marvels of seeming contradictions. Through all, how clearly do we see in the retrospect each event as the essential complement of all the others. The whole becomes a lucid, living argument, "with nature for the premises, and his creatures for the conclusions,"—this same nature being but "another name for an effect whose cause is God."

The seed-corn of future history is still in the great Master's hand, to be scattered in the fulness of time, when the earth is ready to receive it. Under what varied forms does this Divinity reveal itself—"Shaping our ends, rough-hew them how we may!" With that wondrous power of ubiquity it pervades our government, giving us liberty, as another tells us. Appear-

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ing as the idealist in our literature, as the inventor in our more material life, as the friend of humanity in works of zeal and charity, ever the same Prince of Peace, His beneficent reign showers blessings manifold and universal.

A LARGER SPHERE OF ACTIVITY OPENS TO WOMEN.

Woman and her position, not the least among the world's problems to-day, must be met fairly and openly. In no better, surer way can she assert her claim to recognition by the wise and good than through an education enabling her to cope with man in efforts for a higher civilization. The few chances already given are fruitful in promise.

If, as we are told, "the object of teaching is to make men think, and the object of thinking to make men live," certainly a little more teaching and thinking would not come amiss for those making pedagogics a profession.

Teaching is character-building, the symmetrical development of manhood and womanhood. Knowledge thus imparted, or rather evolved, becomes the blessed germ of untold possibilities. Almost infinite wisdom seems necessary for such a mission. Given a marked fitness, special training, and unselfish devotion, supplemented by a healthy mind in a healthy body, behold a model teacher; then what results! How many can claim such a prestige?

WHAT TRUE EDUCATION MEANS.

Now we begin to see that instruction is not education, but requiring far more than "the give-and-take" method of question and answer, with the averaging accounts of monthly examinations, etc., needed, perhaps, as a stimulus, but "only that and nothing more." So both teacher and pupil should regard it, while they constantly aim farther and higher. It is the study of character in its many phases that will serve as the key-note in playing upon that "harp of a thousand strings"—child-life. Manners, habits, inclinations, and all the peccadilloes of human frailty must have their special restraint and culture. Here is the substantial part—the real pith of education.

Viewing this work in its true light, we see it not confined to youth, but beginning then, and ending—*never;* always and everywhere going on, well or ill, as influences may direct. A schoolroom is but the entrance-hall opening into those broader realms where, later on, the tools of knowledge, well sharpened and their uses understood, can be wielded with an effect that shall tell. The more fully this is realized, the more carefully will teachers

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forecast the destiny of their pupils, directing the training as capacity and inclination may suggest; and this, too, from the very beginning when their first timid glance seems to ask, "Why am I here? What is to be done with me?" Give these young immortals an aim for the duty required; awaken an interest; rouse enthusiasm; thus keeping their little faculties ever on the alert; the end in view will prove worthy their best efforts, however simple. Daily, hourly hold this up to them as in a mirror, animating, encouraging every step taken as bringing them nearer and nearer to their ideals and to the success awaiting them.

It is united, systematic effort on the part of our Catholic teachers, whether secular or religious, that will give us an education not for one parish, religious order, or diocese, but, like a grand, free government, be "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Teachers' associations, normal and summer-schools are indispensable to success. The Catholic Educational Union, Columbian Reading Union, and the Summer-School have struck the right chord. Through channels such as these will flow a more definite purpose and give a charm to what must be a labor of love if success is won. That too-isolated work of the past will disappear, and with it those personal, perennial hobbies often used at the expense of the veriest principles of common sense. Exposed in the full light of other and brighter minds, such defects will be noted and corrected.

That word Union in the preceding titles is an almost certain guarantee of success. Combination, organization, so typical of the age, must be the method adopted. Working hand in hand, heart to heart, for one common end, success must follow. Individual work will tell thereby none the less—nay, rather the more. Receiving much, we should give of our very best, that failure may not be laid at our door.

The grand event of America's discovery, made possible by the patronage of Catholic sovereigns, encouraged and blessed by the great Cardinal Ximenes, aided by the dauntless faith of Juan Perez, and the generous aid of the Pinzons, all consummated by the indomitable courage and unwavering confidence of Columbus the Catholic, should arouse every son and daughter of the church, firing them with pride, patriotism, and gratitude. True to the traditions of their ancestors, they cannot, must not prove unworthy of so wondrous a heritage.

Probably never before, certainly never as now, by such a favorable combination of circumstances can Catholic women compete with other leaders in the field of human progress. The

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various departments of the Columbian Exposition offer these advantages, making it the grandest school of human progress ever opened to eager, earnest students. The scholar, scientist, and inventor will there be typified in the marvels that his genius, skill, and research have embodied for the instruction and pleasure of the world. *Tolle et lege* the lessons there given. In grateful acknowledgment should the recipients contribute from their own resources to this the most worthy memorial ever offered as the united homage of the whole world to God for the gift of the Old to the New.

Our Holy Father, with his special benediction, gives every encouragement for the children of the church to prove their loyalty to their God, their faith, their country—a trinity one, eternal, inseparable, and universal. Here and now can we prove the integrity of our faith; there is and can be no middle ground for us. Concession is truly desirable for the promotion of peace and good-will; but let it never be at the expense of the very least principle of our holy faith. Nor need it. Each planet keeps its appointed orbit, moving therein peacefully and in perfect harmony with all the rest.

Thus shall it be with varying creeds and nationalities; each moving in its own circle, until a gradual yielding and blending of sentiments will give us facts and truths for opinions and theories. Then shall there be "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." The tide drifts towards this blessed haven, and sooner, perhaps, than we think will these favoring winds bring us safely to port.

ESTABLISH A TEACHERS' BUREAU.

As a means to this end, in connection with the Catholic Educational Exhibit at Chicago, under the able management of Brother Maurelian, could not a Teachers' Bureau be permanently established there? Let it be placed in the hands of the most zealous leaders of the profession, and fully equipped to do a great and beneficent work. Those pledged heart and soul to this enterprise, working for mutual good, aided by wise suggestions born of personal experience, will do much to smooth difficulties that retard the teacher's work. Active members of the profession can best settle that vexed question of religious and secular instruction in schools. Purest water comes directly from the fountain-head.

Suggestions will be gladly received, shaping course of study, discipline, requirements for teachers, etc., they being *ex-officio* members of the bureau. These observations duly reported at

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headquarters, shall be open for discussion through a first-class Educational Journal, so indispensable for the work in hand; the latter proposal having already been anticipated by that prince of the church and of educators, Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria.

While distinctly Catholic, let both the bureau and its journal be distinctly American. Love for church and country must be mutual, each intensifying the other. This work, indeed, is a national affair; we realize it daily more and more. Our education gauges our civilization, and our civilization our education. Guided by such sentiments we will re-form our Republic on the basis of the old. Eliminating defects, a stronger, nobler character will mark its dealings at home and abroad.

In anticipation of such a boon, and emphasizing the idea that "prevention is better than cure," that civilization can do more to check crime than the hangman's rope, a sort of educational quarantine might not come amiss, making school attendance compulsory, thus eradicating from the body politic ignorance and vice, with its train of contagious evils.

Ohio and Colorado have taken hold of the matter in earnest, accepting no excuse for non-attendance on the score of indigence, since they furnish not only books but clothing for those unable to procure them. As much, perhaps, might be done for needy pupils in Catholic schools through the bureau. Its advantages will soon appear, both in morals and economics. But primarily this bureau will become a channel for the broader culture of Catholic teachers, through united effort, giving access to whatever is an advantage in their profession, evolving the best methods, and consequently the best results. The want of this unity has been the chief obstacle to success.

With the journal it will prove a combination in its best sense, teachers of both sexes being admitted to its privileges. Formerly such organizations, limited to man, left woman isolated, a prey to her whims, fancies, and what-nots. She could not intrude on man's domain and still preserve her prestige. Such was the verdict.

What, then, is woman's sphere? Its limits are boundless as the horizon, and as the vaulted arch of heaven. Wherever her ability and its needs can find a footing, there let her advance. True to the instincts of Christian womanhood, no barrier need check her progress. An innate sense of the fitness of things will be her safeguard. Such helpers as these are needed everywhere, and, thank God! not found wanting.

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WHAT AN EDUCATIONAL BUREAU MIGHT DO.

Through the proposed bureau views and plans will harmonize, placing the teacher's work on a solid basis. Jealousies and rivalries must then cease. If your school is better than mine, gladly will I avail myself of its advantages; if I, too, have scored some good points, as readily will I return the favor. One heart and soul then animates the work.

Parochial schools will share in these benefits. Many of them in the larger cities do excellent work, hardly to be surpassed, but in some of the smaller parishes there is special need of just such light and aid as the bureau and journal can give. Did you know that 14,215,571 children are now under the instruction of 425,000 teachers in the public, private, and parochial schools of the United States? Many of these fall under the influence of Catholic teachers. In a decade or two they become the citizens of our Republic.

What a power, then, to-day in the hands of every educator! Our purpose and its fulfilment in this work seals the judgment of the Almighty for them and for us.

With even more emphasis might Frances Anne Kemble say to the teachers of to-day than to some young college graduates years ago:

> "A sacred burden is the life ye bear;
> Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
> Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
> Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
> But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

The proposed bureau will be a sort of Signal Service Corps, a beacon-light. Thrice blessed will be the aid and knowledge thereby gained. Much good wheat can be found when the chaff is thus well winnowed. To facilitate this work it could be under the control of a board of directors, composed of one from each diocese, the teachers thus conferring with their respective heads or delegates. A director-in-chief should have charge of the council thus formed, elected by its members, and in perfect sympathy with their views and plans.

One occupying such a position should be a representative Catholic citizen, with both elbows free, not hampered or guided by mere personal theories or self-interest, in no sense a crank, but, while open to conviction, yet working steadily and solely for the best interests of the organization.

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With such a leader, just think what a world of good might be accomplished! Old fads and fancies would yield to better judgment and wisdom. Suggestions might, no doubt, conflict at times; but if the shoes pinch, we need another pair. This *I think, I believe,* "*big I and little you,*" might do well enough for the old woman who lived in a nut-shell, but we've rented a broader domain. Your knowledge, my friend, may be above the average, but hardly sufficient to eclipse the united wisdom of the hundreds and thousands to be enrolled in the bureau.

Our right reverend bishops and clergy will certainly give their sanction to and support most cordially an enterprise that must so directly promote the welfare of each diocese, at the same time relieving them of much care and responsibility. No important step will, of course, be taken without their hearty approval and co-operation.

Many schools in one diocese often defeat success, being too heavy a tax upon people who, as a class, have all they can do to keep their own pots boiling, without helping to feed their neighbors' fires.

To relieve such a burden, let college and academy be established *pro rata* the inhabitants and their bank accounts. Competition has had too much of the say-so in this matter. Entering a field already occupied, perhaps in a "booming" town, the party soon found itself pushing or pushed to the wall, even at the expense of the beautiful law of Christian charity. Rivalry may be admissible, within limits, in business transactions, but hardly in the matters we are discussing. Let Christian courtesy prevail. Not the survival of the strongest, but of the fittest. Do we not, through a mistaken zeal, or from self-interest, too often lose sight of this spirit of charity?

IS THIS PROPOSAL TOO IDEAL?

Justly proud that in numbers we lead other Christian organizations; that the great and good are continually added to our list of converts; that cathedrals, churches, and schools adorn our cities and crown the hillsides of our towns and villages;—well that it should be so; but what of the spirit animating these works of zeal and piety? And yet the great law of sympathetic union must prevail as the only type of Christian fellowship. Its effects are patent ethically in social and political matters; still more should they appear in higher, holier fields of labor. Some may urge there is too much idealism about our enterprise. Admitted—with a qualification, however. Ideals of man seldom be-

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come much more than half a reality; yet for all this should we discard them *in toto?* They do a great, a blessed work; still greater, far more blessed, when the impulse, or, better still, the inspiration, which gave them being, by a hundred and a hundred times repeated effort, gives fuller shape and clearness to that ideal, making it a practical, vivid reality. Do we think less to-day of the ideals of famous inventors while reaping the benefits of their magic genius?

St. Vincent de Paul gave broad hints of this truth when he told his religious, the saintly Sisters of Charity, that their chapel would be the street, their communions acts of self-sacrifice by the bedside of some wretched victim of a loathsome contagious disease, their rest and recreations new labors. Here, then, in *duty* do we find the true essence and ideal of life, the most sacred offering of the creature to his Creator, a prayer reaching farther into heaven than any ever uttered by human lips, if at the expense of that duty.

This practical view of the teacher's work must prevail everywhere, in convent and secular schools. It is that which tells most effectively in the long run. Skilful grafting and pruning work wonders, fitting the pupils to deal with life as an affair above all others.

Unfortunately, many imagine a convent life to be purely ideal, a sentimental, up-in-the-clouds sort of existence. But the fact of the matter is, whether in or out of a convent, in this world of ours there is no genuine living on mere ideals, on moonshine, the odor of violets, etc. Nectar and ambrosia might answer for fabled gods and goddesses, but for brainy, great-hearted men and women, such as our age demands, something more substantial must be taken.

WE MUST HAVE IDEALS.

Rightly understood, ideals make us what we are. Let them be true, perfect, and holy, such in a measure must we become. Hence our standard of right and wrong varies with the dominant *motif;* therefore, the stronger, more abiding our faith in a Supreme Being, the higher will be that standard; like the guiding needle of the compass, it never varies from the wondrous magnet towards which it is so powerfully drawn.

A person with all the concentrated wisdom of Aristotle and his successors in philosophic science would count for no more, as far as a sense of obligation tells, than a South Sea Islander, each of whom seeks nothing higher than self-gratification. Remember still, the fountain rises no higher than its source.

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We know many things are right and just, and may do them for that reason alone; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, unless actuated by a higher ideal, we won't, when interest calls us elsewhere.

A teacher's work demands the holiest of all such motives. If thus actuated, she wields a magic, irresistible power; always infectious, it must be transmitted to her pupils; such as she is, such will they become; in a measure her living photographs—not exteriorly alone, but her very heart, character, and life will be reproduced with unerring fidelity.

Is there a calling nobler, grander than this? Realizing it fully, our educators must be inspired, animated, electrified, if you will, by the purest aims and broadest views. They must throw zeal and fire into their work. Humdrum, routine method, year after year, won't do. As well might the pupils be put into a machine which, by so many revolutions in a minute, produces a figure the exact counterpart of those it always has and always will evolve. No; none of this. The excellent work of others must not satisfy progressive teachers: still more, still better, will be the aim. Even their own work of to-day will not entirely meet the needs of to-morrow, which is ever advancing.

God alone can satisfy the highest of all ideals. Without him we are at sea minus sails, compass, and rudder. With him there is a spur to duty, a check to sin, strength and courage in temptation, light and comfort in the darkest hour. This being the animus of a teacher's life, her pupils cannot fail to be moulded into a higher type of manhood and womanhood. More correct views of good and ill, a delicate sense of honor, a tender regard for others' rights and the claims of justice will mark a character thus imbued with thoughts of God. This is true religion, which as its derivative meaning tells us, is a binding again of the soul to its divine Source. By those ignoring religion as the needed leaven of education, a certain kind of morality is urged and held up as all-sufficient for man's needs. But any morality that leaves out God as its basis, substance, and capstone, is no morality at all, but rather the "loose ends" of its shadow. The very thought of this Supreme Being as the propelling force of life, gives to it a grandeur and sublimity that shame all other lives, lowering them to the dead-level of self, their only aim.

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RELIGION IS A STRIVING TO ATTAIN THE GREAT IDEAL.

This truth is revealed more clearly in individuals than in the mass, each one standing out a distinct type of his ideals. In the hurry and pressure of life's duties, entailing a somewhat mechanical routine, we are apt to fall into a sort of religious rut, unless roused by some shock or challenge from those not of our faith. Then we begin to look around and say, What do we believe anyway? We are sure of our creed; is it not our sheet-anchor, buckler, "helmet of salvation"? Certainly the church's doctrines are infallible. Do you ask for more? Yes, yes; a living, intelligent faith, enabling you "to give a reason for the hope that is in you," to meet at every point any objections hurled against that creed as old as its Founder.

For this close study is needed, with careful examination of the pros and cons, since there are many nice points and shades of meaning in Catholic doctrine that the faithful may readily take for granted, but not so easily admitted by our opponents, might become to them a stumbling-block—"a lion in the way."

We are often supposed to believe things which we do not, and to ignore much that is common to every creed of Christendom, and which we, too, cordially accept. Familiarity with such points will be of special service to teachers. Their pupils, if non-Catholics, can then plainly see that the church is not so dogmatic as some imagine; obliging her children to swallow its doctrines in one dose, to take everything in a lump because it is her dictum.

Hence, the more intelligence in your faith, the more charity there is towards all of whatsoever creed, and the more good accomplished. The beautiful law of reciprocity thus ever works out it own blessed results; in fact, *must be them*, or it is no creed, no Christianity. "Faith without works is dead"; and a dead faith, like a dead body, is worse than none at all.

To attain this the more readily, catechism instruction should not be a conning and recitation of dry dogmas and facts, but rather an interesting study of the beautiful life of the Christ-Child through every scene, from the "Gloria in Excelsis," as hymned by the angels on that first Christmas at Bethlehem, to the closing scenes of Calvary and the Ascension. Each of them will then become a living, breathing poem, replete with lessons of love and holiness for life, death, and eternity.

All these and other truths of our holy faith can be illustrated by incidents from daily life, making the impression still more

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vivid. Its doctrines thus revealed as vital, practical truths must lead to lives of virtue.

The very stir and unrest in religious matters to-day is a good sign; it betokens an awakening to a truer sense of our position as Catholic Christians; that we are not such because of our ancestry, but from actual conviction of the truth; and if not the better Christians for this God-given faith, *it is high time we were!*

Catholic women, your ability and the needed opportunity for its outlet are not wanting; therefore do we the more earnestly herald and defend your cause, simply because by the very pressure laid upon us we cannot hold our peace.

Seeing wrong that must be righted, suffering pleading for relief, perhaps affecting your own flesh and blood, you, too, will be no longer silent. With others of your sex throughout the world, inflamed by the one desire of woman's advancement, you will seek and find this boon, through an education giving full scope to the powers of mind, to the better impulses of heart and soul. To effect this, an all-pervading spirit full of zeal and confidence must animate the work. Using another's metaphor, "Your cannon must be charged with ideas worthy of such a purpose."

So grand in their aim, so full of vim and fire must they be, that all obstacles shall be as if they were not. Triumphs, we know, are achieved only through struggles; the greatness of the one measures the glory of the other. It is not so much in the final achievement, as in the slow but certain step-by-step process, that at last crowns the work, and wreaths the victor with laurel.

These suggestions will serve as *pegs*, if you choose, upon which others may hang much valuable information. The bureau and its annex, the journal, being admirable channels for the same, we must have them—cannot do without them. Who says *I* first?

F. M. EDSELAS.

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OVERBERG: A PIONEER IN MODERN PEDAGOGICS.

IN Councillor Schlosser's recollections of Goethe the great pantheistic poet is quoted as saying: "I feel myself ever anew, as though by some mysterious power, drawn toward those genuine Catholic natures which, having once acquired peace themselves in unswerving hope and faith, live at peace with others, doing good from no consideration other than that it comes natural to them, and that God so wills it. For such natures I cherish abiding reverence."

As known to every student of Goethe's life, it was in the house of the Princess Amalie Gallitzin that he had the opportunity of getting face to face with Catholics, and no one doubts that when speaking as quoted he had in mind, besides the princess herself, such men as the brilliant Fuerstenberg, vicar-general of Muenster, and the humble and retiring but none the less remarkable Bernhard Overberg. Of these two Overberg appears to me by far the more interesting.

He was born on May 1, 1754, in a village in the diocese of Osnabrueck, his father being a poor peddler. The parents were pious, and from earliest years imbued their son's mind with that filial trust in Providence which was never to leave him, not even in days of bitter trial. From the start the child did not appear a promising one. Not till in his fifth year did he learn to walk, and he had worn out eight A B C books before he was able to read. However, the boy early conceived a wish to become a priest, and accordingly read and prayed with double zeal, that he might be able to carry out this intention. He soon progressed in intellectual achievements, and at sixteen was sent to make his classical course at a Franciscan gymnasium. From there in 1774 he went to the episcopal seminary at Muenster. A characteristic incident, suggestive of his future career, dates from this time. His vacations he spent with his mother, who had been for some years a widow. Among the children in the neighborhood were some that had not been allowed to make their first Communion owing to the insufficiency of their knowledge. Their parents asked Overberg to instruct them, and so he did. At first he tried the customary method, giving the children

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questions and answers from the catechism to learn by heart, and examining them the day following. But the children, poor of memory as they were, could not retain the answers, and for a while the young teacher thought this his first attempt destined to be a complete failure. Suddenly, however, it came to his mind to try another way, and having dropped the dry catechism he began to tell his pupils stories from the Bible. His peculiar talent for setting forth in words living pictures of biblical events and characters was here tested for the first time, and with a result than which none could have been more gratifying. The children brightened up, they listened attentively, and gave proofs of having caught both at the events related and the moral teachings these were to convey. Next fall the children were readily admitted to Holy Communion.

HE IS ORDAINED PRIEST.

Overberg was ordained in 1780. Fuerstenberg offered him the advantageous situation of tutor in a family of high rank, but the young priest had other aims in view, and declined. Shortly after he was appointed curate at Everswinkel, a little country place, where, besides his board, he received a salary of thirty dollars a year.

To the zeal with which he worked in the ministry both Protestants—as, for example, Professor Schuberth of Munich, who wrote Overberg's life—and Catholics have borne ample testimony. Particularly characteristic of the man were his constant efforts to make his sermons at once plain and impressive. Eloquence in the usual sense they had none, but occasionally he delivered them with a kind of dramatic effect. An old village smith, at whose shop the curate often called on his long walks, related the following: "Once he preached on the wedding garment. The wedding garment, said he, signifies a Christian's dignity, conferred upon us in baptism, which we are bound to preserve in order to render account of it before God on the day of judgment. Let us imagine ourselves standing before the throne of God, summoned to render that account! Now followed question upon question. What shall we answer? asked Overberg, and for a while remained silent. Then came, in a voice almost choked with tears, the sentence of the parable: 'And he answered not a word!' With that he took his biretta and left the pulpit. The congregation remained motionless in their pews for some time, and then went out one by one, without the usual chatting."

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HE BEGINS HIS LIFE'S WORK.

As was to be expected, Overberg turned his attention particularly to the instruction of the young, which at his request was made over to him entirely by the pastor. The old method, consisting merely in lessons learned by heart and then repeated, had never satisfied him and was now done away with. In three years he acquired such a reputation as a catechist as to induce Monsignor Fuerstenberg to come unexpectedly on a Sunday afternoon in order to convince himself by personal observation as to the merits of Curate Overberg's method. The result was that he offered the young priest the place of teacher at the Normal School, and, moreover, compelled him to accept it.

Consequently, in March, 1783, Dean Overberg, as he was to be called henceforth, moved to Muenster, and took up his residence at the episcopal seminary.

Whatever may be said against the so-called enlightened period (*Aufklaerungs-Periode*) at the close of the last century and the beginning of this, we cannot refuse to sundry of its representatives the credit of having entertained a sincere belief in the efficacy of education, and of having made correspondingly strong efforts to bring it within the reach of all classes of society. Unfortunately, the educational questions were too often to these men so many mathematical problems, to be solved everywhere according to precisely the same rules, and with infallibly the same results. But where men like Fuerstenberg and the former curate of Everswinkel took the lead these less pleasant aspects of the educational movement were not perceptible, and results of enduring value were obtained. Needless to remark, that the rapid development of the natural sciences and the altogether altered situation of the masses have necessitated such changes in matters educational since the days of Bernhard Overberg, that we should be sadly at sea were we at the present day to be guided exclusively by such works as his *Guide* or *Manual*—justly famous at the time of their publication and long after. For us now to study those books would be simply waste of time, but we shall never regret having spent a while in the company of the man that wrote them, thus getting acquainted with what is far more interesting and elevating than a standard book—a standard character.

The task imposed upon Overberg was, so to speak, to teach school-masters the science of teaching in a two or three months'

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course, which was to be gone through during autumn vacation. To this office was soon joined the school-inspectorship for the diocese.

HE IS MADE SCHOOL INSPECTOR.

When Overberg entered upon his duties there was no want of schools in Muenster; the country was rather crowded with them. But they were schools often by name only. The school-masters in the towns and large villages were generally persons who had gone through their course of studies at the gymnasium with a view to become priests, but had been obliged to give up either for want of ability, vocation, or for some other cause In the little villages the school was kept in winter by a day-laborer, who in summer worked in the fields. Instruction was limited to learning the catechism by rote and to reading, and it goes without saying that even in these branches the children were often sadly deficient. Writing was taught in a few schools only, arithmetic hardly in any. Even the better schools were mostly without writing-desks and often without a stove. In most of the small villages the school was in some out-building.

Here was work indeed for a conscientious man. Fortunately Overberg was equal to the task. And fortunately Fuerstenberg approved of every reform he proposed. School-houses were erected and the improvement of the school-masters was attended to in a very practical way. An increase of salary was assured to such as proved fit for their office by an examination, this examination being held every three years. Those who turned out deficient were required to attend the normal instruction until sufficiently advanced.

What sort of men Overberg had thus to make school-masters of within the compass of a few months may be easily gathered from what has been already said. Only too many of them had chosen their present occupation as a refuge from poverty. In the beginning Overberg gave all the instruction himself: in the forenoon from nine to twelve, and from two to five in the afternoon. The branches were general pedagogics, religion, reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the spare time he took into his own room those who were exceedingly dull and ignorant, to help them on by private instruction.

Overberg would first put before his pupils the great dignity of a teacher's office, its influence, which extends even through eternity, and its corresponding importance. Terrifying he could be when drawing a picture of the havoc made by a

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bad school-master, and the maledictions thereby heaped upon his head, but with greater length and evident satisfaction he would dwell upon the blessings a good teacher may earn, and the reward prepared for him here below as well as above. Once, while he was thus expounding the consequences of particular vices and virtues, and of certain mistakes in the management of children, an old country school-master, struck with the fidelity of the picture, burst out in his quaint Low-German dialect: "Mr. Overberg, that is exactly the way they do where I come from."

Dean Overberg was fond of a good joke, and laughter often followed his utterances. His delivery savored nothing of the pulpit, nor of the ordinary professor's chair; it was a good deal like ordinary conversation—one friend talking to another, or telling him a story.

HE TEACHES THE TEACHERS.

In the teaching of catechism he strongly advocated coming down to the level of ideas possessed by children. For example, a child should have its attention drawn first to the numerous benefits it receives from its parents, and to the superior power and knowledge that are theirs. Then it should be told to represent to itself God under the image of a father who, with infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, gives to men what all of them combined could not procure for themselves. The wonders of creation had always been to Overberg a mirror of the Divinity; his love of flowers and animals was proverbial among his friends. Mice became tame and domesticated in his room; he called the spiders his companions, and could but with sorrow see their ingenious webs being swept away. In this, as in some other points, Overberg's character was pleasantly akin to that of St. Francis of Assisi. He earnestly recommended to his pupils to make a study of God's creatures. He was of opinion that a school-master, particularly in the country, should frequently instruct his scholars in the open air and make them familiar with the manifold lessons of nature.

The method, high in favor with some educators, of imparting every kind of knowledge in the form of catechism, was not approved of by Overberg; this way of teaching too often, in his opinion, tending to elicit from the children answers on matters about which they cannot possibly possess any knowledge. Such cramming leaves the heart and the imagination altogether idle and neglected.

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In teaching arithmetic the good dean particularly insisted that the children be made not only to understand the reason of what they were doing, but, if possible, to invent rules for themselves.

His pedagogical work was not limited to the school-masters only. As early as in the seventeenth century separate schools for girls, under the care of mistresses, were established in the towns and villages of the diocese of Muenster, but no provision had ever been made for the education of these mistresses. It was reserved for Overberg to open at the Normal School a course for school-mistresses, and to achieve as their educator a success considered by many even more signal than what he had attained with the men. In one of the official reports contained in Beckdorf's *Annual Register of the State of Education in Prussia* the following may be read: "In regard to the efficiency of the school-mistresses and their fulfilment of their duties, it is found by experience that, generally speaking, the girls' schools which are under the care of mistresses are in better condition than the masters' schools. More activity, more evidence of healthy life, greater attachment on the part of the children, are observable in the girls' schools.

In almost all the larger villages the school-children were divided according to sex; but this was not always the case in the hamlets. It then happened that in some of these, where means could not be raised to pay a master, female teachers, satisfied with a smaller stipend, were placed over schools to which boys and girls resorted together. The result was in every way a satisfactory one.

There was at Muenster a convent, commonly called the French convent, established during the Thirty Years' War by three French nuns who had been driven out of Lorraine. Having been appointed chaplain to the nuns, Overberg naturally came to take part in the instruction of the children in their school, although he was not under any obligation to do so. His rule was to visit the place thrice a week; the first time he taught arithmetic; the second, Bible history; the third, Christian doctrine. Sometimes he brought with him the school-masters from the Normal School that they might study his methods.

He used to have the children form a half-circle around him; then, after having greeted them with cheerful familiarity, he would bring forward some of the very little ones from behind the taller ones, place them in the first rank, and begin a talk with them on something quite familiar to them, and seemingly

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with no connection with the subject-matter of the day. In a short time, however, he tied on, in a way surprising though natural, some point of the lesson, which thus appeared in a new light and in surroundings which must needs make it easily accessible for the children's intellect.

In Overberg's journal I find the following characteristic entry for July 6, 1790: "I know not when I have been able to speak with more warmth to the children of the French school than today. The majestic thunder, occurring at the very time of my instruction, and as if ordered by God's goodness, gloriously aided my description of the day of judgment. The doctrine of the last things must have in it something universally easy to comprehend and to interest, since the attention of the children can be kept riveted upon it with singular facility; and it appears to me to have an effect of peculiar force upon their will."

Of course the children loved their gentle instructor. On his arrival he was greeted with a shout of joy: "Mr. Overberg!" When he had been made Dean of Ueberwasser the school-mistresses told their pupils they must now say "Very Reverend Mr. Dean." This somehow unsettled the confidence of the little souls, and one of them who, heretofore, had been particularly forward in running to him, now stayed timidly behind. Noticing this he asked: "What is the matter? Have you forgotten me?" There was a moment's silence, and then probably the good man's smile was too enticing, for all of a sudden she shouted: "No, Mr. Overberg!" and rushed into his arms. Of course he told them to go on calling him *Mr.* Overberg.

HE FORMS THE CHARACTER OF PRINCE GALLITZIN.

As already hinted, the form of Overberg's books is now antiquated, but in the course of this article enough has been said to show that the main trend of his educational efforts was modern in the best sense of the word. As a matter of fact, sundry reforms that are considered the boast of modern pedagogics were foreseen and prepared for by the Dean of Ueberwasser. Even among his contemporaries many acknowledged his great gifts, and soon his influence received an opportunity to make itself felt in wide circles. The name of Princess Amalie Gallitzin, the mother of the sainted apostle of West Pennsylvania, is a household word with American Catholics. They may some of them have read the characteristic anecdote how, when her son, just at the moment of his departure for America, suffering from one of his old attacks of indecision, turned back from the yawl

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that was to carry him on board the ship, she seized his arm and with the words, "Dimitri, I blush for you!" urged him on with such a good will that he fell into the water and had to be fished up by the sailors. But probably only a few are aware that to Overberg's influence must chiefly be ascribed the high degree of Christian perfection attained by the princess, and that it was to him she afterward looked for consolation and succor when she and her absent son were overwhelmed with reproaches and troubles on account of the latter's decision of entering the priesthood. It is true that it was not until he had arrived in America that the young prince embraced the Catholic religion, and sought admittance into a seminary; yet no one doubted that the seed had been sown by his mother and her confessor. And it is easy to conceive the mingled feelings of anger and contempt with which the news was received by his European relatives and acquaintances, and most of all by his Voltairean father, thinking, as they did, that he had voluntarily abandoned all that was attractive and enviable in life.

HE INFLUENCES A LARGER CIRCLE.

It was Fuerstenberg that had recommended the princess to choose Overberg for her confessor, and for a while she was contented with his occasional visits; but soon she wished to enter on the same relations with him as existed between St. Vincent de Paul and Madame de Gondi; St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa; St. Francis de Sales and Jane Frances de Chantal. She longed for uninterrupted spiritual intercourse with this humble priest, at once so childlike and so wise. She was desirous of being perpetually under his direction. In one way only could this be effected—by Overberg's becoming a member of her household. For some time she refrained from submitting this project to him for decision, lest he might reject it altogether; but finally she took courage, and to her great joy she was not disappointed.

In 1789 "the dean" took up his residence in her palace at Muenster, and remained there for about seventeen years as her chaplain; and after her death, in 1806, for still three years more as the chaplain and confessor of her daughter.

In this princely home he soon saw gather a circle of men famous throughout Europe for learning and genius. High ecclesiastics; philosophers such as "the Sage of the North" Hamann, Hemsterhuis, and Jacobi; poets also, foremost among whom was Goethe, not to speak of sundry stars of lesser magnitude, brilliant in their day, but long since extinguished. All these sought

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introduction into that Catholic household, and were often fair enough afterwards to confess that nowhere had they enjoyed such soothing comfort, such serene rest. There is no doubt that Overberg's daily intercourse with these eminent persons proved to him in several ways a boon. He in turn influenced the princess's friends, at least through her, whose soul he was day by day developing in the spiritual life. He and she had imposed it on themselves as a duty to warn each other of their respective faults and imperfections; they kept up a constant communion of prayer, and laid their affairs of conscience united before God.

A sentence which was found among the writings of the princess doubtless expressed her relations to Overberg: "The greatest and most indubitable evidence of true friendship is when two persons, in their most intimate prayer to God, can, without hesitation or doubt, without reflection or limitation, venture to say WE."

As stated above, Overberg still remained in the princely residence after the edifying death of the princess. This occurred in 1806, after many years' illness, replete with excruciating sufferings. In 1809 he was appointed president of the Episcopal Seminary, and consequently had to take up his domicile there. By this time he was, it is true, only fifty-five years old, but indefatigable labor had already weakened his bodily vigor and bent his frame. The thin locks around the bald crown of his head had become white, and his genial face had assumed a look of seriousness.

AS PRESIDENT OF THE BISHOP'S SEMINARY.

The seminarians attended lectures of theology at the Academy, while to the superiors of the Seminary was reserved their practical, ascetical, and liturgical training. To Overberg fell chiefly the ascetical part, and nowhere could he have been more truly in his element. His own striving for perfection had furnished him with a rich store of experience. From his close and untiring observation of himself, the record of which has been preserved in his diary, he knew the most hidden folds of the human heart. But he effected more by example than by word. Once a Protestant periodical, reviewing one of Overberg's pedagogical works, made use of the following words: "This book is the production of a man who, so we are informed, thinks and acts as he speaks and writes." In these words is revealed the secret of his astonishing success as teacher and as priest, as chaplain to the great of this world and as instructor of humble levites.

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None was ever more careful than he to turn his every hour to account. Besides the duties imposed on him by the Seminary, he labored for many years as a counsellor on educational matters to the consistory, conducted the Normal School, preached, catechised, heard confessions, and visited the sick. He wrote an incredible number of letters to people applying for advice and on the most varied matters. Seminarians, school-masters, priests, children, penitents, persons of all sorts and conditions, from the town and from the country, came to him whenever they happened to want assistance or consolation. There were incessant knocks at his door, and he allowed all to enter; he laid aside his book or his pen, and spoke with each visitor in the kindest way.

His study contained a considerable collection of books, which he procured for the purpose of giving away as well as of lending, and odd pieces of furniture in so many shapes and colors as to make it evident to everybody that the furnishing of his apartment had been left entirely to chance. His meals he took with the students, seldom accepting invitations to dine out.

He strictly insisted on the observance of the rules of the Seminary. No wilful transgression of them, albeit in the slightest matter, was suffered to pass unreproved. He spoke on this subject quietly indeed, but with equal seriousness. Once, it is related, his zeal got the better of his usual temperate manner. Some of the older seminarians, soon to receive holy orders, had repeatedly broken the rules. In an address to the seminarians Overberg expressed himself severely about this, saying that they would have to make thorough satisfaction for their bad behavior before he could give them the testimonial of good conduct required for their ordination. "You know, gentlemen," he concluded, with unusual vehemence, "that I do everything to please you, but never will I tell a lie for that purpose!" However, this was an exceptional incident. In general order and discipline prevailed without any admonition being needed. Overberg's words were mostly consoling, encouraging, full of love. The seminarians could go to him for advice at all hours, and they were always sure of a kind reception. But probably it was when giving, after night prayers, the points for next morning's meditation that the power of his words and individuality impressed most deeply the minds of his young hearers. Many seminarians, who for years had heard him every evening, declared that they never went away unmoved. With his eyes turned downward, his hand on the desk, the venerable old man spoke a few sentences as simple as their tone was touching.

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Of his life in the seminary anecdotes are told that to devotees of French literature recall such figures as Hugo's Bishop Myriel and the Benedictine Father in Paul Bourget's "A Saint," in *Pastels of Men*—a picture to my mind more beautiful than Hugo's, because more truly Catholic. Many things were stolen from him. One of the hangings in his antechamber was found cut off in the middle. He supposed that some woman in great distress to get a suit of clothes for her baby had done it, and so without further investigation he had what was left of the curtain removed, and paper pasted over the lower part of the window. Fully aware that nothing was safe in this room, he took pains that others should lose nothing there, and if he saw any of his visitors about leaving their hats there, he would remind them to bring them inside.

Once, in a very cold winter, a seminarian was with Overberg in his room when he caught sight of a beggar just passing out at the seminary gate with Overberg's coat. He pointed out the tramp to the president, and offered to run after him. "No, no!" said Overberg hastily, "let him go. I don't want the coat, and see how much he needs it."

HIS INNER LIFE.

This man, whom many would call too lenient towards others, treated himself with unrelenting severity. His diary abounds with self-reproach, directed especially against what he calls his vanity and lack of charity. He fancied that he took too keen a delight in his literary successes, and at times he was sorry for having indulged in impatience and harshness. For instance: "I sinned yesterday against the love of my neighbor, by speaking somewhat harshly with no good reason, and I sinned from impatience with the woman who complained that her child had been sent away from school. I should not have refused to listen to her." I need scarcely remark that, without being morbid or over-scrupulous, Overberg censured in himself as serious faults what to others seemed hardly, if at all, noticeable. In this there was no hypocrisy: doubtless he had his particular weaknesses and temptations like everybody else, only he became by constant and assiduous watching more and more able to perceive their slightest movements, and to check them at once. So it was with a tendency to melancholy of which he, like Frederick Ozanam, never wholly got rid, and which often gave rise to painful interior conflicts. Somewhere in his diary he says: "It has become manifest to me that it is a duty, not only to take care that we

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do not distress others and disturb their pleasure and happiness by a disagreeable, peevish temper, but also to strive as much as possible, by showing a contented spirit, by kindness and cheerfulness, to cheer up others." To his success in this effort no end of witnesses have given testimony.

Still, he had been a great worker, and he was for more than half his life a great sufferer. Rheumatism of a very painful kind often kept him confined to his room; for a whole year he was unable to visit the schools. By his sedentary habits he brought upon himself a long-enduring internal disease, so that nobody need wonder that now and then he would feel tired and give vent to his feelings in exclamations like the following (from his diary): "O happy necessity of dying!—what would the world be without thee?"

HIS LATTER YEARS.

Howbeit it was not until many years after this had been penned that the "happy necessity" was to approach him, rapidly and, as it were, visibly. From about the year 1824 it is manifest, from utterances in his letters and other facts, that he thought his death near at hand. The increasing infirmities of age were not his only reasons for this belief. It appeared to him that his personal work had ceased to be pressingly needed. Long had he been aware how imperfect the training of the school-masters must needs continue to be, by reason of the short time allotted to their normal instruction. From the very beginning of his labors in the cause of education the establishment of a seminary for teachers had been the object of his most longing desires. But many things combined to cause delay; most of all, of course, the Napoleonic wars, and it was not until in 1825 that the seminary was opened at Bueren. In the fall of 1826 Overberg gave his last normal course, with his accustomed zeal; only his increasing ill-health had obliged him to leave the instruction in pedagogics to the vice-president, and to reserve for himself nothing but the religious lectures. During the course itself he was making the last preparations for his departure from this world. It was afterwards discovered that within this time he had either written out again or altered his will. On the 7th of November he concluded the course with the words, "Now let us put all things into the hands of our good God!" and in the evening he as usual gave out the points for next day's meditation. By a strange coincidence he found occasion that night to dwell once more on the subject which throughout his whole life

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had been nearest to his heart—namely, the duty of a pastor often to visit the schools of his parish. He spoke with even more than usual feeling, and, contrary to his habit, sat down after having given the points, for some minutes enlarging further on his favorite idea.

The next morning his servant found him lying on the sofa, half-dressed, and in a fainting fit. Two doctors were sent for, but they did not consider the case serious. However, when toward evening he tried to get up he again fainted, and henceforth he remained in bed. The same evening he made his confession and received the last sacraments, evidently with deep emotion. Friends came to see him the day following. One of them had shortly before sent him some grapes. Mindful, as ever, of others more than of himself, Overberg pressed his hand and said in a low voice: "Don't worry; it was not your grapes that did it."

He expired in the afternoon. The last utterance ever heard from his lips was, in a whisper, some words from a well-known German hymn:

"Jesus, for Thee I live!
Jesus, for Thee I die!"

The funeral took place on Sunday, November 12. A procession composed of all ranks, conditions, and ages, from the highest ecclesiastical and civil authorities down to babies just able to walk, filed silently along the road from the seminary to the cemetery. Thirty-six seminarians, with lighted torches, surrounded the hearse.

Soon after Overberg's death a monument to his memory was set up in the seminary yard. It is still there: an obelisk with his name, Bernhard Overberg, and brief inscriptions commemorating his work. More eloquent than the obelisk itself is the fact that it was raised by contributions from an unusually large number of people, among whom were all the school-teachers and many poor people. At the death of this man, as throughout his life, heart spoke to hearts.

JOSEPH ALEXANDER.

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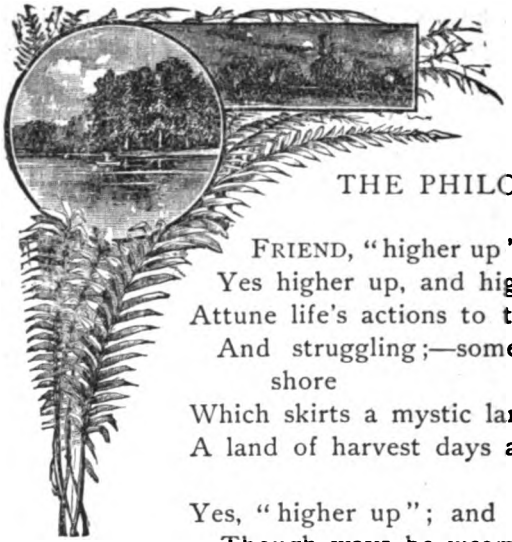

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STRIFE.

FRIEND, "higher up"—that is a motto true;
Yes higher up, and higher yet: aye more,
Attune life's actions to these phrases few
And struggling;—some time you will sight a shore
Which skirts a mystic land that lies us near,
A land of harvest days and harvest cheer.

Yes, "higher up"; and never cease to strive,
Though ways be weary and the landscape dim,
Though faltering hearts may somewhile fail to drive
The engine of the muscle, nerve, and limb;
The passion's impulses grow strong within
To cast the spirit down—yet strive; you'll win.

Up, higher yet; each triumph of the will
From time to time exalts the abstract soul,
If what we seek within life's weary mill
Is born of God's own Truth, and if the goal
And purpose of our reason's fight be pure
And consecrate to things that must endure.

Aim higher still! Although the ways beyond
Seem not now pregnant with a recompense,
God pays his debts in gen'rous drafts in hand,
And years are as but moments in his sense;
For with each triumph gained fresh strength is grown
That is God's spirit law, the debt he'll own.

DANIEL SPILLANE.

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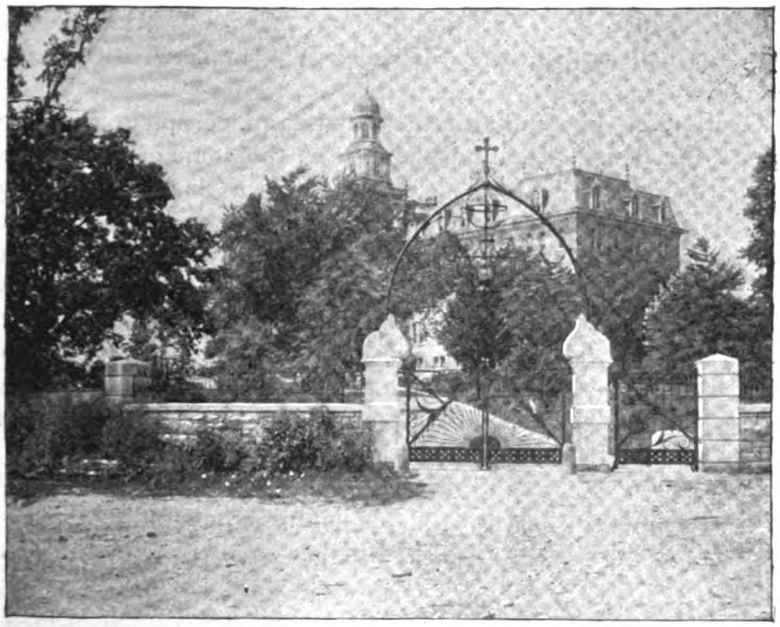

THE ROADWAY PASSES BETWEEN TWO GRACEFUL PILLARS.

MARYVILLE: A WELL-KNOWN CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART.

ALL who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of the youth." Centuries ago Aristotle uttered the above sentiment. It is none the less true to-day. We must educate our youth toward the God that the spirit of the times is trying to argue out of existence.

In a recent number of *Harper's Magazine* Julian Ralph has a paper on "The New Growth of St. Louis." He treats exhaustively the wonderful enterprise, growth, and energy of that city: makes special mention of her enormous output of beer and tobacco, "catering to human weakness"; speaks of the parks that are the crowning glory of the city, and devotes *one line* to her schools and old, cultivated society.

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To visit St. Louis, to write of her, and then to have no mention of her true "crowning glory," her educational institutions, is to all loyal hearts the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

Overlooking the bluffs of the Mississippi, conspicuously visible beyond the dense city atmosphere, rises the dome of one of these famous institutions—Maryville, a well-known Sacred Heart Convent. At night it is most picturesque. As the river-steamers pass up and down its hundreds of lights twinkle in the darkness, its glowing cross flashes out a triumphant message to the sky. Situated on a bend of the river south of the fair city of St. Louis, the broad, majestic Father of Waters sweeps by on either side. To the west, as far as eye can see, roll the vast reaches of the prairie, until the dim brown line of earth melts into the gray of the overhanging sky.

The name of Mother Barat is indissolubly linked with the Order of the Sacred Heart as its foundress, and although in her day there were some foundations of her community in this coun-

VIEW OF THE CHAPEL FROM THE DOOR.

try, yet she never came to our shores. We owe to the heroic Madame Duchesne, one of her noblest daughters, the extension and cultivation of what is to-day one of the most efficient educational orders in the United States. In 1818, shortly after our second war with England, when the new nation was beginning to feel her power, when she was just turning her attention to

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the settlement of the great broad lands that lay between the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountains, Madame Duchesne obtained the dearest wish of her heart, and was sent on the American mission. The first years spent in America by this noble

THROUGH THE EXTENSIVE LAWNS TO THE CONVENT.

soul and her devoted daughters were full of the utmost hardships, crosses, trials, and disappointments. The growth and formation of the order in solitary regions, amidst primeval forests, amongst hostile or indifferent populations; the gradual advance of the work which was destined to take such deep root and extend far and wide in the New World, furnishes to us of the present luxurious era an example of what love of God can do when shining from the pure depths of a woman's zealous heart.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, as if conducted specially under that loving patronage, the little band of intrepid souls landed on the shores of the New World. The first settlement was at St. Charles, Mo. In 1827 was established in St. Louis what is now spoken of as the "old house." As the needs of

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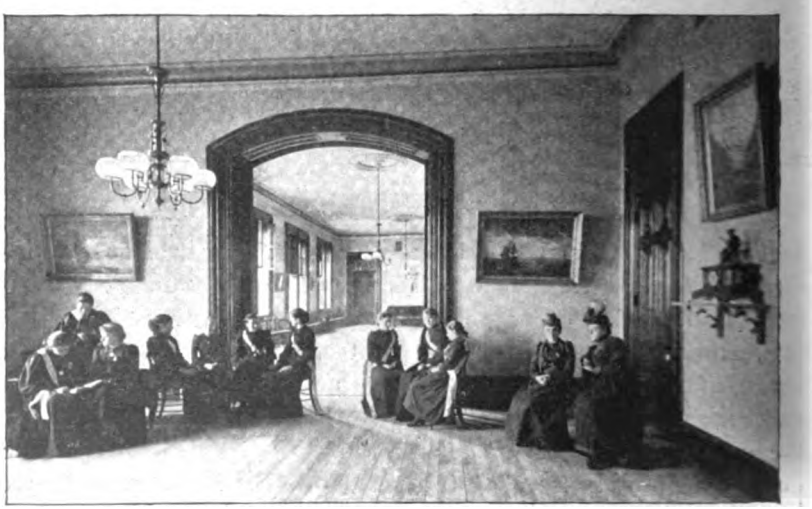
the community grew with the growth of the city, the boarding-school was transferred to the present site.

The drive out to Maryville is delightful. The roadway passes between two graceful white pillars which form the gateway, and winds toward the house, which is most imposing. It is of Milwaukee brick, has an extension of three hundred and fifty feet, with three wings running back about the same distance. Its many surrounding acres insure its dignified rural quietude for years to come, defying the encroachments of city sounds and influences, and with its wide lawns and overshadowing trees affords a most welcome and fitting retreat for the community and their charges.

Maryville had for its first superior Madame Galway. The present magnificent structure was erected under the supervision of Madame Gauthreux, who died in 1872. In the following September Madame Tucker was made first vicar, and in 1876 was removed to Chicago, where she founded the North Side Convent. Mother Boudreaux was in authority at Maryville from 1876 to 1879, when she was sent to New Zealand, where she died. In 1884 Mother O'Meara, who had been directress of studies, became superioress, and filled that office until she was sent to



THE PARLORS.

take charge of the new house at San Francisco. Mother Mahoney replaced her, but in 1891, failing in health, was compelled to resign, and was succeeded by Mother Goncie, who now presides over the Western vicariate.

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The convent was not completed for some years; the buildings extended as they were needed. The first chapel was in the basement of the north wing, and would remind one of the catacombs. In 1882 the south wing was built, and contains the re-

FROM THE ORGAN GALLERY.

fectory, dormitory, and the present beautiful chapel, by many thought to be the handsomest convent-chapel in the United States. As one enters the front door, directly opposite across the hall is the entrance to the chapel. As the double door of heavy oak, with panels of clear glass, swings open a vision of

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beauty is revealed. Architectural and artistic talent seem to vie with each other in making this chapel in some way a fit place for the Holy of Holies. The tiny, perpetual star-like lamp in the sanctuary leads us, as did that other star, directly to the feet of Him who lived and died for love of us. A few moments' silent adoration, and we turn to contemplate the beauties about us. The sunlight streams through the richly-colored windows and floods the entire chapel with radiance. The whole effect is a symphony of rich, harmonious color, blending with the ivory-

THE NUNS' CHOIR.

white tints of the Stations, and the cool gray tones of the frescoes which in deeper recesses furnish a darker background for the delicate Italian marbles. The gates opening into the sanctuary are of stripped brass, a wreath of delicate workmanship surrounding the sacred emblem of the order. The three altars

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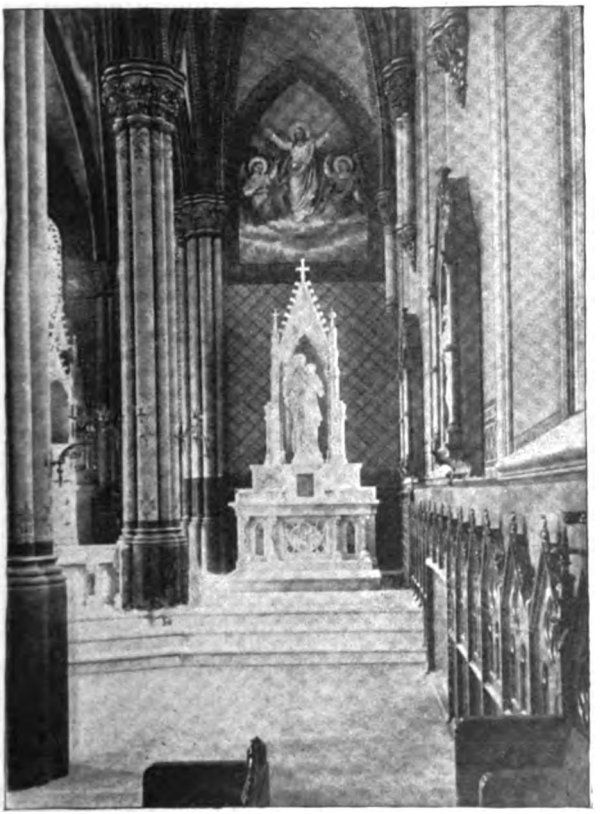
are of Italian marble of purely Gothic design. Above the high altar, on Mexican onyx pillars, stands a life-size statue of the Sacred Heart, one finger resting on that tender Heart, pointing to the way by which we all go to God the Father. Beneath is the tabernacle; the door is of hammered brass, lined with jewelled gold. The dome above the sanctuary shows a number of



ST. JOSEPH'S ALTAR.

angelic figures keeping ceaseless watch. The window above the altar is of the Immaculate Conception. The side altars are of the same beautiful design as the main altar. On the altar at the right stands a life-size statue of St. Joseph; at the left one of our Blessed Mother. All these altars and statues are gifts to Maryville from grateful friends. A most noticeable piece of lovely workmanship is the altar-rail of white marble, so delicately carved as to resemble exquisite lace-work. It is upheld by pillars of brown marble and onyx, and is a worthy guard to the

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holy sanctuary within. Three marble steps lead up from the rail to the inlaid floor of the sanctuary.

The pews are of solid oak, plain but rich. The stalls for the community are ranged close to the wall and are of the same design as the altars. The two confessionals are on either side of the door, and near by is a beautiful marble holy-water font. Two organ-galleries are above the entrance, the lower one for the organ and choir; the upper, communicating with the infirmary, is for the exclusive use of invalids.

The windows, from Mayer Brothers, Munich, are perfect examples of the pictorial art in stained glass. The first window represents the Annunciation; then come the other windows in regular order surrounding that lovely interior, filling it with "dim religious light" dyed with the prismatic colors of their own deep glowing tints. The apparition of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque; the Nativity, a subject that appeals to every human heart, foreshadowing the Divine Tragedy, the close of which is shown in the window opposite; the Pietà, revealing that same Mother, thirty-three years older, with the dead Christ on her lap. At the end of the chapel is Christ Blessing Little Children, a beautiful window apt to be overlooked in one hurried visit, remarkable for the benign expression on our Lord's face as he looks with love at the little ones about his feet. The other windows contain single figures, two in each.

These windows, irrespective of their religious import, are works of art in the highest sense; they are made entirely of the finest English antique glass, and the cartoons were drawn by the artists of the Munich Academy. The color is rich and glowing, deep and bright without approaching gaudiness; the impression made is one of deep devotion. Here art is in its highest sense a handmaid to religion.

The Stations of the Cross are exceedingly beautiful; the figures, very near life-size, stand out in bold relief, and are entirely free from color, being of a creamy whiteness most refreshing to the eye. The entire chapel is a monument of sacred art, and was built under Mother O'Meara's supervision, was dedicated on May 2, 1889, and consecrated by Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque.

At the door we turned and looked back. A few black-robed figures knelt in silent communion with our Lord; the light was dying out of the stained windows, but in the fast gathering darkness the sanctuary lamp shone brighter than before. Such, I thought, is the light of faith, shining ever clearer in the darkening world of infidelity.

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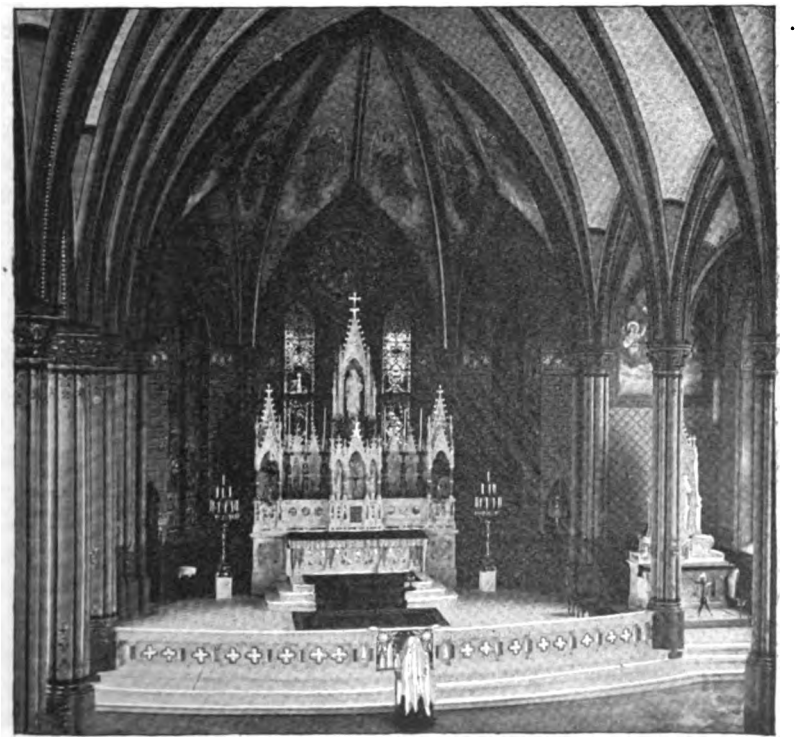
Before continuing our tour through the house and grounds, a few words as to the educational methods pursued at Maryville.

As in all Catholic educational systems, the aim is not only to cultivate the intellect, but a special study is made of that which must characterize all Christian education, the training of the



A MOST BEAUTIFUL ALTAR AND SANCTUARY.

heart. The child's three-fold nature is developed, not ignored. The ladies are continually supervising, in study hours and in recreation, and thus are constantly moulding the plastic child-nature with firm and gentle touches. The utmost simplicity is cultivated. Even non-Catholics testify that a pupil of the Sacred Heart is always recognizable by the quiet elegance of her manner.

Though English is the language of the institution, special attention is paid to foreign tongues. The Society of the Sacred Heart being cosmopolitan, has always a corps of teachers thoroughly versed in all the modern languages. In the departments of music, art, and science the ablest instructors are secured.

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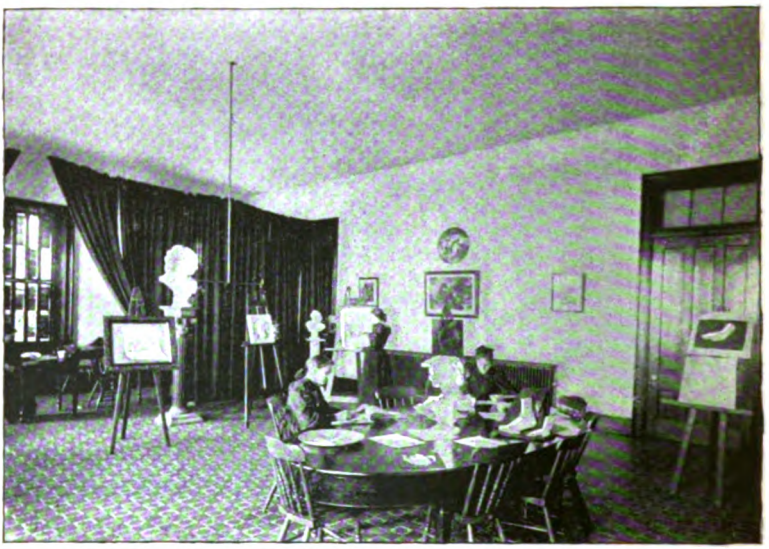
St. Luke's Academy, an adjunct of the Art Studio, forms one of the most interesting features of Maryville. Its members are recruited from the advanced students of the art class, who in the weekly lectures on the theory and history of art are made acquainted with the masterpieces of every age, by means of illustrations and reproductions of various kinds. The recent art exhibition given by the pupils would have done credit to any studio. The teacher in charge of the studio for many years was a German lady who studied in the art schools of Germany, and the one at present in charge is a grandniece of Gustave Doré.

The library contains over five thousand volumes, to which the pupils have access at all times under the wise supervision of their mistresses. Literature is taught with special care; from



THE STUDIO.

the fifth class up the pupils follow a systematic course of reading which includes American, ancient, modern, and mediæval history. Foreign literature is carefully and exhaustively treated. Translations are made from Schiller, Racine, and all the best poets, and critical and analytical essays are part of class-work. Philosophical lectures are delivered to the higher classes by the Rev. C. P. Smith and other learned professors. The best essay on these subjects as a digest of the lectures for the year takes the philosophy medal at the end of the term.

It has been said by those who do not approve of the advanced spirit of the times in regard to the education of woman,

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that when a woman is educated beyond her sphere she is unqualified for her duties at the fireside or to lead a private home-life. We do not always realize that the education of woman means the education of the race. There is no knowledge of history or geography, no acquaintance with public affairs, no range of scientific study, that may not come into play in a mother's education of her children. The strong, subtle influence goes on in ever-widening circles that do not die away until their force is spent on the shores of eternity.

The system of education pursued by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart is one that, following as it does the plan of the Catholic Church, takes most careful account of the individual development of its subjects. Perhaps to the student herself is the full scope of this system best portrayed, and then not while within the class-room walls, but when she stands alone on the threshold of life, her school-days behind her for ever.

Were I asked to define the specific object of the training given in a convent of the Sacred Heart, I should answer: first, to give an exalted view of life to the women destined to live in the world; secondly, to foster in them a keen sense of personal responsibility. It has been said that this "exalted view of life" is not the best armor with which to equip the young soldier just starting out on life's low battle-ground. To my mind it is the recognition of the highest and best that God has given to the pure young soul. Give her ideals, and by her strife in living up to them she will raise herself and the weary, earth-bound souls around her.

Scarcely has the young girl entered upon the routine of daily studies in one of these convents when gradually, almost unconsciously, she realizes that a new dignity has come to her, a privilege that will ever be to her a seal of distinction—that of being a pupil of the Sacred Heart.

"Noblesse oblige" is now her standard and actuates every performance of her life. In later years, when the conflict comes concerning the things that are Cæsar's and the things that are His, when the world claims its own and the line of demarcation is not definitely drawn between *meum* and *tuum*, let the convent-bred woman but look to her standard. Therein is found the solution of all her difficulties. Within those convent walls she has laid a foundation for an education as broad as the world, she has acquired a power of discrimination by which she can assimilate all that is good in the life that lies around her, rejecting that which is hurtful to the purity of her soul.

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If the Catholic woman of to-day would remain in the path suggested to her by her convent training, would continue her education along the lines laid out for her by that training, and mentally and morally finish the good work begun by her instructors, her supremacy would be vast enough to satisfy even those who seek so eagerly the advancement of her sex. By "right divine" she is the worthy sovereign of men's hearts and homes, and with her strong, well-trained hand rocking the cradle she can move the world.

As we stood on the porch with our gentle guide, it was dif-

A GROUP AT THE GROTTO.

ficult to realize that only eighteen years have passed since this was Withnell's Grove. What was then a natural wild has been cultivated to the fullest extent, making the surroundings of Maryville a noticeable part of its famous beauty. North of the building lies a magnificent grass-plot shaded by native oaks which thrive in the very shadow of town steeples. To the south lies the children's playground, from which comes the sound of happy voices making music in the still, cool air as their enthusiasm mounts high over an exciting game of tennis played by the best two sets in the school. These grounds extend to the "near woods." Close by is the shrine of Our Lady

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of Lourdes, where very often may be seen nuns and pupils asking a blessing on their various occupations. Crossing a frail, narrow wooden bridge, we are in the "far woods," which are dark with the shade of the evergreen; to the right lie the pasture-land, garden, and orchard. Surrounding the grounds is a handsome gray stone wall, and directly in front of the main building is a beautiful terrace of the same material.

The main object of the madames is to make their charges happy, and, judging by the bright countenances of the pupils, they have not failed. Good manners are with them founded on true charity. Each individual character is studied and developed accordingly. Body, soul, and mind are trained in complete harmony. Such is the strong, sweet influence of these noble women on the minds and hearts of the girls who are to become the leaders of the social, literary, and home life of our Republic. Founded in France during the Reign of Terror, when the flame of religion in that unhappy country was all but stamped out by the iron heel of revolution, the order was established for the purpose of educating young womanhood, thus stemming the tide of infidelity sweeping over Catholic France. Here in our own independent America these spiritual daughters of saintly Mother Barat, by their own labor and example, *create* a royalty that recognizes among its members those only of mental and moral worth, and the solid education of whose children's children in the years to come will form a bulwark against the encroachments of all evil.

The old Sacred Heart Convent in St. Louis has a most interesting history. In its long register of names may be found representatives of the most distinguished families of St. Louis and the West. Among its former patrons are the Pratts, Mulanphys, Chouteaus, Maffitts, Benoists, Withnells, Haydels, Papins, Slevins, Sturgises, Ewings, Christies, and hundreds of others since 1827, thoroughly identified with the business and social interests of the city. The traditions of the school have not been broken; from the old house to the new another generation carries the familiar names and emulates the virtues of the mothers and grandmothers who, under the Sacred Heart's judicious training, have been instructed and fortified for the duties of life.

At the close of the scholastic year the students receive the rewards for close application and successful work. The highest prize awarded by the institution is the "Premium Excellence." It is bestowed on the young lady who obtains the prizes of suc-

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cess and diligence in English studies, Christian Doctrine in the First Division, exemplary conduct, First Medallion, and First Ribbon of Merit, any one of these prizes being considered a great achievement in itself and sufficient for the ordinary schoolgirl. The prize of Excellence, therefore, is a proof of distinguished intellectual and moral qualities combined. The happy winner of its crown of gold laurel is allowed to give a holiday to her companions during the next year. During the twenty

MISS FLORIDA SPALDING.

years of Maryville's existence this premium has been awarded five times, the wearers of the golden laurel being Misses Laura Haydel, Josephine Erd, Mary Sturgis, Louise Keber, and in 1892 Clara Rosenfeld.

Miss Haydel is the niece of Dr. J. L. Haydel, of St. Louis, an old resident and distinguished physician. She married Dr. Le Beau, who has won prominence as an oculist.

Miss Erd, now Mrs. Joseph Schneider, resides in Monterey.

Miss Sturgis is the daughter of the late General S. D. Stur-

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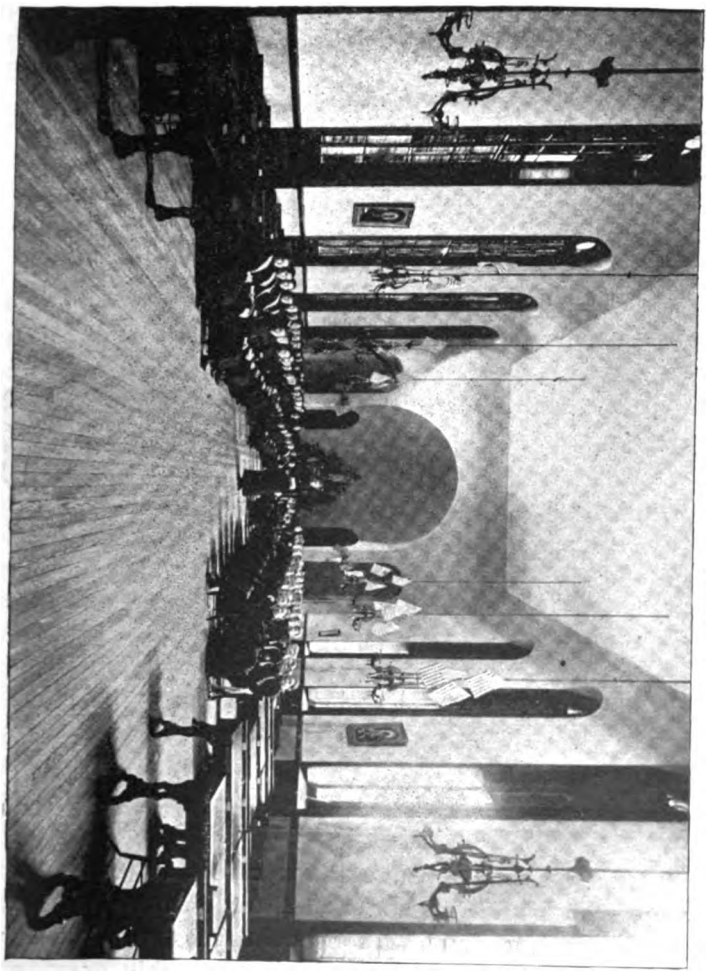
gis, one of the heroes of the Civil War; her brother, a gallant young soldier, was one of the victims in General Custer's ill-fated band. Miss Sturgis is a young woman of remarkable and brilliant talent as well as a noted society belle.

Miss Keber, daughter of Mr. M. Keber, of St. Louis, entered



THE STUDY HALL.

the Society of the Sacred Heart the day she was graduated, June, 1882. She was gifted in many ways and combined rare qualities not often found in one so young: a mature judgment, high order of intelligence, and saintly virtue. Her German parentage showed itself in a wonderful talent for music, and she was a distinguished performer on the organ, piano, and harp. After ten

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years of religious life her career of usefulness was arrested by consumption, and after lingering for many months she died at Maryville, October 27, 1892.

Miss Clara Rosenfeld, of Pueblo, Colorado, is another winner of the Excellence prize whose strong character will leave its mark for good on the world around her. Her father was a physician of great promise, but being stricken with blindness while his

MISS CLARA ROSENFELD.

large family was still dependent, the care and training fell entirely into the hands of her noble, true-hearted mother, whose decease during her daughter's school-term threw a gloom over the girl's happiest period. Notwithstanding this great grief the term was finished most creditably to her instructors and herself, she taking the Excellence prize that for nine years had remained unwon. Her education was begun in the public schools of New York, but was completed and rounded into perfect harmony at Maryville.

Miss Louise Boislinière is another of those noble women who seem to understand that life is given to us as a trust, by means

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of which we are to work for God's own children. Her father, Dr. Louis Boislinière, has been for years at the head of the medical faculty in St. Louis. Miss Boislinière, after graduating with high honors, coveted to be more than a mere society woman, though for that *rôle* her brilliant talents eminently fitted her. She has been the soul of every good work inaugurated in St. Louis for God's glory and the benefit of the poor; all the rich energies of her nature have been devoted to the promotion of his interests.

Miss Onahan, daughter of William Onahan, a prominent Chicago Catholic, distinguished speaker and writer, and secretary of the Catholic Congress in Baltimore, was a sometime pupil of this famous convent. Miss Onahan has inherited the strong intellectual tastes of her father's family, and has contributed many articles to magazines and reviews, and has a graceful, pretty style.

A graduate of Maryville in '91, Mary Florida Spalding, whose taste for literature is a birthright, coming as she does from the distinguished family of that name, has attracted considerable public attention by a successful competition opened to student authors of all schools, including public and classical colleges. The winning of first prize over the hundreds entered in the contest by this young girl of eighteen for a philosophical essay, entitled "Proofs of Creation," was a triumphant demonstration of convent education. In her letter of acknowledgment to the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, the journal awarding the prize, she generously gives the credit of success to her Alma Mater as "a logical result of a thorough system of mental training." Miss Spalding's future gave promise of a most successful literary career, but since that day of triumph this bright young life has been dedicated to the service of God. She entered the novitiate at St. Michael's, Louisiana, being the second of her family who has joined the Order of the Sacred Heart.

Such is the record of Maryville Convent, which "crowns" St. Louis and is honored all over the Christian educational world; such the record of one of the ideal sides of the great city that will do more for its real welfare than all of its material resources put together. The Sacred Heart religious are here carrying on the good work, blessed with the blessing of Christ.

"O hearts of love! O souls that turn,
Like sunflowers, to the pure and best,
To you the truth is manifest!"

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A PEOPLE'S RANSOM.

THE existence of an association for the ransom of captives in England, of all places in the world, and in this latter part of the nineteenth century, of all conceivable periods of time, will no doubt appear to many persons to be a glaring and unaccountable anachronism.

But, after all, physical captivity is not the only form of slavery to which mankind is subjected, though it is unquestionably the one which appeals most forcibly to the sympathetic instincts of our nature. There is an intellectual and spiritual as well as a bodily yoke, and it is in respect of this mental species of serfdom that the British people—notwithstanding their proud boast that they "never will be slaves," in the ordinary acceptation of the word—offer a peculiarly appropriate field for the labors of the ransomer.

A SPIRITUAL CAPTIVITY.

The assertion may possibly shock the susceptibilities of the modern school of writers and thinkers; but to our mind there is a distinct analogy between the physical slavery which prevailed in the past, and which unhappily exists even at the present day among some of the more barbarous nations of the earth, and the mental condition, so far as religious doctrine is concerned, of the great mass of the civilized and enlightened peoples who are born without the faith. Like the hereditary captive, they are not personally responsible for their condition. They are born in the bondage into which their ancestors were bartered or driven many centuries ago; and it has never occurred to them to do otherwise than submit passively to the circumstances in which they have been brought up. In a word, they are the victims of that "invincible ignorance" which, paradoxical though it may appear, is at once the chief source of their evils and, in the eyes of theologians, their only hope of ultimate salvation. So far the analogy of the captive is complete.

But it is just at the very point where the similarity breaks off that the great difficulty in the way of emancipation is to be found. If the parallel were consistent throughout the work of

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freeing these spiritual captives would be easy enough; but the great difficulty referred to lies principally in the fact that the captivity against which it is sought to contend has about it, in the eyes of the world, all the elements of apparent freedom. True it is the freedom of the sheep straying on the mountains, a prey to all the pitfalls and dangers that surround it, as compared with the gentle restraint imposed on the sheep that is tended within the fold; but in these days the shibboleth of liberty is always a sufficient recommendation in itself, and but rarely receives a really critical examination. All men do not discriminate between real and apparent liberty with the same clearness of perception as does Professor Ruskin. "I know not," says the great prose-poet, "if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labor for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty—liberty from care. . . . To yield reverence to another, to hold ourselves and our lives at his disposal, is not slavery; often it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world."

THE GUILD OF OUR LADY OF RANSOM.

We have dwelt thus on the simile of the captive because it is on this figurative basis that an organization of English Catholics has sprung up within the past six years, and has already done a large amount of spiritual and practical work.

The task of redeeming our fellow-creatures from slavery of the physical order has always held a foremost place among acts of Christian philanthropy, and from the days of St. Gregory the Great to those of Leo XIII. the church has invariably set the seal of her approval upon such efforts; but, though the duty of breaking the bodily chains has thus been almost universally recognized, the far more imperative duty of destroying the fetters which keep men in the bondage of spiritual error has never, till now, formed the avowed object of concerted and systematic operation on the part of any large body of Catholics in England. Much, it is true, has been done by individuals, or by groups of individuals, towards attaining this desirable object. Father Ignatius Spencer, as Catholics need scarcely to be reminded, labored zealously during the greater part of his life to induce his co-religionists to pray for England's conversion. Others, too, have devoted themselves earnestly to the cause of the church; but their labors have been, for the most part, of a

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sporadic character, and there has been but little approach to combined and continuous action.

Remembering the signal triumph of the Catholic Association in its great work of emancipating the Catholics of England, it is not surprising that the Catholic body, in the full enjoyment of their present freedom from persecution, should betake themselves to some similar combination of strength in the interests of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Catholic Association, in agitating for Catholic emancipation, strove for and accomplished that which many, even among Catholics themselves, regarded as a practical impossibility.

The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom has now sprung into existence, bent upon accomplishing the more ambitious, the more important, and the far more herculean work of Protestant emancipation; and we can only hope that their labors also will be crowned with success. In some respects the one organization may be regarded as the necessary outcome and corollary of the other, for Catholic emancipation was an obvious preliminary to the return of England to her old fidelity to the church. It was the first great step in the desired direction, and it was confidently hoped by Catholics that if once the church were allowed the free exercise of her sacred functions, and if her children were no longer under the ban of exclusion from the ordinary rights of citizenship, she would gradually but steadily win her way back to her old place in the hearts and consciences of the people. This was the hope of her friends, as it was the fear of her enemies, and the three-score years that have elapsed since the great act of liberation was passed have done something, at least, to confirm this anticipation. During the whole of that period the work of reconciliation has made visible progress; and it is but natural that Catholics, encouraged by the confidence which is the inevitable result of their success, should seek now, by means of some comprehensive and active organization, to hasten a work which is of such paramount and vital importance. Twenty years ago such an organization would have been impracticable, and if started would have had but little prospect of bearing fruit. To-day it is not only possible, but has been accepted without a murmur from the English community, save, indeed, from those scattered and diminishing sects who form, as it were, the smouldering embers of past persecutions, and who fear lest the operations of the guild may rob them of their last stray remnants of influence and authority.

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FATHER PHILIP FLETCHER ORGANIZES THE GUILD.

The organization to which we are now about to refer in more detail owes both its first inception and its subsequent development mainly to the energy of Father Philip Fletcher, a priest and a convert, who has thrown himself into the work with a self-devotion that would do much even for an indifferent cause, and which, when given to so good and laudable an object, cannot well fail to be successful. Father Fletcher was formerly an Anglican curate at one of the "highest" of the Ritualistic churches of Brighton; and his conversion to Catholicism, occurring as it did almost simultaneously with that of his two colleagues in the Protestant ministry—now Fathers J. J. Greene, O.S.C., and H. M. Parker, S.J.—and over one hundred members of their flock, caused quite a sensation in the church circles of England's most fashionable watering-place. The story even runs that the remaining members of the congregation were so scared at this wholesale desertion by their brethren that they organized special services at which they offered up prayers that they, too, might not be converted to Rome.

Father Fletcher, from the moment when he realized the errors of Anglicanism and entered the one true church, set himself zealously to work to extend to others the blessings which he himself enjoyed. His feelings and aspirations in this matter are perhaps best expressed in his own words, addressed last year to a gathering of Belgian Catholics at Malines. "Thousands of my fellow-countrymen," he said, "have for three hundred years been victims of that terrible evil, the Reformation—and I was one of those victims; but through the mercy of God thirteen years ago I was led to the true church, and now I desire nothing better than to spend my life in doing all I can, with God's help, to bring others to the same happiness which I have found myself." This simple yet earnest declaration forms the key and secret of the movement out of which the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom has grown.

THE GROWTH OF THE GUILD.

But the organization of the guild was not all thought of at once. Like most other important works it has grown up from a very small and imperfect beginning, and, though it is still in little more than its infancy, it has already assumed a symmetry of form and largeness of dimensions that were not dreamt of at the time of its modest inauguration. Its operations at the out-

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set were of an exclusively spiritual and of a wholly passive description, and its more vigorous and combative characteristics were altogether an after-thought, and were suggested instinctively by the remarkable and spontaneous development of the early design.

The first beginning was in the year 1886, when Father Fletcher, then working as a missionary priest at Uckfield, in Sussex, started an unpretentious little periodical devoted to the work of England's conversion, and especially to the commemoration of the fact that the Catholic Church was the ancient Church of the English people. For this pious little journal he adopted the appropriate name of "Faith of Our Fathers," having previously obtained the sanction of Cardinal Gibbons, who, like Father Faber before him, had already made use of the title for one of his works. Through the medium of this paper a confraternity was started called "The Union of Intercession," the members of which—just one hundred in number—undertook to offer daily prayers for the return of England to the faith. In 1887 Mr. Lister Drummond, a Catholic layman who from the first has entered heart and soul into the project, suggested to Father Fletcher that the Union of Intercession might be profitably and successfully expanded into an organization having a larger scope and undertaking work of a practical as well as of a spiritual nature. With this proposal Father Fletcher readily complied, and the result was the constitution of a guild upon lines that were at once poetic in their design and essentially business-like in their method of operation. The original idea remained the same, prayer for England's conversion being the first and most essential obligation of membership; but this no longer stood alone.

WHERE THE IDEA OF THE RANSOMER CAME FROM.

The guild, as we have already indicated, is based upon the analogy of the captive, and, with this thought in mind, its organizers, with a happy inspiration, adopted many of the forms and titles employed by the two great orders which devoted themselves in the thirteenth century to the special work of ransoming those in physical captivity. Thus the title of the guild is derived from the Order of Our Lady of Ransom (*Sancta Maria de Mercede*) for the redemption of captives, founded by St. Peter Nolasco in 1225, while most of its insignia are taken from the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives, founded about 1198 by St. John of Matha.

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The supernatural incidents in the lives of these two saints were peculiarly suggestive to any one engaged in the formation of an association of this character. In the Breviary Legends we are told that St. John of Matha, when saying his first Mass, saw the vision of an angel dressed in a white robe, with a red and a blue cross on either side of the breast, while his hands, which were crossed before him, rested upon the heads of two captives, one a Christian and the other a Moor. From this the saint learned that he was destined for the redemption of captives, and at once began, in conjunction with St. Felix of Valois, to organize the Order of the Most Holy Trinity. The approval of Innocent III. was accorded to the work after a vision similar to that which had been seen by St. John had appeared to the Holy Father, and on the advice of the pope the white robe with the red and blue crosses was adopted as the habit of the new order. From this incident Father Fletcher has taken the badges for the three classes of Ransomers, the white cross, the red cross, and the blue cross.

The legend of St. Peter Nolasco was equally suggestive. Born in 1189, the heir to a large property, St. Peter, we are told, devoted himself early in life to the service of God, and when, at the age of twenty-five, he was sent to the court of Barcelona as tutor to the young Prince James, he was so moved with compassion by the condition of Spain under the Moors that he expended his entire fortune in ransoming slaves from captivity. Having in this way exhausted his own resources, he sought to fire others with a like enthusiasm, and to start an order for the redemption of slaves. Obstacles, however, presented themselves, and for some time threatened to defeat his project, when one day our Blessed Lady appeared in separate visions to St. Peter, to his confessor St. Raymund of Pennafort, and to the King of Aragon, and gave assurances of her powerful protection. From that moment the way became clear. The order was founded on August 10, 1223, and was confirmed by Pope Gregory IX. in 1225. It consisted of two sections—the friars, who followed the conventual rule, and the knights, who defended the coast and joined the choir when not on duty.

From this order Father Fletcher has not only taken the name of his guild, as well as the happy generic title of "Ransomer" which was given by St. Peter to those of his brethren who were appointed to go amongst the infidels for the purpose of ransoming Christian slaves, but he has also adopted much the same division in the character of the members, by having one

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class whose duty is purely of a contemplative or spiritual character, and another who are both contemplative and active.

IT IS GIVEN AN ENGLISH COLORING.

But, though he has appropriated thus freely and judiciously some of the leading features of the two orders referred to, he has not by any means allowed all his ideas to be derived from a foreign source. The great aim of his work from the outset—as was sufficiently indicated by the title "Faith of our Fathers"—was to emphasize and popularize the old English Catholic tradition, and with this object still steadfastly in view, he has contrived ingeniously to blend with his relics of continental mediævalism more than one appropriate reminder of the firm faith that characterized our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. While naming his association after the order of St. Peter Nolasco, he gave it at the same time the essentially English title of Guild—a title which is inseparably associated with the philanthropic movements of the early English Church.

In the same way, in selecting a badge for the society he took the sacred device of the Five Wounds, which formed the banner of the zealous northern Catholics in their Pilgrimage of Grace, when, in the early part of the sixteenth century, they marched heroically into the field in defence of the ancient religion of their land. Thus, too, in prescribing the prayer for the daily use of Ransomers, he chose the simple and appropriate ejaculation of the Franciscan martyr, the V. Henry Heath, on the scaffold of Tyburn (1643): "Jesus, convert England. Jesus, have mercy on this country." This, with the Hail Mary and the aspirations, "Our Lady of Ransom, pray for us; St. Gregory, pray for us; Blessed English martyrs, pray for us," forms the daily office of the society. In placing the guild under the heavenly patronage of our Blessed Lady, St. Gregory, and the English martyrs, Father Fletcher was again mindful of the national as well as the Catholic character of his work. He did not forget that Britain was once styled "The Dowry of Mary," and he rightly recognized, also, that the names of St. Gregory—"the Apostle of England"—and the English martyrs should always command an especial veneration at the hands of the Catholics of Great Britain; for while the former was the cause of the peaceful invasion of the country in the sixth century by the apostles of the church, the latter resisted, even at the cost of their lives, the internal rebellion in the sixteenth century against her divine authority.

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FATHER FLETCHER SHOWS THE SPIRIT OF THE MOVEMENT.

In writing, at the time when the guild was formed, of the general spirit of the movement and of its especial association with St. Gregory, Father Fletcher said:

"We would be Ransomers by prayer and by work, by charity and by sympathy, obtaining for those whom we would help the grace which alone can redeem them. Whither would we lead the captives when released? They are Christians; how, then, in captivity? There are other bonds besides those riveted by the Moors. There are the bonds of heresy, in which some are captives willingly, some unknowingly, some with yearnings for release. With these chains of heresy are interwoven others, of position, society, family, and the like, which render the escape even of the most anxious very difficult. Whither should they escape? There were English slaves once in the Roman market-place, who found in the successor of St. Peter their deliverer—not so much from the chains which bound their bodies as from the iron which entered their souls; not for themselves only, but for their countrymen also. True it was from paganism that St. Gregory delivered our Saxon forefathers then; now it is from an imperfect Christianity that the missionaries of the Vicar of Christ would release their fellow-countrymen, winning them back to that happy allegiance to the Holy See which brings with it true liberty, because peace of conscience resulting from definite teaching and means of grace. 'He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue' was the centurion's recommendation in the Gospel; how much more deeply is this true of St. Gregory, who indeed loved our Anglo-Saxon nation and built up the church for it. Let us take the words of St. Gregory, when he saw the English boys in the market-place, and apply them to our work. These boys, he was told, were Angles. ''Tis well,' said he, 'for they have an angel-like appearance, and such as they should be co-heirs of the angels in heaven.' We, too, know how good, how pious, how exemplary are numbers and numbers of those for whose conversion we pray; we feel how fit they are (more fit, we often feel, than we ourselves, apart from our faith) to be companions of the angels. Let this move us all the more to pray earnestly for them that they may gain admission to the full privileges of the communion of saints and angels. 'Where were they dwelling?' 'Deira,' was the reply. 'Well again,' said the saint. 'From wrath (*de ira*) delivered and called to the mercy of Christ.' There is no state so sadly exposed to the wrath of God as the state of wilful apostasy. That those in danger of falling into that state, that those who are already sitting in its deadly shadow may be delivered *de ira Dei*, from the wrath of God, must be one of the most earnest prayers of Ransomers. Finally, 'Who was their king?' 'Aelle.' Then he, alluding to the name, said, 'Alleluia! The praise of God their Creator must be sung in those parts.'"

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AN OUTLINE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The above passage sums up tersely and effectively the spirit which animates the members of the guild. But, to turn now from first principles to details, it will be as well to give a rough outline of the constitution of the society. The members are divided into three separate grades, their classification being as follows:

(1) White Cross Ransomers (patron, St. Gregory), consisting of priests who offer the Holy Sacrifice, at least once a year, for the conversion of England and the other intentions of the guild.

(2) Red Cross Ransomers (patrons, the Blessed English martyrs), consisting of members who both *work* and *pray* for the objects of the guild. These are the officers or promoters, and have power to enroll others.

(3) Blue Cross Ransomers (patron, our Blessed Lady), consisting of members who pray for the objects of the guild. These undertake simply to say the prayer of the guild every day.

The general object of the work is set forth in one comprehensive sentence: "To ransom souls from the captivity of error in this world, and of Purgatory in the next"; and the means by which these great ends are to be attained are thus simply enumerated: (1) Holy Mass on the part of White Cross Ransomers; (2) Work on the part of Red Cross Ransomers; (3) Prayer on the part of all Ransomers. The special intentions for which prayers are to be offered are three in number, namely:

1) The conversion of our country in general, and of individuals in particular.

(2) The rescue of apostates and those in danger of apostasy.

(3) The forgotten dead, who, owing to the Reformation, or to being isolated converts, or other causes, are without special Masses and prayers.

Two books are kept by the guild in which are entered the names of "captives" to be ransomed, or of those whose emancipation has been secured. The former is entitled the "Intercession Book," and contains the names of those individuals for whose conversion special prayers are asked; the latter is styled the "Deo Gratias Book," and in it are placed the names of those who have come over to the church. The two volumes form, as it were, the spiritual ledger of the guild, and it not infrequently becomes the pleasing duty of its officers to transfer names from the debit to the credit account. Before turning to the more active operations of the movement, it is important to men-

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tion that already more than one thousand priests have been enrolled as White Cross Ransomers—the late Cardinal Manning having headed the list—and thus over three thousand Masses are offered up annually for the conversion of England and kindred intentions. Regular Masses are also said for the working Ransomers, and every month the Holy Sacrifice is offered up for deceased members of the guild. The work of the society has been approved and blessed by Pope Leo XIII. (May 18, 1889) and by the English hierarchy, and the Holy Father has granted plenary indulgences (by brief dated June 18, 1889) on the following days: (1) Feast of the Holy Name (second Sunday after Epiphany); (2) Feast of our Lady of Ransom (September 24); (3) Feast of St. Gregory (March 12); (4) Day of admission; (5) To priests, for one Mass in the year said for the intentions of the guild.

A RANSOMER NOT ONLY PRAYS BUT WORKS.

Regarding it from its spiritual aspect alone, Catholics must readily admit that the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom is an excellent and useful institution. If it attempted nothing more than thus to storm Heaven with prayers, it might still claim that it was doing much to bring about the realization of its desires. But the guild is not content merely with this. Remembering St. Paul's description of faith without works, it has entered upon an active as well as a spiritual crusade. The hands of the prophet, it is true, are always upraised on the hill-top, but still at the same time a vigorous little army in the valley is incessantly waging battle with the modern Amalekites. From this it must not for a moment be imagined that the guild is in any sense a proselytizing agency. It does not seek to ransom captives against their will, or to use force in bringing about their conversions.

HE RECALLS THE MEMORIES OF CATHOLIC ENGLAND.

The influence which it exercises is mainly of an indirect character, and it only steps into the active arena of theological or historical controversy when forced to stand on the defensive and champion the church's cause against the attacks and falsehoods of her enemies. The indirect influence of the guild is exercised in a variety of ways, but chiefly by its persistent and praiseworthy efforts to cherish the old Catholic traditions of the English people. And in this work it has assuredly plenty of opportunities at hand. The old Catholic landmarks abound in every part of the country, in spite of three centuries of Protes-

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tantism, and form imperishable records of England's former fidelity. The faith, it is true, of which they bear witness may have died out as a national sentiment, but the memories of it remain. For three hundred years they have stood before the English people like the sepulchres of a buried but never-to-be-forgotten past, and the circumstance that they should now be used as instruments and centres in the work of Catholic revival is pleasantly suggestive of the Resurrection. The old abbeys and shrines to which pilgrimages were formerly made, but which for many years have been the scenes only of picnics and excursion parties, are once again being put to their ancient uses. Under the auspices of the guild and kindred bodies many of these places have already been visited, and the practice is evidently growing in popularity. It can well be imagined that to the Catholic mind these historic spots afford opportunities for something more than mere antiquarian research. They are surrounded by memories which are indelibly recorded in the traditions of each locality, but which time and custom have been allowed to dull and obliterate, and it is well, therefore, that they should be periodically and publicly revived, for nothing but good can result from such a process. Among the more important pilgrimages instituted by the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom are those to the two ancient Catholic centres of York and Canterbury, as well as one to the tomb of St. Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, while the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham and the venerable city of St. Albans have also attracted the attention of the society.

But it is not only the memorials of pre-Reformation Catholicism that are made objects of veneration by members of the guild; there are other and not less hallowed monuments which are the actual creation of the Reformation itself. The persecution carried on by the reformers, so far from destroying, served rather to multiply these centres of Catholic devotion; for, while, in perverting the monasteries and other religious institutions to secular uses, they failed to stamp out the memories associated with them, they at the same time converted Tyburn and other scenes of ignominy into places of honor and reverence, so that, like the cross of old, the gallows was once more transformed into a rostrum. These places, too, are duly commemorated by the guild, as was sufficiently evidenced by the recent pilgrimage to York, when the one thousand pilgrims who attended, after reverently visiting the tomb of St. William in the Minster, marched in procession to York Tyburn, the scene of the deaths of fifty-

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one of the English martyrs, and afterwards to the Old Bar Convent, where is preserved the hand of the Venerable Margaret Clitheroe.

ENGLAND'S TOLERANT SPIRIT.

It is significant of the change which has come over the spirit of English Protestantism that these demonstrations in the open streets, and even in buildings which are now devoted to the services of the state church, are not only regarded with an absence of hostility, but with evident sympathy and respect. The Protestant authorities of Canterbury Cathedral, York Minster, and Westminster Abbey, so far from evincing any objection to these exhibitions of Catholic piety within the historic buildings entrusted to their keeping, have, on the contrary, courteously granted every facility for the convenience of the visitors. Among the places of interest commemorated by the modern Canterbury Pilgrims we may mention the Dane John, where the Blessed John Stone was martyred; the ruins of St. Augustine's Monastery, within the grounds of the Anglican Missionary College; St. Martin's Church (the oldest in England), with the font where St. Augustine baptized King Ethelbert; St. Dunstan's Church, where, in the family vault of the Ropers, is preserved the head of Blessed Thomas More; and the ancient inns and hostelries used by the pilgrims of the early church. These demonstrations, which are now of annual recurrence, are inspired by the same spirit of simple devotion which characterized the pilgrimages of happier days, and it is something for the guild to boast of, that under its auspices the banners which bear witness to the ancient faith are now, for the first time since the Reformation, borne unmolested through the streets of Canterbury and York at the head of a procession of Catholic pilgrims, all wearing the badges of the society and singing the hymns of the church. And in this movement the guild has shown no mere insular spirit. It has given evidence of its true Catholicity by carrying its operations still farther afield, and inaugurating English pilgrimages to the grotto at Lourdes and to the shrine of Our Lady at Boulogne.

THE COMBATIVE PART OF THE MOVEMENT.

This systematic revival of pilgrimages forms, perhaps, the most agreeable, as it is certainly the most picturesque and effective, phase in the varied work of the guild. But there is another department which, if less pleasing in its immediate surroundings, is even more necessary, and this we have already described as

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the combative part of the movement. In spite of the gratifying change which is to be noticed on almost every hand in the attitude of non-Catholic Englishmen towards their Catholic fellow-subjects, it would be idle to deny that there is still a considerable amount of bigotry and ignorance lying half-concealed beneath the surface, which is now and again fanned into a feeble flicker by some chance passing event. The foolish outburst of intolerance excited by the election of the present Catholic Lord Mayor of London is the most recent instance of this kind, and though it was unpleasant enough in itself, it may serve to attract the more general attention of the Catholic body to the insidious efforts which are still being made by various obscure sects to perpetuate the old calumnies against the church—calumnies which were once very widely credited by Protestants at a time when their knowledge of the Catholic faith depended almost solely upon hearsay, but which have been disdainfully rejected by a generation that has enjoyed the privilege of seeing and knowing the church in her true character.

With the spirit of bigotry in itself the guild is not directly concerned, for prejudice is not to be removed by controversy, neither are individuals to be convinced against their will. But what the guild does aim at (and what it does actually accomplish to a very considerable extent) is to counteract with the most homely and forcible weapons at its command the bitter anti-Catholic propaganda that is now being carried on. In this work it acts in cordial co-operation with the Catholic Truth Society. The church, like her Divine Founder, is ever the victim of false testimony from without and of treachery and apostasy from her own disciples, and so long as her enemies exhibit their old prejudiced credulity there will be no lack of persons able and willing to cultivate so promising and lucrative a field. With bigotry of the ordinary kind, as we have already intimated, the guild has no actual concern; for honest bigotry, no matter to what creed it may belong, and no matter how mistaken it may be in itself, is but an earnest and proof of sincerity, and must always command respect. But with the bigotry which is prompted before all things and above all things by malice, which makes unscrupulous use of notoriously discredited and discreditable instruments, which does not stop short even of suborning evidence which bears the stamp of falsehood upon its face—with such bigotry as this the guild undertakes to cope by means of a very simple and summary method. Its active members, derived largely from the artisan and middle classes, devote themselves to this work with a zeal and enthusiasm which is delightful to behold. They

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shadow the footsteps of the various "escaped nuns," apostate priests, and other anti-Catholic lecturers, and circulate leaflets setting forth their true character and antecedents, and this in language so unmistakable that, if the statements were false, it could not fail to command heavy damages in a court of law. In most cases, too, pertinent questions are put to the lecturer by authorized members of the guild, with the object of eliciting the true teaching of the church on the subjects under treatment. Ransom lecturers, moreover, follow in the wake of their opponents with unerring regularity, so that the truth is propagated on the very heels of the falsehood, and thus the bane is immediately succeeded by the antidote. The importance of this mode of operations cannot well be exaggerated.

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS.

Another useful part of the active work of the society is that which is called the "Watch Tower" or the "Apostolate of the Press." As Catholics in most countries are no doubt aware, false and often malicious statements with regard to Catholic teaching are constantly gaining currency through the correspondence columns of the newspapers, and are calculated to do an amount of harm which it is impossible to estimate and difficult to counteract. To meet this evil in the only possible and effectual way an ingenious system has been devised, in which all members of the guild, even those least learned in theology and history, can take an active part. All that the members of the Apostolate of the Press have to do is to undertake to occupy, for a stipulated period, the "watch tower" in their own particular district—that is to say, to make a close inspection during the period named of the various newspapers, and to forward any statements dealing with Catholic doctrine to the headquarters of the guild, from whence answers written by duly qualified persons are despatched. Occasionally, of course, the papers are not liberal-minded enough to insert the replies; but in the majority of cases the plan has been found to work exceedingly well.

Into the other and less important phases of the ransom work it is not necessary here to enter. Enough has been said to indicate the general nature of the movement and the varied character of its operations. Already, within the brief space of six years, it has placed over thirty-five thousand members upon its muster-roll, and has established more than one hundred and forty centres in different parts of Great Britain, besides opening branches in several other countries. The flourishing state of the society

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may be gathered from the fact that it is able to support an excellent monthly organ devoted to the propagation of its principles, and that it has started a fund for the erection of a thanksgiving church in one of the most populous districts of London, the cost of the undertaking to be defrayed by the thank-offerings of converts.

THE GUILD WILL INTEREST US IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the United States, where we believe the guild has already obtained some slight foothold, this general exposition of its aims and methods may not, perhaps, be considered altogether inappropriate at the present time, when a proposal has been made for the establishment of a somewhat similar society having for its object the conversion of America. The position of the church in the two countries is, of course, widely different, as was very forcibly pointed out by Cardinal Manning not long before his death. The United States, the cardinal remarked, had, by the immigration of all the nations of Europe, received millions of Catholics into the unity of its church, whereas England could show nothing of the kind. In America, too, there were no traditionary obstacles, such as existed in England, and there was nothing to hinder the expansion of the church, save, indeed, a want of zeal—and zeal, his eminence added, had never been wanting. Yet, in spite of this undoubted difference, there is, we cannot help thinking, a sufficiently broad, general analogy between the cases of the two countries to justify something in the nature of united action. The vigorous methods of defence which are deemed expedient in England may not, of course, be needed on the opposite side of the Atlantic; but there is no reason why the Catholic peoples of the two worlds should not combine in the important work of spiritual intercession. They are both aiming at a common object, and in this first and most essential means of attaining it they will find themselves upon common and congenial ground. It is true they may approach the task with different sentiments and with somewhat conflicting emotions.

AMERICAN CATHOLICS SHOULD INAUGURATE THE SAME WORK.

American Catholics may well enter upon such a work as part —and the most noble part—of their general national progress; for each day they are encouraged by the reflection that their Church occupies a position which it has never occupied before; each day they see the spiritual horizon of their country expanding and brightening before them. With them there is no thought of harking back, no remembrance of past retrogression; their

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course is one steady, unbroken advance. They have a distinct and remarkable improvement in their position to point to in the present, and this may well inspire them with an unbounded confidence in the future. With English Catholics, though their hope in the future is no less great, very different thoughts to these are likely to force themselves uppermost. True, as a national church they have a glorious past and noble traditions to look back upon, to which America can lay no claim; but the pride which such a record might very naturally excite is, unhappily, accompanied and overshadowed by the sense of humiliation which springs from the remembrance of their great national apostasy. *They* are not engaged in cultivating a rich and virgin soil such as that which is opening up before the missionaries of the West; they are seeking rather to reclaim from desolation a once fertile pasturage, which has been trampled into arid unproductiveness beneath the hoofs of a devastating army; and to do this they must first clear from the soil the stubborn tangle of bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance which has fastened upon it with the tenacity of evil weeds. It is no easy labor, and though they may not enter upon it with quite the light-heartedness of the Western pioneers, they at least bring to the task an earnest and inflexible determination, and already they have achieved a very considerable success. The position of the Catholic Church in England is to-day as unlike the position it occupied half a century back as the dawn is to night, or as springtime is to winter; and if this simile is to hold good to the end, if the church is to once more emerge into all the fulness of the summer's day, much indeed will depend upon the energy, the fervor, and the perseverance of the Catholic body itself. In recent times these qualities have never been wanting, though they may not always have had a convenient and suitable channel in which to exert themselves; it is gratifying, therefore, to find them now united in so practical and vigorous a movement as that which is being carried on by Father Fletcher and his zealous band of Ransomers. The principles of that movement have here been set forth in some little detail, but perhaps they are best summed up in the simple language of Father Faber:

> "Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
> Shall win our country back to thee;
> And through the truth that comes from God,
> England shall then indeed be free."

HENRY CHARLES KENT.

Kensington, London, England.

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THE WAY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.

"I'D rather be a Jew than a Catholic!"

I said it most vehemently, and most sincerely and seriously I meant it. For Jews I had considerable respect; I had nothing but abhorrence for Catholics. It was a religion for the ignorant and idiotic of mankind; no one with the slightest natural good sense, let alone culture and education, could possibly believe in the idolatrous usages of the Catholic Church. It was preposterous to try and make people believe that any one could adhere to the Church of Rome and be anything save an utterly despicable being.

Did I not have some Catholics among my friends? Of course not. Did I ever read any of their books? Oh! I knew plenty about them—in fact, all that was necessary; of course I had not read *Catholic* books! No, most decidedly; but I knew what very clever men had said concerning them. The Catholic faith was a religion in which a lot of unprincipled men, with an arch-villain called the pope at the head of them, experimented as to how far they could impose upon a set of unsuspecting imbeciles.

To-day the great majority of my friends are Protestants, some of whom, while politely repressing their opinions in my presence, hold exactly the views once held by me relative to the Catholic Church—the *Roman* Church they call it, rather begrudging us the title of "Catholic," since it has become fashionable for Episcopalians to style themselves "Catholics, but not *Roman* Catholics." I know others too tolerant or too indifferent about religion in general to be bigoted; but they all agree upon one question, "How *could* you turn Catholic?" One very frank individual put it thus: "How *can* you be a Catholic when you were once a *Christian?*"

Perhaps my conversion was slightly singular, for I began to study the Catholic faith merely to prove I should never accept it. I was a great admirer of Dr. ——, a prominent Presbyterian minister, and wished to "join" his church. My Presbyterianism was of the bluest sort, and I had no patience for people who were not Presbyterians. As for Episcopalians, I con-

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demned them unhesitatingly. They were entirely too near the Catholics to be any good.

It was when my "joining the church" was close at hand that a relative of mine who was a Catholic—I had often fumed at the thought—calmly informed me that he would greatly like me to be one also, saying that I should certainly be convinced in the right direction if I examined into the teaching and gave the Catholic faith a fair chance, with my much-prized knowledge of the various Protestant denominations. I hotly resented the suggestion; at that time to tell me there was a possibility of my becoming a Catholic seemed an insult to my intelligence. Why, the very word *Catholic*, or any word pertaining to it, such as *Mass* or *Confession*, made me uneasy. My hatred was simply indescribable; that is why I feel a throb of sympathy for the most bigoted non-Catholic now. I know what it is like to have that bitter, incensed feeling about anything Catholic.

My stormy raving was met by the quiet assurance that I knew nothing of what I thought I knew a great deal. I was well up in all that the enemies of the church said. What did I know of her actual doctrines? For instance, I loudly ridiculed bobbing up and down—as I called genuflecting—before the altar. Did I know why the "bobbing up and down" was done? Certainly I did; in adoration of the statues and things. "As a matter of fact," said my relative, "that is not so; and the rest of your knowledge is about as accurate."

In the midst of my anger an idea flashed upon me. Yes, I would do it—study this complicated mechanism called a religion, and then meet my relative well armed and fairly matched. The idea was fascinating. Vengeance was near at hand; what joy it would be to defeat him!

Accordingly I started, through the kindness of Sister ——, entering an advanced class in the Sunday-school, where for a time to outward appearances things went smoothly enough, my mental attitude being unknown to the teacher. Perhaps it was a little bit odd that she never noticed I did not genuflect or make the sign of the Cross. However, I had been in the class about five months when the trouble came.

The teacher gave me the question, "What is the Blessed Eucharist?" I looked at her an instant, and then said: "I'm not going to say what is in that book, because I don't believe a word of it."

Miss —— was much amazed; as for my companions—well, I think they were shocked.

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The next Sunday afternoon Sister —— asked me to walk in the convent-garden with her, and as gently as possible told me I could no longer attend the Sunday-school. She said a great many beautiful, noble things to me, and while I pitied her because she was a Papist, I had to admire her sincerely, and was utterly astounded at her liberal ideas, for I had always believed all Protestants were in the way to eternal perdition in the minds of Catholics. This dignified, clever, and undeniably pious woman told me to remain a Protestant always if I could be one in good faith, and that as Catholic or Protestant she would think just as much of me.

Of course I went no more to the Sunday-school; but neither could I resume attendance at the Presbyterian church, because from the afternoon I had walked in the convent-garden with Sister —— a horrible thought haunted me. *What if I were wrong in my Presbyterian convictions?* The possibility of such a state of affairs persistently presented itself. I had not the slightest belief in Catholic doctrines—I mean in those peculiarly Catholic—but I admitted that whoever was right, I was not quite positive it was myself. Perhaps the Episcopalians had the idea—perhaps the Baptists. Maybe, and this was alarming, it was Ingersoll who was right after all. Who claimed to be sure of anything? Ingersoll made positive assertions, and the Catholic Church—to be sure, this was one reason why I used to hate it—claimed there could not be more than one church founded by Christ, and, with marvellous audacity, claimed the honor of being the only true church.

Protestants, with an inconsistency which I felt to be only equalled by the daring impertinence of Rome, accepted variations of belief, while common-sense knew that if the Baptists were right, the Episcopalians were wrong; and where would the Quakers come in? A conviction slowly forced itself upon me: I should end either a believer in Ingersoll's views or what I had most despised in all the world—a Catholic.

A great deal of reading, a great deal of arguing, a very great deal of trouble, and I became absolutely certain, once and for ever, that I believed in the Blessed Trinity.

More struggle, more difficulty, and constantly a fiery controversy with a learned Catholic clergyman. I protested and objected, and made the most of the little that remained of my Presbyterianism. I was arguing against myself as well as against him, for in my own mental struggles the tumultuous crowd of thoughts always finished up with this: "There is a true church,

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because Truth could not contradict itself. Which church has always claimed to be the true one?"

Gradually I gave in on some points; I accepted purgatory and confession. A few more stormy weeks and I only refused to believe two things: prayers to Mary and the saints, and the doctrine of the Real Presence.

I first prayed to Mary in this wise: "*If you can hear me*, obtain such and such for me." It was a sort of challenge to the Mother of Christ. The first thing I asked of her seemed well-nigh impossible; my health was in danger when I obtained a very evident answer to my prayers.

The Real Presence was the last stumbling-block. No, no, no, I could not believe that! Verily, it was a "hard saying." And yet that sixth chapter of St. John troubled me. I read it over and over, and I read explanations of it. I could not let it alone. The reiterated words of Christ, so obviously expressive: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood"—"Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood"—"My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." The hardness of the Jews going away; then the treachery of some of the disciples in following their example; the pathos of Jesus saying to the rest, "Will you also go away?" The generosity of faith in St. Peter when he answered, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou art Christ, the Son of God."

I could no longer put off my answer to that question, "Will you also go away?" The final conviction swept over me—I "believed" and was sure that I had found the truth. I made my First Communion just a year and two days from the date upon which I first entered the Sunday-school, a most obstinate and zealous little Protestant. That First Communion was six years ago. My Protestant friends varied a little in the time they prophesied I should remain a Catholic; some said six months, others a year, but I believe they now regard me as gone past recall. My change of belief called forth arguments, discussions, even reproaches; those who knew me during the time of the struggle simply let me alone. Later friendships are the ones which bring surprise and questions. Not without regret let me assert, that most people are in the state in which I used to be, knowing little of that which they wish to discuss, and bringing forward the most untrue and ridiculous statements. It is more strange to find that a great many do not know even their own side, being Episcopalians or Presbyterians merely because they were born so. Outside of a few ministers, I have not met any one

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who really believes Calvin's teachings. Several have said to me, "Oh! I didn't know I was supposed to believe *that*," when I have spoken of some Presbyterian doctrine; and I have never found the Episcopalian who could reconcile himself to all the degrees of High, Broad, and Low Church without considering the dangerous developments of the Ritualistic body. For defence they can, as a rule, only make unfounded accusations. Fancy a clever, well-educated Protestant saying this: "You go to confession, and believe that paying for your sins makes everything all right." That neither I nor any other Catholics "pay" for sins was an astounding revelation. When I added that a real repentance was absolutely necessary for the validity of the sacrament, with an additional resolution of never falling again into the sins confessed, my friend looked very serious, and admitted that when thus explained confession seemed quite a solemn and good thing.

The idea of the pope is, of course, a great bugbear to my friends; some seem to be willing to yield almost all points except papal infallibility and authority. To be sure, nine-tenths of Protestants do not know what the infallibility of the pope means; but that goes for nothing; they think they do, and that settles the matter. Press them, and one finds that the most distinct of many confused and indistinct ideas is, that we believe all our popes are incapable of sin or human mistake. Tell them flatly a pope might be a sinner, and see them stare. Add that in private and personal matters the popes are liable to make mistakes just as we are all apt to make them, for it is most decidedly true that any one may fall, as many a one in the world has fallen. Rather more meekly they may then ask, "Well, what does infallibility mean?" Concisely it means this: Infallibility is an assistance of the Holy Ghost which secures the pope from error when, as Visible Head of the church—Christ being the Invisible Head—he defines a doctrine belonging to faith or morals. Protestants may dissect this, and twist it, and fuss over it; if they are really in earnest the more they exercise themselves with it the better; they are likely to ultimately acknowledge, even though scornfully, as many have done to me: "Yes, I see now; and it is really quite necessary to have a supreme and unquestioned authority to preserve unity of belief." This, however, only amounts to admiring the government of the church as a human scheme; its divine institution—St. Peter's commission received directly from Christ—they ignore completely. I wonder if some or many Protestants have a sort

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of undefined but desperate aversion towards St. Peter? I used to have. "The gates of hell shall not prevail"; "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I shall build my church"; "I will give to thee the keys of heaven"; "Feed my lambs"—as a devout Presbyterian I certainly reverenced the Bible as much as I now do as a Catholic; but I used to hurry over these words; I did not like them—nor St. Peter.

Not long ago I read in a daily paper that some one said in many Ritualistic churches all that remained to be done in order to cross the line to the Roman Church was to kiss the pope's sandal. What if some day Episcopalians grow weary of their shades of difference, their constant varying among themselves, and elect to have an Episcopalian pope—possibly called by some other title? Such a thing is possible, and not entirely improbable. I wonder where the contested point would then lie? Perhaps, merely in the fashionableness of believing in an English or an American chief bishop, instead of the one in Rome. For fashion has much to do in this case.

A charming girl once said: "I don't care if the Catholics are right; if they are to be in heaven, I don't want to go there. I am not in the habit of associating with such common, rough people." There are many poor, rough Catholics, truly; there are also many of the poor who are certainly not Catholics. Where are they? Positively not in the churches where they are supposed to belong. No; as a minister said quite recently, Protestants build palace-churches for people who live in palaces. Who said, "The poor ye have always with you"? To remember those words of Christ is enough to make us quarrel over who shall have most of the poor. It is dangerous to scorn the poor who stream in and out of the Catholic churches. They are a rather startling proof that in the church Christ's words are amply fulfilled.

There is one accusation brought against me very frequently and very animatedly—that I call my friends "heretics" in my heart, and believe that only Catholics will ever get to heaven. I do neither the one nor the other. There was a learned doctor of the church—we call him "St." Augustine, and ask his intercession before God—who lived several centuries ago, and who wrote in those far-off days when persecution and frequent martyrdom might have embittered the Christians, that any one who firmly believed what he professed to believe, and was not a Christian merely because he had never had an opportunity of becoming convinced, really had the spirit of the Church, in that

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his own convictions were sincere, and was *no heretic*. I am perfectly sure that a great many Protestants are in good faith, and that a great many Catholics are a disgrace to the name. And yet I believe that a fair study into Catholic doctrines and institutions should convince every one of their truth and beauty. If Protestants are not afraid of such a result why do they shun the experiment? Why do they accuse and malign, and never investigate? They take up the study of Buddhism, of Spiritualism, of Theosophy; they say that some of Mohammed's words are charming, and marvel at the wisdom of Confucius. Catholic teaching they utterly despise and leave scornfully alone. Is it just? Do they forget that Christ came unto his own and his own received him not?—and now they will not receive his church; they will not give it a hearing, one small chance with all they know about the sects. Let them look into the matter a little, even though only for amusement as they take up Buddhism and the rest; the amusement may change to grave interest, and later they may say with truth "to be loved needs only to be seen." They need not start at once at the deepest and hardest of theological books; let them read a little book called *The Faith of Our Fathers;* it is direct, simple, and it wastes no words. I read the preface first, commencing it dubiously; it appealed irresistibly, and I rapidly read on until I had finished. Later I studied and pondered a great many more books, but I suggest only this one, because to read it is no great undertaking for any one, and having read it, it will very likely create a most excellent curiosity to read further and seek for more information concerning the church which exercises a world-wide influence.

I shall close with these words of St. Augustine: "Too late have I known thee, Beauty ever ancient and ever new." They express a great deal of what I feel; but there are older and grander words: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, . . . and in Jesus Christ, his Son. . . . I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

Outcry against Free Trade in England.—It is somewhat remarkable that just as the United States have taken so decided a step in the direction of Free Trade as was involved in the election of Mr. Cleveland, Great Britain should show signs of wavering in what to many is almost a sacred cause. Such, however, is the case, for although it is the custom of leading politicians to declare protection to be completely outside of the region of practical politics, and for the press in its most magisterial manner to pronounce it an economic heresy, the tokens of a revulsion of feeling in its favor are too clear for any one not prepossessed by foregone conclusions to ignore. From one end of the kingdom to the other large numbers of farmers have declared it to be the only remedy for the long-continued depression under which agriculture has been suffering for many years, and which has culminated this year in an almost unparalleled catastrophe, due to the fact that while the crops were destroyed the amount of foreign grain imported made prices lower than ever before. In December a conference was held in London to direct public attention to this grave condition of agricultural affairs, at which representatives of every interest connected with the cultivation of land—land-owners, tenant-farmers, and agricultural laborers—were present, and which formed, in the judgment of those even who disapproved of its outcome, the largest and most representative gathering that has ever been assembled in Great Britain. Many remedies for existing evils were discussed, but the only one which called forth almost enthusiastic approbation was the proposal that competing imports should pay a duty not less than the rates and taxes levied on home productions.

Protection and Bread.—Protection, therefore, is advocated by a large majority of those engaged in what is even now the largest and most important of British industries; nor are its

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supporters confined to those who are dependent upon agriculture. The Sheffield operatives have sent to Parliament for many years one of the most ardent advocates of protection, and within the last few weeks the representative assembly of active Conservative politicians has passed a resolution in favor of that modified form of protection advocated by the Imperial Federation Trade League. The argument on the other side urged by practical politicians—an argument which they look upon as demonstrative and conclusive—is that the working-classes will not tolerate an increase of the price of food. But from certain facts which are being brought to light in the public prints there seems to be grave reason for doubting whether the public benefits at all by the reduced price of wheat, and for thinking that all the advantages derived from this low price go into the pockets of middlemen—bakers and millers. What the profits of private traders amount to it is difficult to say, but within the last few weeks a company for making bread which is obliged to publish its accounts declared a dividend of 37½ per cent. At the present time wheat is 27*s.* a quarter, and the price of the quartern loaf is 5½*d.* In 1852, while wheat was 60*s.* a quarter, the price of the quartern loaf was no more; in fact, was just the same. Where has the difference gone? It may not be generally known, but it is the fact, that from 1267 to 1836 the price of bread was regulated by statute according to the varying price of wheat. At the latter date the price was thrown open to competition, with the result that at the present time, and at the existing cost of wheat, bread under free competition costs 5½*d.* which under the assize of bread would have cost 2½*d.* The average Briton must be very much more self-sacrificing than is generally thought if he continues to allow his principal industry to be brought to the verge of ruin when he does not himself derive any advantage thereby, nor is it to be wondered at, considering the ways of bakers, that among the first steps toward state socialism which has been heretofore taken by the cities of Paris, Brussels, and Ghent has been the opening of municipal bakeries for the supply of cheap and unadulterated bread.

State-assisted Industries in Australia.—If attention is given to what is being done in Australia to enable its farmers and dairymen to compete with the British farmers in the home market, no one can wonder that the patience of the latter should be almost exhausted. In his eyes it is hard enough that he

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should have to compete with the private enterprise of the whole world, but when his competitors are endowed by the state and receive from it all possible assistance in order to enable them to underbid him at home it passes endurance. The action taken by the Australian colonies is of interest, also, to the student of political economy, inasmuch as it shows how far modern states, untrammelled by long-established traditions, have departed from the old ideas of orthodox economists. A few years ago the trade in dairy products of Australia with England was practically non-existent; in 1891–92 it amounted to nearly five millions of pounds from a single colony. This result is entirely due to the governments of various colonies having actively taken in hand the organization of the trade. The colony of Victoria devoted more than a million dollars to the giving of bonuses to agricultural industries, and especially to the exporters of butter. Before its exportation its own officials tested the quality, and stopped all that was not sufficiently good. In order to educate the people in the art of butter-making it established a travelling dairy, and sent it round from place to place with expert teachers to give instruction to all who would take the trouble to acquire it. Dairy-schools too were established in every province with nominal fees. The factory system of creameries, which has done so much for Denmark and which is now working well in Ireland, was introduced. All railway charges for transporting the cream from the country to the seaport are also defrayed by the state. The ship-owners co-operate by reducing freight to the lowest possible amount. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the British farmer grumbles and that he is willing to banish to the stars the political economy of the day. Whether he and the aggrieved in other trades will succeed in their efforts is very doubtful, for although England is the only country in the world which remains loyal to free-trade principles, the defenders of these principles regard them as almost as sacred as religious truths—perhaps, if the truth were told, as even more sacred and certain. In any case the struggle cannot but be interesting for many reasons.

Bimetallism advocated by Archbishop Walsh.—After protection, a remedy which met with a large amount of support from the distressed agriculturists assembled in conference was Bimetallism. And here it is worthy of notice how in the political arrangements of the present time this abstruse and difficult question—a question so abstruse and difficult as to render it doubt-

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ful whether one man in ten thousand is able to form a reliable judgment upon the matter on its own merits and in view of the interests of the state as a whole—must practically be decided by the majority of votes. It is to be hoped that this majority will, at least, have the sense to recognize that it cannot always judge for itself, and to choose wise and skilful guides. A remarkable point in this connection is, that along with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chaplin, the minister for agriculture of the former Unionist government, there are found as supporters of the bimetallic proposals Archbishop Walsh, the champion *par excellence* of the tenant-farmers of Ireland, whose exposition, according to Mr. Chaplin, constituted one of the ablest and clearest and most convincing statements which have been made public on the subject, and a member of the opposed class in Ireland in the person of one of the representatives of the Indian government at the Brussels Conference, Sir Guilford Molesworth, an Irish landlord. The latter's explanation of the relation between bimetallism and the agrarian question in Ireland we subjoin on account of its lucid explanation not only of this particular question but of the whole subject. "Archbishop Walsh," said Sir G. Molesworth, "is quite right. I have myself held for many years that the Irish difficulty is due in a very great measure to the appreciation of gold. In my own case I have suffered far more from this cause than from agitation or disaffection among the tenantry. During the last twenty years the population of the world demanding gold for monetary purposes has quadrupled, while international trade demanding gold has trebled, with the result that since 1871 it has gone up nearly fifty per cent. Now look what this means for an agricultural country like Ireland. A farmer has contracted to pay a certain rent—that is, so many sovereigns per annum—but the purchasing power of sovereigns has enormously increased; consequently, he has to raise so much more produce to earn his rent. The landlord suffers also, since mortgages and all other contracts have similarly to be satisfied in an appreciated standard. The expenditure upon the land has been reduced all round, till it becomes foul and poor, while the poorer lands go out of cultivation altogether. The substantial reductions in rents made during the last ten years are inadequate because, though involving enormous sacrifices on the part of the landlords in many instances, they have not kept pace with the appreciation of gold." Large as is the support which the bimetallic proposals are thus receiving, the opponents, we think, are the more powerful, consisting as they do of the capitalist

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merchants and bankers who carry on the commerce of the world; but as in the former case so in this, the contest will be not merely interesting but of great importance.

The London County Council and Fair Wages.—The proceedings of the London County Council ought to be carefully studied by all who are interested in current social and economical questions; not so much on account of the size and importance of the place of which it is the ruling authority—although London has a larger population than that of several European kingdoms—but because of the ardor with which the predominant party is entering upon what would generally be styled Socialistic schemes. *Fiant experimenta in corpore*, we will not say *vili* but *alieno*, and by watching we shall be able to profit by the results, good or bad. As we have already mentioned, in consequence of its having required a fair-wages clause to be inserted in all contracts, very few tenders were made for the works to be executed; thereupon the council decided itself to carry out the works (at least some of them) without any intervention; and it has appointed a committee for the purpose of supervising, securing plant, and the requisite material for this purpose. A large number of workmen will, therefore, be in the immediate control and pay of the council; and, in fact, the council, if all its projects succeed, will soon be the largest employer of labor in the world; and the question has arisen, Who is to settle the amount of wages? Hitherto employers have had at least a right to be heard on this point; but the council has resolved that in its own case it is to be left to the employed to settle their own wages and hours; for a resolution has been passed that the minimum rate of pay in each department shall be the rate decreed by the trades-unions and in practice obtained, and there is nothing to prevent the formation of one great trades-union of the employees of the council. This trades-union would, under this resolution, be able to exact as high wages as it pleased, or at least as the rate-payers would be likely to suffer. This proposal was adopted by the council notwithstanding the opposition of a part even of the Progressive party, headed by the well-known political economist, Sir Thomas Farrer. Another point which lends interest to the proceedings of the London County Council is the composition of the body itself. Mr. Frederick Harrison pronounces it the most composite elective body of which English history can show an example. Not even party rage has ever ventured to hint a

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suspicion of jobbery, and thus its experiments are to be looked upon as disinterested, even if mistaken, efforts to form an ideal London. According to Mr. Harrison, "about one-eighth of the council are members of the legislature; about a tenth have hereditary titles, or are immediately connected with historic families; three ducal houses are represented; it counts two Knights of the Garter; the foreign secretary, and several other members of the government; peers, baronets, land-owners, bankers, brokers, merchants, lawyers, manufacturers, dealers of all kinds, and a dozen workmen in different trades." We may add that there are two Catholics among the members; but as one, the Duke of Norfolk, is a Moderate, and the other, Mr. Costelloe, is a Progressive, they neutralize one the other.

The Attitude of Protestantism towards the Poor.—One of the questions which is exciting a good deal of interest and discussion at the present time is the attitude, past and present, of the various Protestant religious bodies towards the poor. To our mind one of the most conclusive tokens that the Establishment is not the Church of our Lord, but a highly respectable human institution, is the degraded state into which, notwithstanding its vast revenues, the poor have been allowed to fall both in the country and in the towns. But while it has been generally recognized that the Church of England is the church of the well-to-do, it has been equally generally believed that the Dissenters had won the hearts of the lower classes. At the meeting, however, recently held in Bradford of the Congregational Union one of the most prominent leaders of the labor party, Mr. Keir Hardie, was allowed to address the assembled ministers, and he frankly and without reserve revealed to them the opinions which working-men have formed of these churches. He said that they looked upon the Christianity of the schools as dead. The labor party had turned its back upon the Church because the Church had turned its back on Christ. In their meetings, he said, they pandered to the respectability of their congregations. The ministers who heard Mr. Hardie were so exasperated that they would not allow him to proceed, and cried him down, although the American delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian synod held two years ago in London explicitly declared, and almost gloried in the fact, that their mission was to the rich and cultured, and that they left the poor to the care of the Catholic Church. The Rev. H. P. Hughes made a remarkable statement to the same effect at the conference held at Grin-

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delwald this autumn. He declared that he believed that neither the highest nor the lowest classes had ever been truly converted to Protestantism, the only class of which it had laid real hold being the middle class. However both the Establishment and the Dissenters are bestirring themselves now in emulation of the true Church of Christ.

Practically Protestants do not favor Religious Education.—In our notes on the effects of secular education published last December we spoke in condemnatory terms of the action of Nonconformists in this matter. What was then said requires, we are glad to say, a little, although but a little, modification. This consists in the fact that the Mr. Hughes whom we have just mentioned (who is a leading Methodist minister) has publicly declared that he does not hesitate to say that the most awful mistake that the Nonconformists of England made was when they accepted a secular platform for national education. The same authority tells us that, "as a matter of fact to-day, all the great Nonconformist bodies of England have now, by express vote of their assemblies, repudiated the secular position altogether." Had these utterances resulted in practical action on the part of the Nonconformist bodies we should have had to make a considerable retractation. Unfortunately there are no evidences of such a change. The religious dissenters are dominated by the political dissenters, and the practical influence of the various bodies is still used to promote and to extend purely secular education. And when we turn to Ireland the same thing must be said of what was formerly the Establishment there, and which is supposed to be, we presume, a "branch" of the Church, along with the Establishment in England. This is shown by the action recently taken by this body with reference to the proposed change in the rules of the Board of National Education. The moment the majority of the commissioners voted in favor of allowing complete freedom of religious instruction, and of the retention of sacred emblems in the schools, the disestablished church, along with Protestants of every denomination, rose up in arms as one man and, true to their name, protested. Deputations went to the lord-lieutenant and implored him not to allow such a change to be made, and, we are sorry to say, gained their point. It almost seems as if, while many Protestants are willing to say true things about the necessity of religious instruction, the real practical work is left to the Catholic Church alone.

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Secular Education Disastrous in India.—Among the countries which are experiencing the evil effects of purely secular education, India, in the opinion of competent judges, must be included. In this case it is not elementary education which is affected, but the higher studies. The universities which were opened by the government were established on a purely secular basis. No attempt at religious teaching, or even at moral teaching on the basis of religion, is permitted. The utmost that has been proposed has been "a moral text-book," and even this has not been found capable of general adoption by the keenly-opposed creeds and religious sects represented in every lecture-room of an Indian Government College. Several years ago the results were recognized as disastrous by a government commission appointed to inquire into the education afforded by the colleges. The young men educated in them were losing faith in their native religious systems, and were not receiving any definite instruction to take their place; were, in fact, becoming sceptics in religion and suffering the necessary consequences in morals. Quite recently, in view of these evils, the lieutenant-governor of Bengal has issued an appeal to the professors in the colleges to use their utmost efforts to secure by their personal influence and example what cannot be attempted in the colleges under the sanction of religion. He wishes the professors to bear in mind that their relations with their students do not begin and end in the lecture-room, and that they should strive to gain an influence over them which shall be potent for good during all their lives.

No Irreligious Education in Natal.—The experience thus gathered of the unsatisfactory results of a purely secular education has, we are glad to see, not been thrown away upon those who have the direction of affairs in another part of the British Empire. A committee appointed by the governor of Natal has reported to the Council of Education of that colony, and the report has been adopted by that body, that after receiving and considering a quantity of evidence it had finally decided against the proposed appointment of public or secular schools for the natives. This they did because they were convinced by the evidence that the work was better done by the schools of the missionaries, and also more economically. The testimony against secular education pure and simple was almost unanimous, and therefore, with a real liberalism which is wanting among many so-called Liberals in other parts of the world, the committee recognized

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that it was not desirable for the government unduly to control or direct the religion of the people.

The State of Politics in Various European Countries.—It may, perhaps, be interesting to take a rapid glance at the political position of the chief European countries at the beginning of the new year, and to indicate the principal questions which have to be solved. In England the Liberal party is in power, with Mr. Gladstone as premier. His majority, however, is only forty, and is made up of a number of somewhat independent groups, consisting of Radicals who sympathize more or less warmly with Mr. Labouchere, Parnellites, anti-Parnellites, Welsh members and labor members, to say nothing of a very small number who have hitherto been Gladstonians pure and simple, but who are now threatening a "cave." Home Rule, of course, is the great question of the day, but a large amount of social legislation will be attempted.——It seems hardly worth while to say anything about France, for the situation there changes so frequently that anything written one week may not be true the next. However, at the moment of writing a ministry is in power which is drawn, like all the ministries for the past two years, from the Opportunist Republicans. This is one of eight parties in which the French legislature rejoices. Monarchists, Bonapartists, Boulangists, and Independents make up the Right. The Left, which has the majority, consists of Opportunists, Moderates, Radicals, and Social Radicals. The question which not merely the present ministry, but the Republic itself, has to settle is the exceedingly elementary one, "to be or not to be"; and this naturally puts into the background proposed ameliorations of the social order.——In Germany the ministry does not depend for its existence upon the will of the legislature, but it naturally wishes to receive the support of one or more of the political parties. At the present time, however, all parties are, for different reasons, disinclined to vote for government measures. As in France so in Germany, there are some eight or nine groups, of which the Centre, or Catholic party, is the strongest. Conservatives, Imperialists, National Liberals, German Liberals, Social Democrats, People's-Party men, Alsace-Lorrainers, Poles, and finally seven "Wild-men," form the happy family which the German government must manage if it wishes to pass its proposals into law. Of these proposals the increase of the army is the most urgent. Its fate depends upon the votes of the Catholic party, the leaders of which have clearly indi-

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cated their intention to refuse to add to the burdens of their already over-taxed fellow-countrymen.——In Austria the Conservative cabinet of Count Taaffe retains the power which it has held for thirteen years. The Reichsrath, which it leads and in a measure controls, is divided into sixteen parties, the names of which we spare our readers. In Hungary the number of parties is more reasonable. Liberals, Independents, the Croatian delegates, and the Nationalists complete the list. A new ministry has lately come into power of a more liberal and anti-Catholic spirit than its predecessor. It is said to be pledged to the introduction of compulsory civil marriage, while the dual monarchy, as a whole, is on the point of adopting gold coinage in place of the current paper.——While Russia is not troubled by open political parties, yet, like all autocrats, the czar has now one, now another set of self-chosen counsellors, and at the present time the peace party is said to be the one to which he is most inclined to listen.——Spain has recently exchanged a Conservative for a Liberal government, Señor Canovas having made way yet once more for Señor Sagasta. Like Portugal, Spain finds all its energies and efforts barely sufficient to secure the payment of its debts.——The task of Italy, on account of its vain efforts to pose as one of the great powers, and to keep up the preposterous army necessary for maintaining its position in the Triple Alliance, is identical with that of Spain and Portugal. As for its political parties, seeing that place and emolument for themselves are the predominating and controlling objects of the thoughts and aspirations of existing Italian legislators, it is not worth while to give even their names. And, to conclude, the work of revising her constitution upon which Belgium has entered has not yet been accomplished, nor, so elaborate and intricate are the proceedings, is it easy to indicate at what stage it has arrived. We believe, however, that the Conservative ministry, which still holds its place against the attacks of the Liberals, will soon bring the work to a happy conclusion.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE field of Roman patrician life, so long and so worthily occupied, almost monopolized, in fact, by Mr. Marion Crawford, has been very successfully entered of late by the Marchesa Theodoli, who very gracefully dedicates her novel to her American co-laborer and predecessor. Though she occupies a different portion of that field, the friends of the Saracinescas and Sant' Ilarios will have no difficulty in recognizing the Astallis and Casales as fruits of the same soil, cultivated by an equally painstaking and accustomed hand. In the present novel,* the author has given a vivid and very timely picture of the struggle between old and new in the Rome of our day—that old which has so blended its own prejudices and preconceptions with a truth which is eternal that it knows not how to distinguish them, but sees in every blow at its ancient prerogatives an attack on all that in itself is venerable and holy—and that new which recognizes that only essentials can be clung to successfully in a world which God continually vivifies and renews. The picture of life in the Astalli palace is a very interesting one, drawn faithfully, one feels persuaded, and by a hand both kindly and impartial. Of the two girls, Lavinia is wonderfully like some of Mr. Crawford's own heroines in the sincerity, simplicity, and depth of her passion, but she passes through a growth and educational development by means of it which distinguish her from any of them that we recall. The story of Bianca, Lavinia's twin, is hardly less interesting, certainly not less well managed. Hers is a struggle to follow her own religious vocation to the active life of a Sister of Charity, against the determination of her parents to force her into a Carmelite convent. The study of the Princess Astalli, devout, unbending, so truly charitable that no human misery, physical suffering, or sinfulness came within her reach "without receiving consolation, help, and material assistance," and yet so incapable of understanding that anything can justly conflict with her supposed parental rights, even the church itself of which she deems herself the most devoted adherent, is especially suggestive. Some of her talks with Don Antonio, surely the best priest one has met in a novel for many a day,

* *Under Pressure.* By the Marchesa Theodoli. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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are especially worth reading. It would be unfair to outline the story, which is one any novel-reader will find entertaining, and which to many who would not care for the love-story, will be interesting for the sake of the questions it brings up and the glimpses it gives of a type of mind and a social and semi-religious attitude now fast passing away, to give place, as one believes and hopes, to one more in accordance with those signs of the times which are the indications of God's will for our own days. The spirit of the author, as this book displays it, is both intelligent and religious.

An excellent novel from every point of view is Miss Whitby's *In the Suntime of Her Youth.** Amusing, well-written, and entertaining, it is also wholesome in all its lessons, direct and indirect. The author, though anything rather than didactic, has a moral to enforce by illustration—a moral which one would hardly exaggerate by describing as the final cause of the existence of good women novelists. What better, what more needed lesson can an upright woman of intelligence and experience impart to those of her own sex who are still able to profit by it, than that marriage without love, through whatever motives contracted, is a mistake so deadly, even when merely a mistake, that no temptation can fully excuse, and no plea of seeming duty actually justify it? The first lesson should not end here, however, unless it be followed by a second, inculcating the truth, too often forgotten nowadays, both in life and fiction, that a duty springs from what was in itself an error; that a loveless marriage is not a wholly irremediable evil, and that its yoke may and must be borne with unflinching patience. Miss Whitby has steered her bark very cleverly through the shoals and reefs on which so many otherwise skilful story-tellers have wrecked all their chances of real usefulness. Though there is a point in her tale where the hackneyed novel-reader begins to suspect danger ahead, that risk is quickly passed—shown, rather, to have existed in his fancy only. The tale is an English one, and told with a freshness, a gay, pleasant humor, and a sustained power which are unusual and refreshing. The characters are all distinctly drawn, and some of them, little "Precautia" for instance, with her quick tongue, sharp enough to entertain, not sharp enough to wound, and Elspeth with her straightforward candor, her single-hearted love, her hot temper, her inability to be "unselfish" enough to marry for the sake of other people, are wonderfully lifelike, as well as attractive, from first to last. Altogether,

* *In the Suntime of Her Youth.* By Beatrice Whitby. New York: Appleton & Co.

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the book will add much to Miss Whitby's already well-established reputation.

Another very readable novel is Mrs. Alick Macleod's Australian story, *The Silent Sea.** In this the reader will find almost everything except a moral, although he will be far enough from finding it either immoral or unmoral on that account. The charm of the story lies chiefly in the exquisite portrayal of Doris, and the surroundings of her childhood and quickly, yet not too quickly, terminated youth. The book is full of incident, however, and the business of the gold mine, the study of Trevaskis the engineer, and the queer story of Victor and his elderly, persistent, and finally victorious admirer, are told in a way whose interest can never be said to flag, although it can hardly be called absorbing. It is very well written in point of style.

Christian Reid's fine story of *The Lost Lode*, and another by F. X. L., called *Stella's Discipline*, have been bound up together, and form one of the attractive-looking volumes of H. L. Kilner's "Catholic Library." They differ much in point of style, but will both prove entertaining, and both point useful lessons. But they will hardly appeal with equal force to the same class of readers. There is something in the delicate remoteness of Christian Reid's style, when she is at her best, as we think her in this story, which must make her work rather trying as a companion-piece to that of other writers.

Tom Playfair and *Percy Wynn* have a very successful follower in *Harry Dee*,† wherein their author shows again his comprehension of and sympathy with the school-boy mind and aspirations. He has hit off very happily the characteristics of his young heroes; his book would really have the air of being written by a boy and for boys, were it not for an occasional bit of word-painting which looks suspicious. Still it cannot fail to be read by them with hearty interest. The chapter concerning the baseball game will by itself command all their suffrages. The book has better things in it, though.

A story so well-constructed and at the same time so innocuous as Mr. Payn's *Stumble on the Threshold*‡ always gives pleasure—a pleasure comparable to that afforded by the inspection of a well-built modern house with its plumbing and heating arrangements just what they should be, its materials solid, its

* *The Silent Sea.* By Mrs. Alick Macleod. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† *Harry Dee; or, Making it Out.* By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros.

‡ *A Stumble on the Threshold.* By James Payn. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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closets ample and in just the right places. Such a house pleases irrespective of its outlook. One can dispense with a view at a pinch, but he wants his floors substantial and his doors and windows warranted not to creak. It is always safe to entrust to Mr. Payn the contract both as architect and builder for such a house of the mind, wherein a not extravagant fancy may be snug and comfortable. He has taken the measure of his public; he knows they object almost equally to the turrets and cupolas and flying buttresses of one school of imaginative fiction and the dungeons, pest-houses, and dissecting-rooms of another. He is himself the best illustration of his famous thesis that novel-writing is a profession like any other, to which any one possessing the sound intelligence and good judgment necessary for average success in law or medicine may be trained. His original equipment has not changed perceptibly, but his technique has improved greatly since he won his first recognition from the public he has ever since retained.

His present story relates the adventures of three students of Cambridge University, who are close friends, although one of them in whom the reader is expected to take most interest is much beneath the others in social position. All three are seriously in love with the same young girl, and she is engaged to one of them when the quartette come before the curtain. There is no lack of life-likeness in Mr. Payn's presentation of his characters. These students affect one like real men; their talk and their actions have the same persuasive quality of genuineness, and although one of them is the victim at first sight of a hopeless, pure, and life-long passion which never feeds itself after the first moment on the fancy of fruition. Mr. Payn has succeeded in imposing even so rare a phenomenon as this upon his reader's credulity. Ella Martin, too, though she is only silhouetted on his pages, has the same quality of genuine substance. One feels that she is all there, and is grateful that she is used for effect only, since what Mr. Payn wants of her is merely to supply the *raison-d'être* of his study of Blythe and Needham. She is a good girl and honestly in love with her betrothed, whom she finally marries; nevertheless she works dire havoc with his friends, exposes the true inner stuff of each, and becomes the central figure of what narrowly escapes being a tragedy, and does afford occasion for a murder trial conducted according to the established precedents of fiction. There is plenty of honest entertainment to be found in this novel and not an ounce of harm.

There is a good deal of human nature of the rougher sort in

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the collection of sketches* wherein we make a first acquaintance of Mr. Opie Read. They are rich in scraps of dialogue that might have been taken down by a phonograph, so natural and life-like that, standing alone, they would persuade to a belief that we have here a new writer of native force in process of evolution. Unfortunately, they lead with surprising uniformity to flat disappointment or to crudities that shock but do not promise.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who has done so much good in a modest way with his untiring pen, has produced in his *Layman's Day*† a thoroughly practical and most insinuatingly suggestive little book which cannot but be useful. He is a sort of lay Faber, a good guide to those "Easy Ways of Divine Love" which are not after all so easy that the best of us, who have daily cares and business to attend to, do not need constant reminders to walk in them without faltering. There is great wisdom packed with equal skill and brevity into this handy and attractive itinerary of the daily journey from morning to evening on the road that leads to life eternal.

Another life‡ has appeared (there were already five) of Nicholas Ferrar, a deacon of the Established Church of England in the reign of Charles I., when he founded a sort of Protestant religious house, composed entirely of members of his own family. The latter fact is probably a unique one in the history of such foundations. The establishment, moreover, did not outlive his family; but an interest has long attached to it, chiefly, perhaps, in the minds of the Ritualistic section of the Anglican Church on account of its apparent foreshadowing of somewhat similar ones in these later times. Nicholas Ferrar himself seems not to have been a specially interesting person, save on the devotional side of his character. He was deeply religious, but he was not wide-minded nor clear-sighted. He thought it possible to leap the chasm between the sixteenth and the sixth centuries, and establish a private causeway of his own across them by which he might return in safety, carrying back whatever seemed useful or desirable, while ignoring all the rest. When what the Puritans of his day called his "Arminian Nunnery" was attacked, he thought to avert danger from it by avowing his con-

* *Miss Madam, and Other Sketches.* By Opie Read. Chicago and New York: F. T. Neely & Co.

† *The Layman's Day; or, Jewels of Practical Piety.* By Percy Fitzgerald. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Nicholas Ferrar, His Household and His Friends.* Edited by the Rev. T. T. Carter M.A. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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victions that the Pope was Antichrist. His biographer says that his acquaintance with foreign devotional writings appears to have been extensive, and proves it by showing that he translated a treatise by the Jesuit Lessius, on The Temperate Man. He was fonder, however, of some less orthodox writers, and valued Lessius as he did the famous centenarian Cornaro, that is to say as an ascetic rather than a spiritual guide. His biographer remarks of him:

"He hated popery with the solid hatred which was nourished by Foxe's *Book of Martyrs.* He believed that the Pope was Antichrist; when asked what he would do if by any chance the Mass was celebrated in his house, he is said to have replied that he would pull down that room and build another."

Such declarations were not sufficient to save a house in which it was known that there were not only two women who had vowed to God a perpetual virginity, but also that great enormity, an organ. Nine years after its founder's death the establishment at Little Gidding was sacked by Cromwell's soldiers, its inmates having fled in time from outrage or murder. Peckard thus describes the conduct of the soldiery:

"These military zealots, in the rage of what they called reformation, ransacked both the church and the house. In doing which they expressed a particular spite against the organ. This they broke in pieces, of which they made a large fire, and thereat roasted several of Mr. Ferrar's sheep, which they had killed in his grounds. This done, they seized all the plate, furniture, and provision which they could conveniently carry away. And in this general devastation perished those works of Mr. Nicholas Ferrar which merited a better fate."

There were, indeed, works accomplished at Little Gidding in the way of Concordances and Harmonies of the Gospels and other parts of Holy Scripture which were eminently well worth the doing. One of the most interesting chapters of the present life is devoted to these Concordances, of which a noteworthy specimen is given. The family at Little Gidding themselves bound these volumes, of which the text was part in script, part in type, and sold them when that was possible, using the purchase money to continue their costly work. Charles I. had two of them, a Harmony of the Gospels and a Harmony of the Books of Kings and Chronicles, the latter prepared by the monarch's express desire. Both of these are now in the British Museum. Ferrar himself was a thorough Englishman of a narrow type, practical not speculative, and neither capable of origi-

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nal thought nor of apprehending the true points in controversy between Rome and the so-called Reform. He accepted as true all that he had been taught by parents who had not improbably relinquished the ancient faith through fear of persecution, and having been told that the changes wrought by Henry and his immediate successors had merely restored the church of his own island to primitive purity, his devout and ascetic temperament inclined him to those austerities practised in primitive times. Though he was clearly capable of domineering somewhat harshly on occasion, his personal charm must have been great and his sincerity undoubted, since he prevailed not merely on his aged mother but on a household of married brothers and sisters to abide with him for life in almost monastic discipline and privation, for the sole end of serving God in greater purity and perfection. His work was not lasting, nor is this record of it particularly interesting, save as a monument of narrow but well-meaning and sincere lives in a time and a country which had much need but small appreciation of their peculiar virtues.

Mr. MacDonald's work on Criminology,* with an introduction by Professor Lombroso, the Italian "founder" of the so-called science, relates to a subject interesting not merely to scholars, but to ordinary thoughtful men. A somewhat careful perusal of his bulky volume has not, however, resulted in inducing a persuasion that his treatment of the subject is either fundamental or truly suggestive. It is a medley of detached facts, thrown together without apparent system, and with no thread of philosophy to bind them together save the hint that Lombroso considers crime to be "a return to the primitive and barbarous state of our ancestors, the criminal being a savage born into modern civilization." The author's preparation for the work is said to have consisted in a course of studies in various universities in the United States and abroad—a condition of things which, so far as his use of his vernacular is concerned, can hardly be said to reflect great honor on those institutions. His work is completed by an extensive and exhaustive bibliography of the best books and articles on crime in several languages.

I.—THE CHURCH IN RELATION TO SCEPTICS.†

For twenty years the author of this work has been engaged in giving what are called "Evidential" missions throughout

* *Criminology.* By Arthur MacDonald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

† *The Church in Relation to Sceptics:* a Conversational Guide to Evidential Work. By the Rev. Alex. I. Harrison, B.D. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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Great Britain, of which the object is to answer the objections to the truth of Christianity which have for the time being the most influence; and to do so in a manner suitable to the average hearer, rather than for the professed student. Mr. Harrison is, therefore, a practical and experienced man. His present work is more immediately addressed to the clergy. It is not meant to be a formal treatise on Christian evidences; its object is rather to help the clergy to use the knowledge which they have or are supposed to have already attained. For—to use the author's words—"It is not enough to have a well-furnished armory. One must know how to handle the weapons, and also what weapons to handle. It is just here that my experience may be of service to others." Unbelievers are not treated as opponents who are to be pulverized, but as men who are to be won to the truth by the solution of their difficulties. On the other hand, the common habit of setting up modern sceptics as types of moral goodness does not meet with the author's approbation; for he asks, How can a man who, whether in good or in bad faith does not as a matter of fact fulfil his duties to God be considered a perfectly good man? Duties remain, although they may not be recognized; and the man who does not perceive his duty, even inculpably, should not be put upon a level with those who both perceive and strive to fulfil. Unbelief is a wrong done to God and to Christ, and as such it should be dealt with in the spirit of love for the wrong-doer.

We commend this book to our readers as the work of a man thoroughly in earnest and zealous for the truth, well acquainted with modern forms of unbelief, and fully equipped by his learning, logical powers, and sympathy for opponents to win over to the truth those who have fallen into error. Should any one wish for proof of this, let him read the presentation of the arguments against atheistic-agnostic secularism, as given in pages 87 to 97. For ourselves, it is only fair to say that we have never met with a more cogent and masterly statement of the case.

2.—WILD FLOWERS FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.*

The charm of these graceful outpourings of the mind and heart of one who has chosen "the better part" consists chiefly in their happy, appropriate expression of the lessons of the Chris-

**Wild Flowers from the Mountain Side. Poems and Dramas.* By "Mercedes." Third edition. St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa.

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tian virtues they are intended to convey. In these days, when poets and other artists for the most part labor for excellence alone in depicting nature and human life with photographic fidelity, and that too seldom revealing anything higher and nobler than their sensuous forms, it is refreshing to find one who presents us with their spiritual, divine sense. All these flowers glow with a delicate color and exhale that singularly pure fragrance which betray their culture in a consecrated atmosphere. Our copy is one in bridal dress, and as a gift-book nothing would be more suitable.

3.—A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.*

The volume which we are perusing contains a keen and subtle criticism of the history of events in England before the ecclesiastical revolution under Henry VIII., and by gathering up and arranging the threads the author weaves into a beautiful tapestry picture the designs of God's providence among the Anglo Saxons. The causes of the rebellion of the sixteenth century are clearly shown to be the native-born independence of the Anglo-Saxons, their devotion to their rulers from a religious stand-point, the weakening of the faith consequent on the decimation of the clergy by the plague, and the numerous abuses in the ecclesiastical polity of the two centuries preceding. The points are well and fearlessly made, and sustained with not a little vigor and strength.

4.—THE WORK OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.†

These are the latest issues of the Catholic Truth Society. They are both good practical pamphlets. With these comes the Corresponding Secretary's Eleventh Quarterly Report, which shows that the energy with which the members of the society entered on their missionary work is unabated. During the past quarter there were printed twenty-four thousand pamphlets. The amount of good done through the wide distribution of these numerous pamphlets is simply unmeasurable.

* *The Church in England, A.D.* 30–1509. Mary H. Allies. Benziger Bros.

† *Thoughts from Lacordaire.—The Mass:* The Proper Form of Christian Worship. The Catholic Truth Society of America, St. Paul, Minn.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE send out our special Golden Jubilee number this month in a new dress, to do more than ordinary honor to our Holy Father on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration to the episcopal office, and we would be unworthy sons of the greatest and best of fathers if we did not join our voice in the vast chorus of praise and congratulation that is going up from all parts of Christendom, and join in a striking, prominent way, for we in this country have more than ordinary reason to praise the divine Life-giver that he has permitted Leo to live through so many years of benefit to the Church and to humanity.

In the fifty years of his episcopate Leo has done many great things, but his latest and kindest act is to the Church in the United States in the appointment of Monsignor Satolli as his own personal and permanent representative. The special favor is shown not only in the establishment of a permanent Apostolic Delegate here, which office rounds out and completes the organization of the Church in the United States, but, and more especially, this favor is manifested in the selection of one who has been a life-long friend, who has the Holy Father's confidence in the fullest way, and who, besides his eminent qualities as a learned theologian and profound canonist, more nearly represents the mind and policy of Rome than any other living personage.

The mission of Leo in these latter years is the infusing of a Christian element into the movement of the nations of the world toward more democratic institutions. With the clear and practised eye of a great statesman he has seen that there has been a change in the basis of power; that it is no longer dynasties or ruling families that mould the destinies of nations, but the power is from below, from among the common people. The state of unrest, the now and then harsh breathings of revolution, the ferment of the socialistic movement, the reaching out of the masses of the people for their God-given rights—all these

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are indications of the awakening unto a new life of a being of wonderful energy and of tremendous vitality. It is the mission of Leo to baptize and Christianize this new energy, to bring the Church on her natural side in touch with the legitimate aspirations of the masses towards greater knowledge and a broader liberty, and thus, by ingratiating herself into the convictions and entwining herself into the affections of the people, to pursue her divine mission of saving mankind.

We are obliged to apologize for the non-appearance of Father Ryder's article on the much-mooted question of the extent of the inspiration of Scripture. Unavoidable delays have made it too late for this number, but we can promise it definitely for March. The articles are thoroughly exhaustive, and will form a valuable contribution to the discussion of a question which is now exciting so much attention. They will be remarkable not only for the ability and learning of the writer, but particularly for that special quality of fairness which recalls the characteristic excellence of Cardinal Newman and which was one great source of his wonderful influence.

It may not be out of place in these "Notes" to call attention to the article on the "Educational Bureau." It is from the pen of one of our brightest educators, and may be suggestive of some practical organization either in connection with the World's Fair or the Summer-School.

As many inquiries have been made concerning the proper method of introducing Congregational singing, Father Young has prepared a tract entitled, *Congregational Singing: How to establish it. What to do, and what not to do.* This tract, together with a specimen copy of the *Order of Divine Praise and Prayer*, will be sent by the Columbus Publishing Co. on receipt of ten cents.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

BROTHER MAURELIAN and Commissioner Harris are justly entitled to the credit of having convinced the World's Fair directors that the needs of the educational exhibit required a new building, for which the appropriation of $120,000 was delayed till December 7, 1892.

As the lady managers of the woman's building have announced no plan of doing honor to the royal patroness of Columbus, we venture to suggest that the department of the education building which will contain the exhibit of our schools and academies of Catholic girls should in some way be designed to perpetuate the glorious memory of Isabella.

An important feature of the Catholic educational exhibit will be the Columbian library of Catholic authors whose works are now published in the English language. This is a significant recognition of the work undertaken by the Columbian Reading Union which will be gladly welcomed by our members, who for over three years have been gathering data for a complete list of Catholic authors. Our researches have proved that no private library or institution of learning in the United States has a *complete collection* of books by Catholic authors published in the United States. The librarian of Congress at Washington no doubt received a copy of every book, but as yet no one has succeeded in making a complete list, or in getting funds to meet the expenses involved in its publication. The catalogues of publishers are most unreliable. It is considered a safe estimate to say that the Catholic authors whose works are published in English number not less than two thousand; their books—including translations—would make a library of at least ten thousand volumes.

We sincerely hope that the Columbian library will be worthy of the World's Fair. Brother Maurelian appeals to living authors, publishers, relatives and friends of deceased authors to send specimens of their books to the Manager of Catholic Educational Exhibit, Wabash Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

The American Book Co. has issued a new edition, with most attractive pictures and autographs of famous authors, of Cathcart's *Literary Reader*. It contains typical selections of English literature, from Shakspere to the present time, chronologically arranged, with biographical sketches, and numerous critical notes. The book was first issued in 1874, and was designed to provide a way of acquiring a fair knowledge for those unable to pursue a special course in literature. Among the writers of the nineteenth century we find no mention of our celebrated Catholic representatives, who are second to none in literary excellence. Cardinal Newman's name is not even mentioned. We hope that these glaring omissions will be supplied in the next edition, so that the book, which has many merits, may be acceptable to Catholic readers.

Mr. Cathcart's statement that Shakspere was one of the proprietors of the

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Blackfriars Theatre in 1589 is inaccurate. It is based upon the substance of a document intruded into the Public Record Office in London, in some unexplained way, and upon which the keeper of the records some years ago affixed an endorsement calling attention to its ungenuine character. The careful researches made by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps show clearly that none of the Lord Chamberlain's company of players, to which Shakspere belonged, were occupants of the Blackfriars until the surrender of the lease made to Evans, who was the manager of a company of boys in 1596, by James Burbage, who bought the property for a theatre in that year. Of course this statement does not include Underwood and Field, who were members of Evans's company as boys, but growing up to be men, were subsequently taken into the King's Players. Until Evans's lease was taken up by the sons of James Burbage, certainly after the year 1603, Shakspere and his fellows played only at "The Theatre," in Shoreditch, and at "The Globe," in Maiden Lane, Southwark, which was the same theatre torn down on the night of the 26th of December, 1598, and carried across the Thames to be re-erected and renamed. It is positively shown by genuine documents discovered and published by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps that Shakspere had no ownership or share in the profits of the theatrical business until the Burbages admitted him to an interest in the Globe in 1598-9.

* * *

Miss Eliza Allen Starr has been honored by a letter from Pope Leo approving the object of the Queen Isabella Association. The letter has been engraved on paper resembling the original, and may be purchased as a souvenir:

POPE LEO XIII.

TO THE QUEEN ISABELLA ASSOCIATION.

Most Illustrious Lady:

It gratifies me to announce to you that the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. has received with great satisfaction the information conveyed to him through your ladyship's missive of October 12, that a numerous association of ladies has been formed which has taken the name of "The Queen Isabella Association," and it has in view to honor that illustrious patron of Columbus by erecting a statue of bronze in Chicago, near the place of the Exposition. The Holy Father, justly appreciating the noble mind and piety of that exalted woman, and the merits she acquired toward religion and the entire human race by seconding the great discoverer in his designs, cannot but approve the purpose of the association over which you preside, and it is therefore, in rendering to you (whom he paternally blesses) and to all the associates the merited praise, that he wishes, with all his great heart, that their enterprise may have a splendid and happy success.

In conveying to your ladyship the above sentiments of the Holy Father I rejoice to express the sentiments of my own distinguished esteem, with which I am your ladyship's most devotedly,

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Rome, November 1, 1892.

MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR, Chicago.

* * *

The Queen Isabella Association has now been endorsed by commendatory letters from the Pope, Cardinal Gibbons and ten archbishops, and over fifty bishops, abbots, and superiors of religious communities. Such a general expression of approval all along the line should be sufficient indication of the universal de-

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sire among Catholics to secure public honors in America for Queen Isabella. The members of the association which has taken her name are to be congratulated on the many signs of public interest exhibited since the formation of their organization, August 17, 1889. By their efforts a statue fund of $25,000 was established in shares of $5 each. The Queen Isabella statue by the renowned sculptor, Miss Harriet Hosmer, will belong to the owners of these shares at the close of the World's Fair, subject absolutely to their control and disposal. The permanent location of the statue will be determined by the vote of the shareholders, who represent various religious denominations. Any one desiring to get more particulars relating to the Queen Isabella Association may apply to the secretary, Mrs. Clare Hanson Mohun, 70 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Sorosis has a committee appointed to assist the board of women managers of the State of New York in preparing an account of work done by women in literary clubs and classes. This classification is intended to include Reading Circles. Reports are to be type-written upon paper nine inches square, and sent to Mrs. Phœbe A. Hanaford, 47 West Twelfth Street, New York City. At a cost of three dollars each leather covers will be provided, bearing the seal and motto of the Empire State, in artistic design approved by Mrs. Candace Wheeler of the Associated Artists. Under three sections the desired information may be arranged, viz.:

1. Account of origin; scheme and purpose of work; any interesting particulars as to development and success.

2. Noted occasions, with programmes.

3. Four representative papers which have been already presented to the club.

Our best wishes are extended to the members of Sorosis having this matter in charge. We hope that Reading Circles will be well represented, though some of them are managed solely for the members. No accounts of their meetings can be got for publication to aid the public advancement of the cause.

* * *

The Fénelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn provided a rare literary treat for members and guests at the Pouch Gallery, January 4. Much interest was awakened by the Rev. John M. Kiely's talk on Tennyson. He reminded his audience that when Tennyson's first volume of poems appeared, sixty years ago, it was so roughly handled by the critics that nothing from the young poet was again published until ten years afterward. Then the literary public of England admitted his genius, and "Locksley Hall," "Morte d'Arthur," "The May Queen," and "The Two Voices," which followed in quick succession, completed Tennyson's triumph over the professional critics. His fame rests mainly on "The Idylls of the King," which with "Enoch Arden," "The Lover's Tale," and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," comprise the laureate's great works. He was not a very voluminous writer, but what he did was well done. No poet ever wrote less twaddle, less "sweet things," so few verses that you tire of. Tennyson, however, was recognized as somewhat of a crank. He abhorred interviewers, loved seclusion, loathed obtruders, despised newsmongers, was not uneasy if he insulted the inquisitive, and generally wished to be let alone. He was a kind of harmless misanthrope, cooping himself in when he was at home, and preferring lonely haunts, wild coasts, and sandy solitudes when he went out for his daily walks. Father Kiely reviewed "In Memoriam," which he said could not be treated briefly, whether viewed as a poem, a sermon, a romance, a dirge, or a reverie. Tenny-

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son was no visionary, no pantheistic speculator. A man of modern science, he saw in every phase of progress bright promise for the future of humanity. In his theory perfection and bliss were to be secured by gradual stages in the law of progress and natural development, until at last shall dawn the millennium of human existence. Thus, whatever he has written tends to lift man up and make him nobler.

* * *

Mr. Michael Hennessy, who died recently at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., was a man of varied attainments. From 1851 to 1892 he occupied the position of commercial editor of the New York *Times*. The leading merchants regarded his reports as most reliable, owing to his high standard of personal integrity and his ability in the special line to which he was devoted. Over the signature of "Laffan" he contributed to many of the Catholic papers selections from his vast knowledge of Irish history. He collected one of the finest libraries on Irish and Catholic matters to be found in the United States. Many of his rare volumes were consulted by the great Dominican orator, Father Burke, when preparing his reply to the slanderous attacks on the Irish people put forth by Mr. Froude. In recent years Mr. Hennessy watched with growing interest the growth of Catholic Reading Circles.

* * *

Mr. Lorenzo J. Markoe is the editor and proprietor of the *Monthly Bulletin of Current Literature*, published at St. Paul, Minn. It aims to make known the merits of our existing literature, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. The editor has our best wishes for the success of his undertaking. We believe with him "that the great extent to which vitiating books and papers are read is due, not to bad hearts prepared to receive the poison but simply to the general thirst for reading so common in our country." We are thankful for this kind notice of our work:

"The Columbian Reading Union keeps its members informed of its progress through the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It will be aided and advertised in our columns to the utmost; for it is a most deserving association, and is already doing a wonderful work in helping on the rapidly awakening interest in real literature which is now making itself manifest amongst the Catholics of our country. Its reference lists of writers and their works are of great value, and should be in the hands of all reading Catholics."

* * *

The *Pilot* of a recent date informs its readers that the reception tendered by the Catholic Union of Boston to the distinguished novelist F. Marion Crawford was a most brilliant social event. In his own characteristic way the Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J., thus expressed in a letter his impressions of the novelist, who has been absent from America for over ten years:

"When I was living (for now I am vegetating), among my many faults was that of literary curiosity, and I kept a vigilant outlook for all that was very new in the literary world. I came across Mr. Crawford's Hindoo books. Thenceforth I read all his books, and learned all I could of his personality. Of the former there is no reason why I should speak, because the world speaks. Of the latter I learned that he was an American and a Catholic. I learned that he did not pose as a Catholic, but that there was in his works no word at variance with Catholic feeling or morality.

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"Now our theology teaches us to love and to honor all men; but there are degrees in dilection, and we are to honor more those who reflect more perfectly the divine attributes. And we are to honor and love more those who are nearer to us by reason of religion and nationality. I confess that I relish Milton even the less because of the smack of Puritanism in his greatest production.

"Ye men of Boston, of whom I never made a request that did not meet with ready compliance, honor Mr. Crawford, the great American Catholic novelist! It will be to your own profit."

Some of our readers will be delighted to know, on the very reliable authority of the *Pilot's* literary editor, that "Mr. Crawford is one of that group of brilliant American literary men who have come into the Catholic Church within the past few decades, as Charles Warren Stoddard, Richard Malcolm Johnson, George Parsons Lathrop, Richard Storrs Willis. But Marion Crawford holds easily first rank among the present-day novelists in the English tongue. A competent critic describes *Saracinesca* as the best novel ever written by an American. Though with *The Scarlet Letter* in our memories we might dissent a little from this, it is simple truth to say that it is the best novel written by an American in the present generation. Mr. Crawford's reputation, like his genius, is cosmopolitan; and he can project himself as easily, and with as fascinating results to his readers, into the Persia of Zoroaster as he can write against a background of present-day New York, or Rome, or Paris, or London."

Mr. Crawford's address was delivered in a charming manner. On being introduced by the president of the Catholic Union, Mr. J. W. McDonald, he thanked his audience heartily for the spirit of their greeting. Then, he said, as he was expected to relate some of his life's experiences, he would begin at the beginning.

He told of his boyhood in Rome, where his father had domiciled himself for the study of sculpture, and of his first meeting with the late Pontiff, Pius IX., whom he later saw frequently on some of the most memorable occasions of his Pontificate. He referred to the changes that have taken place since the old Rome of the popes has become absorbed into the later Rome of the king. He was present at the magnificent celebration in St. Peter's on the occasion of the present Pope's silver jubilee, when fifty thousand people assembled in the great basilica, and described the effect upon Leo XIII. when, as with a single voice, the vast throng burst forth into the exclamation, "Viva il Papa Re"—Long live the Pope and King. "It was a long day since that cry had been heard in Rome," added Mr. Crawford, "and His Holiness received it with the beautiful placid smile characteristic of him."

Mr. Crawford described other memorable scenes he had witnessed in Rome, and spoke of the great Cardinal Antonelli, Pius IX.'s Secretary of State, whom he knew well, and "whose genius," he said, "had held every court in Europe at bay." He told of the cardinal's death, and of his visit to the death chamber on the following morning as correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He then related how he took up journalism on account of reverses in fortune, and of his meeting with the Hindoo gentleman who induced him to go to India, where he met the hero described in his first story, *Mr. Isaacs*. He gave his hearers the evolution of *Mr. Isaacs* and *Paul Patoff*, and in the course of his remarks on the former book told some very entertaining things about Mme. Blavatsky and her theosophy, which he called "Arab trash and tricks." His life in India was

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briefly touched upon. He worked in a newspaper office fifteen hours a day with the thermometer at 115°, and that with fans going all day and wet grass screens on the windows.

He concluded by relating some incidents in his life in lower Italy, ending with a fervent tribute to the Catholic Church, and proclaiming his gratitude to God for the grace of membership in the One True Fold. The members of the Catholic Union, their relatives and guests, were then presented to Mr. Crawford by the reception committee.

It is announced that during Lent Mr. Crawford and Sir Edwin Arnold will alternate in a series of morning readings in New York.

* * *

The concluding lecture in the course of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston, by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., was a masterly exposition of the Irish element in modern English literature. He showed how the cruel and oppressive English government of Ireland, which for so long denied education to the Irish people except at the cost of their faith, and which worked also systematically against the industrial prosperity of the country, checked the growth of literature in Ireland, though it could not quench the people's thirst for knowledge, nor absolutely hinder the gravitation of many Irishmen to literary pursuits.

Dr. Conaty paid a just and feeling tribute to the hedge schoolmaster, who kept alive the taste for letters in Ireland in her darkest days. He traced the beginnings of an Irish literature in the English tongue back to the street-ballads which, however deficient in literary technique, were not seldom full of true poetry. "Note, for example, the 'Wearing of the Green,'" he said, "how its pathos and poetry stir the heart, when interpreted by the voice of a Ludwig." He indicated the distinct Irish influence on English letters at its highest and widest, through the oratory of Burke, Curran, O'Connell; the prose of Swift and Steele and Goldsmith; the poetry of Moore, Mangan, and Goldsmith again, and later of Aubrey de Vere. In a passage of great force and beauty he especially praised the weird and wonderful genius of Mangan, and touched tenderly on the sorrows of his life. To these poets may be added some of the brightest names of those popularly assumed to be entirely English. Keats had a liberal infusion of Irish blood, and the Barrett, as Bernard Carpenter used to claim, certified similarly for Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The Young Ireland campaign, in which brilliant journalism and national poetry were so effective weapons, was also considered, and Dr. Conaty spoke eloquently of the poets of the nation, particularly of Thomas Davis and "Speranza," Lady Wilde. Another service of the Irish element to literature is that it is making known through the English speech a world of romantic history, legend, and fairy lore, from the copious and beautiful literature of the ancient Irish tongue.

M. C. M.

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NEW BOOKS.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore:

Memories of the Professional and Social Life of John E. Owens. By his Wife.

The Outing Company, limited, New York:

Saddle and Sentiment. By Wenona Gilman.

Benziger Brothers, New York:

Hierurgia; or, The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. With notes and dissertations elucidating its doctrines and ceremonies, and numerous illustrations. By Daniel Rock, D.D. Third edition. Revised by W. H. James Weale. 2 vols.

The Creed Explained; or, An Exposition of Catholic Doctrine according to the Creeds of Faith and the Constitutions and Definitions of the Church. By Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist.

The Catholic Priesthood. Rev. M. Müller, C.SS.R. 2 vols.

Literary, Scientific, and Political Views of Orestes A. Brownson. Selected from his Works by Henry F. Brownson.

Moments before the Tabernacle. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

Words of Wisdom from the Scriptures. A Concordance to the Sapiential Books. Prepared from the French (Migne's Collection). Edited by Rev. John J. Bell. With a Preface by Very Rev. A. Magnien, S.S., D.D.

Œuvres de St. François de Sales. Edition complète. Published by the Sisters of Annecy, with the assistance of competent ecclesiastics, under the immediate supervision of Monsignor Isoard, Bishop of Annecy. Vol. I.: Containing "Les Controverses" from the autographs at Rome and Annecy, with an "Introduction Générale," historical, bibliographical, and literary, to the *Œuvres de St. François de Sales.*

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

The Life and Letters of Washington Allston. By Jared B. Flagg, N.A., S.T.D.

Roberts Brothers, Boston:

Guide to the Knowledge of God: A Study of the Chief Theodices. By A. Gratry, Professor of Moral Theology at the Sorbonne. Translated by Abby Langdon Alger. With introduction by William Rounseville Alger.

Victor Lecoffre, Paris:

Saint Paul. Ses Missions. Par l'Abbé C. Fouard.

PAMPHLETS.

The Catholic Truth Society, St. Paul, Minn.:

Thoughts from Lacordaire.

The Mass. The Proper Form of Christian Worship. Rev. J. M. Lucey.

Proceedings of the Catholic Young Men's National Union in Albany, 1892.

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"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me; but weep for yourselves, and for your children."—ST. LUKE xxiii. 28.

From von Hoffman in Munich Gallery.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVI. MARCH, 1893. NO. 336.

VIA DOLOROSA.

AH! yes, dear friend, 'tis hard for one who knew
No crown but roses, to be crowned with rue;
To weep, who always smiled; to bear a cross,
Who never felt a burden or a loss.

'Tis hard—but when the bitter sprays oppress,
And when the cross smites down with heaviness,
O think of Him who erst this valley trod,
And blest the narrow path which leads to God!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

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SCRIPTURE INSPIRATION AND MODERN BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

I.—WHAT THE CHURCH SAYS.

HE idea of Scripture inspiration as understood by Catholic theologians involves not only a "*divinitas secundum materiam*"—the Divine or supernatural character of certain truths contained therein, or revelation—but also "*Divinitas secundum auctorem*"—or the divinity of the principal Author. In other words, the collection of writings called Holy Scripture is not merely sacred because it contains imbedded in it, like gold in a hill-side, truths concerning God and man to which reason is either absolutely or morally incapable of attaining, but also because, for the form in which Scripture conveys these truths, and their entire context, the God of truth has made himself to some real extent responsible. He is the prompter of the undertaking, the suggester of the subject-matter, the supervisor of the execution, and the editor, so to speak, who affixes his name and *imprimatur* to the work.

IN WHAT INSPIRATION CONSISTS.

It is precisely in this manifold relation between God and the sacred writers that inspiration consists. Its variety—for there is a difference of degree in the inspiration of different parts of Holy Scripture—is to be found mainly in the differing degrees in which the subject-matter, whether in detail or expression, is Divinely suggested or left to the resources of the human author. Inspiration is the measure of the Divine authorship. Man, not God, is the author in the popular sense of the term, the immediate intellectual maker and composer of the sacred writings. It was a human mind with all its native limitations that compiled and digested what it afterwards expressed in various literary forms. Only here and there are there evidences of anything approaching a Divine dictation; but throughout a Divine prevention manifests itself. But as it is precisely this Divine contribution of suggestion and assistance that gives its priceless distinction to the sacred writings, God comes to be spoken of by theologians as the "*auctor principalis.*" The following illustra-

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tion may serve to bring out the force of the Latin word. Erasmus (Ep. ad von Hutten), speaking of Blessed Thomas More, says: "Quin et mihi ut Moriæ encomium scriberem, hoc est ut camelus saltarem, fuit auctor." More was the inspirer of this work of Erasmus. Had he stood over him and seen that his own idea was sufficiently carried out, and in no respect gainsaid, he would, so far as we may compare things human with things Divine, an external with an internal action, have stood to him in the same relation as God stood to the sacred writers.

WHAT IS THE EXTENT OF DIVINE RESPONSIBILITY?

The great question that lies before us, that clamors for solution, is: What may be the extent of the Divine responsibility in the word of Scripture, what does it imply, what preclude, what permit? Can we regard any of the statements of fact or theory or sentiment in the Bible as in any sense misstatements? and if so, in what sense?

When we are first introduced to the Scriptures as the word of God we look around us with admiration and awe, impressed by the surpassing beauty and grandeur of the literary habitation, with which no other literary dwelling-place made with hands can compare, and we are fain to cry out, "Verily this is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven!" But when we begin to examine in detail, we are startled and puzzled to find such an infinite variety of material, of tone, of temper, of strain of sentiment, of moral pitch, of intellectual level. Instead of stately uniformity of white robes with which our imagination is apt to clothe a heavenly visitant, a garb as varied as Joseph's coat of many colors meets our eye. We are thus brought across the immediate, though subordinate, authors of the books of Scripture—the human authors, known or unknown, of every variety of character and attainment, saints and sinners, learned and unlearned, the highest genius and the lowliest capacity. We are made familiar, on the one hand, with the loftiest utterances of the sublimest morality, the most exalted enthusiasm, the words of men who have verily conversed with God—words to which the fitting prelude may well be, "Thus saith the Lord"; on the other hand, we are introduced to a quaintly childlike narrative suggesting in various directions imperfect knowledge, and strongly characterized by national limitations, and imperfect moral and intellectual development.

The Old Testament embraces tones as various as the solemn denunciations of Isaias; the lyric drama of the Psalms, in which

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every sentiment of humanity finds its voice and claims its portion; the military chronicle of the Machabees, with its conscious struggling after an accuracy which it feels to be hardly attainable; and the musings of the world-weary Ecclesiastes, whereof the ground-tone is that the game of sin is not worth the playing, but with here and there high words of aspiration and intercession, like the mysterious flying voices in Dante's *Purgatorio*. And now we repeat, the question is, How far may all these various instruments, which to so large an extent have been allowed to do their own work after their own fashion in various degrees of perfection or imperfection, be considered, in minor matters unconnected with faith and morals, to be subject to the "*humanum aliquid*" of misapprehension and misstatement?

THE CHURCH TEACHES.

As Catholics we are bound to ask ourselves: 1. What, if anything, has the church decided in the matter, in the way of definitive declaration? 2. What, in default of such definitive teaching, are we to gather as to her belief from the "*consensus doctorum*," and what obligation as to our belief does such "*consensus*," supposing it to exist, carry with it?

THE TRIDENTINE AND VATICAN COUNCILS.

The only definitive teaching on the question of inspiration with which we need concern ourselves is the teaching of the Tridentine and Vatican Councils. The Council of Trent (Sess. IV., de Can. Script.), after asserting that God is the author of both Testaments and enumerating the books of Scripture, anathematizes every one "who receives not as sacred and canonical the aforesaid books in their integrity, with all their parts as they are wont to be read in the Catholic Church, and as they are contained in the ancient Vulgate edition." And again, in the ensuing decree (de edit. et usu Sacror. Libror.), enacts and declares that "this ancient Vulgate edition, which has been approved by its use for so many centuries in the church, be held as authentic" (*i.e.*, as adequately representing the originals) "in public lectures, disputations, sermons, and expositions, and that no one on any pretext whatsoever venture or presume to reject it." It does this, it says, in order that people may know what the council is aiming at, and "what evidence and authorities it will mainly employ for the confirmation of dogmas and for the restoration of morals in the church." To this the Vatican Council adds two points bearing on our inquiry: 1. It explains

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the Divine authorship "*utriusque Testamenti*" to mean the authorship of the several books contained therein; 2. That the sacred character of these books consists not merely in their containing the revelation in its purity, but in this—that being written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author, and thus their sacred character is not derived from any subsequent approval of the church.

THE VULGATE IS HELD AS AUTHENTIC.

From a careful analysis of this conciliar teaching, it will appear that the church says nothing whatever of the sacred originals except indirectly, so far as they are represented by the Vulgate. She teaches that the Vulgate adequately represents them so that it must be held as authentic; that it is in substance identical with them throughout, and its teaching absolutely identical in every point of faith and morals, forasmuch as it is to furnish authoritative texts for the confirmation of faith and the restoration of morals: *a fortiori*, then, an analogous correspondence with truth is vindicated for the original texts. So far, then, our question is answered; the original texts of Scripture can, for any one who accepts the conciliar teaching of the church, contain no misstatement affecting the substance of the work, or involving an error in faith or morals, for even as represented in the Vulgate they are declared not to do so.

A FULLER ANSWER TO OUR QUESTION.

But cannot we deduce a fuller answer to our question than this? Can we not interpret these decrees, with certain theologians, as precluding any, the least, misstatement "*quoad res et sententias*"? Now, I am not considering what the Fathers of Trent or of the Vatican Council, in common with other Fathers and theologians, may be supposed to have held on the subject, or what the Divine authorship may be reasonably thought to imply—points which naturally find their places later on; but simply what the decrees define. Here I unhesitatingly answer that no such point is defined. The Fathers of Trent are simply dealing with Scripture in its larger features, its substance, those integrating parts which sundry of the heresies of the day were repudiating, and its cogency in faith and morals. The decree, as it is in fact formulated, could only be supposed to define this point in so far as it can be supposed to define as much regarding the Vulgate, for it deals with nothing in the original texts except what they have in common with the Vulgate; but we know that

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the Fathers did not regard the latter as free from all misstatements in minutiæ not involving a point of faith or morals; on the contrary they were contemplating very considerable emendations.

DISCUSSION BETWEEN FRANZELIN AND VERCELLONE.

In the important discussion between Cardinal Franzelin and Vercellone—the learned editor of the *Variæ lectiones Vulg. Bib.*—on the question whether every text in the Vulgate dealing with faith and morals must needs be genuine Scripture, both disputants assume that other undogmatic texts stand on quite a different footing. No doubt neither party contemplates any other condition for possible misstatement except ungenuineness; I am not pretending that either Franzelin or Vercellone contemplated the slightest misstatement in the original texts. I appeal to them as evidence that neither the original Vulgate nor its *textus receptus* was accounted necessarily free from the possibility of misstatement in points not affecting faith and morals. But if the Vulgate gives the measure of what the council defined as to the truth of Scripture, it follows that the council defined nothing as to the accuracy of all the "*res et sententiæ*" in the original texts, as such, abstracting from faith and morals.

CONSENSUS OF THE FATHERS.

In default of a definition of the church, we must inquire whether there is a consensus of Fathers and theologians on the matter, and of the weight of such consensus in determining our assent. By "consensus" I mean the absolute unanimity of such Fathers and theologians as refer to the subject at all. It will be convenient to take the latter part of the question—the doctrinal—first.

The principle has ever held good in the church, that a *consensus Patrum* has the cogency of a rule of faith, provided, 1, that it concerns a point belonging to the *materia fidei vel morum;* that is to say, when it is essentially concerned with the relations between God and man, whether natural or revealed, and with the obligations, whether of assent or conduct, springing therefrom; 2, that the consensus is to the effect not merely that such has been the common sentiment of Catholics, but that such has been ever held by them as *de fide.*

The weight of such a consensus does not depend upon the authoritative position of the Fathers as bishops and teachers in the church, but precisely upon this: that they are recognized as unexceptionable witnesses to the contents of the church's faith. In

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other words, we have in a practical form the famous maxim of St. Vincent of Lerins, "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*," for this maxim is not to be regarded as a negative test, a *sine qua non* of orthodoxy, as though nothing could be accounted *de fide* which should lack such explicit recommendation, but precisely and exclusively as a positive pledge that the doctrine so recommended is *de fide* to the exclusion of all that may contradict it. The application of this principle by the Council of Trent to the interpretation of Scripture might seem at first sight to involve some contraction of its subject-matter, but we must recollect that Scripture was habitually regarded as the *seminarium* containing directly or indirectly, explicitly or implicitly, all articles of faith and morals. The conciliar decree concerning the interpretation is, indeed, thrown into a disciplinary form, but the dogmatic principle we have indicated indubitably underlies it. It comes to the same thing whether we regard the subjoined catena of Fathers and theologians as interpreters of the Scripture texts claiming a Divine authorship and inspiration, or as witnesses to the oral tradition of the church concerning the authority of Scripture.

WHAT THEY THINK.

It is not anywhere disputed that an overwhelming preponderance of Fathers and theologians, from the earliest times to the present century, have taught that the inspiration of Scripture or its Divine authorship implies that the literal sense, whether proper or metaphorical, of every categorical statement found in Holy Scripture is true, that every such statement contains a truth as the necessary and adequate object of the intention of the Divine Author.

We shall now proceed to give a few specimens of their language: St. Hilary (in Ps. xviii.): "In the Scriptures there is nothing superfluous, nothing not worthy of its author, nothing imperfect"; St. Basil (in Gen., Hom. vi.): "No otiose syllable"; St. John Chrysostom (in Joan., Hom. l.): "Nothing insignificant is contained in them"; St. Jerome (Ep. 46): "And first we would have thee to know that throughout Scripture there can be no self-contradiction."

St. Augustine (de Consens. Evang., i. 11–12): "It is certain that all untruth is absent from the Evangelists, both that which comes of lying and that which comes of forgetting"; again (Ep. 28 ad S. Hieron.): "No error, not even in matters of small moment, must be admitted in Scripture"; and again (de Consens. Evang., i. 54): "There, if anything absurd disturbs us, we must

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not say that the author has not the truth, but either that the manuscript is faulty, or the translator has erred, or thou thyself understandest not."

THE OPINION OF ST. THOMAS.

St. Thomas (quodlib. xii. art. 26): "This must be held, that whatsoever is contained in Holy Scripture is true, and that he who should hold the contrary thereof would be a heretic"; (de Potent., qu. iv. art. 1): "What Holy Scripture says once was we must not say was not, for, as Augustinus saith (lib. v. de Trin.), no Christian holds what contradicts Holy Scripture; but the Divine Scripture saith, the earth was once '*inanis* et *vacua*,' therefore we must not say that it was not '*inanis* et *vacua*'"; (in Titum, cap. iii. test. 2): "In Holy Scripture there is nothing in reality contradictory, but if aught appeareth so, it is either because it is not understood, or because the passage is corrupt through the fault of the transcriber"; (1a. qu. xxxii. art. iv.): "A thing may appertain to the faith in two ways. In one way, directly, as those points which are primarily Divinely delivered to us, as that God is Triune, or the only Begotten Son of God incarnate, or the like, and thereon to hold falsely *ipso facto* involves heresy. *Indirectly*, however, those positions concern the faith from which follows aught contrary to the faith; as, for instance, if any one were to say that Samuel was not the son of Helcana; for from this it would follow that the Divine Scripture was untrue."

Clement VI., in the Interrogatory proposed to the Arminians, art. 14 (ap. Rainald, an. 1351), puts the question: "Hast thou believed, and dost thou now believe, that the New and Old Testaments, in all the books which the authority of the Roman Church commends, contain the undoubted truth in every particular? (*per omnia*)." This has special reference to an unimportant matter of fact, the manner of Cain's death. (See Ben. XII. cont. Armin., art. 114 ibid. an. 1341.)

Driado (de Sac. Script., lib. i. cap. i.) speaks thus: Scripture is "without admixture of untruth, . . . in regard to which it is altogether unlawful to doubt as to the truth and correctness of anything asserted therein. There is, indeed, a certain pious variance and discussion amongst the Fathers of the church, but it does not turn on this, whether what is asserted in the Scripture be true and correct; but upon this, that one expounds and interprets the words of the same passage thus, another thus."

Of this writer R. Simon (Bib. Critic) says: "Il semble que

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les évêques assemblés dans le Concile de Trente l'aient suive dans tout ce qu'ils ont décidé sur l'autorité de la Vulgate."

These passages are sufficiently clear and sufficiently representative, and establish that, according to the common teaching of Fathers and theologians, all the "*res et sententiæ*" of Holy Scripture are to be regarded as true.

THE HISTORY OF THE OPPOSITE OPINION.

When we turn to the history of the opposite opinion, viz., that the Divine authorship does not preclude a certain admixture of falsity in matters external to the sphere of faith and morals, we find that the pedigree assigned to it by its opponents will not bear examination. When they pretend to trace its parentage to the Gnostics opposed by St. Epiphanius and St. Jerome, who contended that the sacred writers occasionally "*sicut homines locuti sunt*," and in consequence now and again, like men, fell into error; or again to certain members of the old Antiochene school, such as Theodore of Mopsuestia, condemned by the Fifth Council (see Scheeben, *Cath. Dogm.*, vol. i. p. 112), they forget that it was precisely within the sphere of faith and morals that these heretics made their attack and the Fathers their defence. Indeed there is no trace, so far as I know, of the particular view I am considering till the sixteenth century. Then indeed, as we learn from Melchior Canus (de loc. lib. ii. c. xviii.), Cardinal Cajetan and Steuch, a bishop of Candia —sometime Vatican librarian and present at one or more of the early sessions of Trent—understood St. Jerome to admit that the Evangelists had been led into certain minor errors by the Septuagint, and were themselves of this opinion. Canus informs us that Cajetan did not persist in his view; but it is pretty clear that no retractation was producible. After this, and the doubtful exception of Erasmus, it was not, I believe, till the middle of the present century that the view found expression in the work of a Catholic author, the German Professor Schegg, who in his commentary on St. Matthew suggests as an escape from a difficulty that the Evangelist may have erred through defect of memory. It has subsequently been from time to time advocated by Catholic writers as a tenable hypothesis calculated to be of advantage in meeting the objections of modern criticism. It has been quite recently put forward by the late Cardinal Newman in England, and by Canon Bartolo in Turin. The general current of teaching in the church, however, has as yet remained almost unmodified by these isolated attempts. Witness such

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writers as Patrizzi, Ubaldi, Lamy, Vigoroux, as representing the great centres of ecclesiastical education, Rome, Paris, and Louvain.

HOW FAR THE CONSENSUS IMPOSES AN OBLIGATION OF BELIEF.

We must now proceed to consider how far the cloud of witnesses for the common opinion really fulfils the requirements of a full and precise consensus on the point in question, and so imposes upon us an obligation of belief; or whether any doubt can be thrown on the unanimity or precision of the testimony, and so the point remain, however nearly closed, an open question. It will here be to the purpose to submit to a somewhat detailed examination the various utterances of one whom the church entitles "*in exponendis Sacris Scripturis Doctor Maximus.*" The following catena of passages will, I believe, with the one already quoted, embrace in substance all that St. Jerome has said at all bearing on the point.

In Amos, lib. ii. c. 5 (op. ed. Vallarsi, tom. vi. p. 306): "This is to be noted throughout Holy Scripture, that the Apostles and Apostolic men in producing their testimonies from the Old Testament did not consider the words but the sense; nor cared to set their feet in the same foot-prints of language, if only they did not depart from the meaning (*a sententiis*)." As an instance of what he has in view he continues: "Neither is the first martyr to be thought to have erred because for what the prophet (Amos) had written, '*trans Damascum*,' he quoted '*trans Babylonem.*' For he gave the meaning rather than the word, inasmuch as they were carried through Damascus into Babylon, or through Babylon"—Babylon being the slave-mart.

In Michæam, lib. ii. c. 5, after appealing to what he calls the *contrarius sensus* of the quotation, "*nequaquam minima es*" of Matth. ii. as contrasted with the "*modicus es*" both in the Hebrew and Septuagint of the prophet quoted, as an instance of sacerdotal slovenliness, but which St. Matthew did not care to correct, he continues: "There are some who assert that in almost all the testimonies which are cited from the Old Testament this sort of excess occurs, that either the order is changed or the words, and sometimes the meaning also is different; the Apostles or Evangelists not taking their citations from the book, but trusting to their memory, which sometimes failed them." In Matth., lib. iv. in c. 27 (tom. vi. p. 228): "Then was fulfilled what was spoken by Jeremias the prophet" (concerning

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the thirty pieces and the potter's field): "This citation is not found in Jeremias. In Zacharias, however, who is almost the last of the twelve prophets, there is a certain resemblance, and although the sense is not very different (*non multum discrepit*), yet the order and words are different. I read the other day, in a Hebrew volume brought me by a Jew of the Nazarene sect, an apocryphal Jeremias in which I found the passage word for word. Nevertheless the citation seems to me rather to have been taken from Zacharias, after the ordinary fashion of Evangelists and Apostles, who, foregoing the verbal order, produce the sense only of the Old Testament for their purpose."

Quæst. Hebraic., in Gen. (tom. iii. p. 369): According to the Septuagint, "all the souls that entered with Jacob into Egypt were seventy-five," whereas according to the Hebrew original there were only seventy; "and the self-same Septuagint interpreters who here (Gen. 46), by prolepsis with Joseph and his posterity, say that seventy-five souls entered Egypt,* in Deuteronomy record that seventy only entered. But if it be urged against us that in the Acts of the Apostles, in Stephen's discourse, the people are told that seventy-five souls entered Egypt, an excuse is easily found (*facilis excusatio*). For it would have been wrong for St. Luke, the author of that history, when issuing his volume of the Acts of the Apostles to the Gentiles, to have written aught contrary to that Scripture which was in vogue amongst the Gentiles. And indeed at that time the authority of the Septuagint interpreters was held in higher repute than that of St. Luke, who was accounted an obscure, commonplace author and of no great credit among the Gentiles. Some, however, are of opinion that Luke as a proselyte was unacquainted with the Hebrew tongue.†

Of this treatment of the question we find the following echo in St. Bede (in Act., op. tom. v. p. 640): "Blessed Stephen, as speaking to the people, the rather accommodated himself to the popular opinion."

I would remark here that a quotation from the Old Testament in the New in which there should be a real diversity of sense from the original, even if the two senses were not contrary or mutually destructive, would fall under the category of errors contemplated by the theory of "*obiter dicta*," inasmuch as it would involve the statement that a sacred writer had

* They added five grandsons of Joseph then unborn.

† This was not St. Jerome's opinion. (See de Script. Eccles.)

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said what in fact he had not said. At the same time we may conceive that the form of quotation might sufficiently distinguish the direct object of the quotation from its environment, and would thus indicate an "*obiter dictum secundum formam*," of which we shall have something to say later.

THE OPINION OF ST. JEROME.

When we ask ourselves what precisely was St. Jerome's view as to the possibility of the sacred writer making quotations inaccurate "*quoad sensum*"—*i.e.*, making statements of what a prophet said which was not even "*quoad sensum*" precisely what he did say—we must confess that it is not easy to reconcile his various expressions. Unfortunately we do not possess any commentary of his upon the Acts, in which he would have had to deal fully with the various difficulties contained in St. Stephen's speech, a solution of which he promises us (Ep. 57).

Let us try and sum up for ourselves the various points of St. Jerome's position. He protests against attributing self-contradiction to the sacred writers; he dwells upon the Evangelists' way of exclusively directing their attention to the meaning whilst neglecting the language and order of their citations, at the same time that he mentions, without any token of reprobation, the view of those who attribute to these citations a diversity of sense from the originals due to lapse of memory, and himself admits in one case (Matth. 27) a discrepancy of meaning, though a slight one. Moreover, he seems to contemplate as a possible alternative to his own attribution of the text to Zacharias, its attribution to a pseudo-Jeremias. He implies that St. Stephen did not err, and refuses to distinguish him, as an inferior authority, from St. Luke—a course to which Canus thinks himself obliged.* He recognizes the Septuagint's reckoning of the seventy-five souls as an instance of prolepsis which St. Stephen quotes, but thinks it well to excuse him in that he must quote as his hearers read.

A DISCREPANCY "QUOD SENSUM."

It seems to me that the mind of St. Jerome is this: The slight discrepancy "*quoad sensum*" (Matth. 27) which he grants involves no contradiction or even substantial diversity of meaning, but merely a variation in the degree of expansion of the idea. In the quotation from Zacharias the discrepancy lies,

*Canus (de loc. l. c. in fin.) considers that the recitation in the Acts of St. Stephen's statement does not put it on the level of direct Scriptural authority.

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1st, in the compression by the Evangelist of the dramatic "cast, etc., and I cast, etc.," into "they gave, etc., as the Lord laid it down for me"; 2d, in the expansion of "for the potter" into "for the potter for his field." As to the substitution of the name of Jeremias for that of Zacharias, we do not know how St. Jerome would have accounted for it, had he cared to do so. The ordinary explanation is that the name of Jeremias heading the prophetic roll used in the synagogue, common usage accepted it as a title for the whole.

The *excusatio* was for no error properly so called, but for an inappropriate expression belonging to poetry rather than to a prose narration. We have a familiar illustration in Keats's "The brothers and the murdered man rode past fair Florence." The opinion cited by St. Jerome, that the Evangelists sometimes failed even of the sense of their citations from lapse of memory, is not his own, and anyhow does not preclude a Divine action preventing such lapse extending beyond the limits of such variation as we have been considering. But although I consider this analysis of St. Jerome's mind sufficiently reasonable, I cannot deny that the language of the Doctor Maximus makes it sufficiently clear that he did not encourage the position that there may be errors of one sort or another in the sacred writers as *contra fidem.* And so far suggests grave doubt as to the completeness and precision of the *consensus doctorum* against that theory.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S OPINION.

With regard to St. Augustine, Vallarsi, the editor of St. Jerome (in Matt., c. 27, note e), says: "St. Augustine (de Consens. Evang., lib. iii. in loco) seems to refer to a lapse of memory on the part of the sacred writer which I should be loath to admit." This is hardly accurate. In the passage referred to, treating of the substitution of Jeremias for Zacharias, St. Augustine suggests not a lapse of memory but a *mentis excessus*, in which the literal tenor is broken in order to emphasize a mystical meaning, viz., the identity of the Spirit speaking—"*idem spiritus.*" Still this implies an admission on the part of St. Augustine of a literal inaccuracy in the sacred text; whether compensated or not by an accession of mystical emphasis, modern criticism is not concerned. St. Augustine's view of a mystical sense not grounded upon a literal truth is commonly repudiated by subsequent writers. Thus, when brought to the test of particu-

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lar difficulties, the authority of St. Augustine's testimony fluctuates.

St. Thomas's testimony, no doubt, is unequivocal and persistent, but it must be remembered that, with all their unrivalled intellectual acumen, the scholastics were wholly out of touch with even that measure of literary and critical sense possessed by the Fathers.

I should conclude, then, that though we may maintain the common opinion, on the authority of a large preponderance of doctors, as extrinsically the more probable, we cannot preclude an author who has undertaken to lay down precisely what we are bound as Catholics to believe, and no more, from insisting that neither the definitive teaching of the church nor a sufficient *consensus doctorum* has made the hypothesis of the existence of minute errors in the purlieus, so to speak, of the sacred writers an impossible one.*

H. I. D. RYDER.

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* In the next article Father Ryder will state the arguments in favor of the existence of the "obiter dicta" in Scripture and the counter arguments of its opponents.—ED. C. W.

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ARCHBISHOP DARBOY, THE MARTYR OF LA ROQUETTE.*

EORGES DARBOY was born at Tayl-Billot, in the department of the Haute Marne, in the ancient province of Champagne, January 16, 1813. His parents, who kept a modest country store, were honored and esteemed in their own community. Georges in his boyhood was quick-tempered, ardent, mischievous, and troublesome—qualities which when chastened, tempered, and directed by that wisdom of which the fear of the Lord is the foundation developed into decision, intrepidity, and independence of character.

Having been sent to the seminary at Langres with a view to his being educated for the priesthood, he began his career in life by running away; and returning to his parents, assured them that he had no vocation whatever for the priestly calling. "*Ah! mon Dieu,*" cried an elderly neighbor to her gossips, "so now that great devil has come again to trouble us!" He was sent back, however, to the seminary, and reconciling himself to the course of life marked out for him, soon became one of its most distinguished scholars.

Not long after he was ordained a priest his resolute character displayed itself. He was not inclined to surrender his independence or his convictions. One day, after some difference between himself and the curé his superior, he said firmly but good-temperedly: "You see, M. le Curé, that my mother has often told me never to let myself be eaten up alive with the wool on my back." "Oh! very well," replied the curé, laughing; "when I see your mother I shall tell her how well you follow her instructions." Afterwards in 1850, when he was editor of the *Moniteur Catholique*, founded by Monseigneur Sibour, he severed his connection with that journal because he did not approve of a certain indecision apparent in its course on political questions. Monseigneur Sibour attempted to reason with him. "If you retire," he said, "you will not only injure the paper, but still more injure yourself." "Monseigneur," replied the Abbé Darboy, "if what you say is a prophecy, I will try to make it false; . . .

* *France in the Nineteenth Century.* E. W. Latimer.—*Histoire de la Vie, et des Œuvres de Mgr. Darboy, Archevêque de Paris.* Mgr. Foulon.

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but if it is a threat, I cannot but be surprised at receiving it from the lips of your highness." "How you take things, my dear abbé!" replied the archbishop, with a smile. "But no matter. I like people of your sort."

AS A PRIEST.

Young Darboy soon after his ordination was appointed to a curacy at Saint Diziers, but he had not been there long before he was called to Paris by Monseigneur Affre, afterwards archbishop, who in the course of a visit paid to Langres had been struck by his talent, his zeal for work, and his erudition. The young priest on leaving his native province wrote a characteristic letter to a friend. "I will endeavor," he said, "never to dishonor myself in the sight of God, and by his grace I feel ready to confess my faith even upon the scaffold." He often recurred to this idea, saying: "I should indeed esteem myself happy to die for my convictions."

The Abbé Darboy was a skilful and ready writer; very early he had been a contributor to the *Correspondant*, and he wrote several books which are not destined to be forgotten.

Monseigneur Affre, impressed by his great value as an instructive preacher, made him assistant chaplain to the great public school for boys in Paris, the Collège de Henri IV. He had first, however, offered him the higher post of the chaplaincy itself. "Monseigneur," said the abbé, "I am told that that post is like a barren land which starves its owners. Let me first be the assistant chaplain. I shall then see how my superior deals with it." "Truly," said Monseigneur Affre, "this is the first time such a request was ever made to me."

The Revolution of 1848 found the Abbé Darboy at the college, and the insurgents in June of that year came very near forestalling the Commune, and depriving it of its most illustrious victim.

THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

On the morning of June 23, while terrible street-fighting was going on between Cavaignac as dictator and the insurgents, the school was begirt by barricades, and surrounded by armed bands of revolutionists whom the Abbé Darboy was attempting to harangue in the interests of peace.

After a parley which lasted three-quarters of an hour, and which proved useless, the abbé gave up his attempt to make the men of the barricades hear reason, and was about to retire, when one of them assailed him with mockery and curses. The

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abbé turned back and, pointing to the windows of his chambers, cried with a loud voice: "There is where I live, and I am going up there"; adding in a tone which showed his readiness to suffer martyrdom: "There is where you will find me." As he entered his room a ball crashed through the window, and buried itself among the books of his little library.

But though the Abbé Darboy escaped death in June, 1848, the insurgents of that date were not balked of another priestly victim. Monseigneur Affre the archbishop fell the next day, after mounting a barricade from whence he was displaying a flag of truce, after having obtained permission from General Cavaignac to offer terms to the insurgents and stop the effusion of blood if possible. No wonder that the Abbé Darboy's mother exclaimed, when fourteen years later she heard that her son was nominated to the primacy: "It is a great honor, but archbishops of Paris never last long."

HE IS MADE VICAR-GENERAL.

Monseigneur Sibour, who succeeded Archbishop Affre, and was the fast friend of the Abbé Darboy, offered him the important post of his vicar-general.

"I have no wish for any high position," said the abbé, "but if called to it I will not fear. I should ascend without objection; I could descend without regret. But think well over it, monseigneur; for if you are in earnest in your offer I think I am the man to take you at your word." "All right. I always liked your frankness," said the archbishop with a laugh. "It is all settled, then; you are my man."

In 1857 Archbishop Sibour was killed by the Abbé Louis Verger, in a fit of insanity, in the church of Saint Etienne du Mont. He fell back into the arms of the Abbé Surat, one of his grand vicars. The Abbé Surat was himself murdered by Communists in 1871, while attempting to escape in citizen's dress from La Roquette. In 1830 he had stood beside Archbishop Quellen, who was murdered in his presence, and now, in 1857, another murdered archbishop died in his arms.

Cardinal Morlot, who succeeded Monseigneur Sibour, continued the Abbé Darboy in his office of vicar-general. They had known each other at Langres, and in 1859 he appointed his old school-fellow to preach a course of Lenten sermons before the emperor and empress at the Tuileries.

The task was still delicate, though the time had gone by when a court orator, having rashly begun his sermon before

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the king with the words, "Sire, we are all mortal," and perceiving by a frown upon the royal face that he had gone too far, hastened to qualify his statement by the words, "or, rather I should say, we are nearly all of us so."

The Abbé Darboy was not a man to keep before his eyes the rank and consequence of those who heard him. Ardent and impulsive, full of the zeal which magnified his office, he felt that truth is the same to whomsoever it may be spoken, and he preached to the great as he would have done to the poor; courteously as to speech, uncompromisingly as to his teaching. His sermons produced a great effect. Marshal Vaillant was particularly struck with them. He went about among his friends asking all of them if they had heard the Abbé Darboy, and saying, "What a pity he keeps himself so much in the background!"

The emperor speaking of him said once: "When he addresses me in public he generally says what is courteous and agreeable, but in private—when we are alone together—well, it is another matter." And from his pulpit in the chapel of the Tuileries the abbé spoke as he would have done *en tête-à-tête* with his sovereign.

Some years later when a discussion had taken place in the Privy Council, during the course of which Monseigneur Darboy (then Archbishop of Paris) had ardently opposed the views of the emperor, Napoleon III. said afterwards: "I can bear any opposition from him, because I know he is a man who never flatters."

HE IS MADE BISHOP OF NANCY.

After his course of Lenten sermons at the Tuileries the Abbé Darboy became better known to the public. He was soon afterwards made Bishop of Nancy, on which occasion M. Roulland, then minister of worship, said: "I have always found him a man of rich experience, without any desire for advancement, nor any unwillingness to accept its responsibilities if it came."

At Nancy the new bishop made a great impression on his people. "His health is not good, but energy supplies the place of strength," was said of him. But he did not long remain in his diocese. Short as his story was there his memory has left a track of light behind it, not dimmed even by the virtues and fame of his successors, Monseigneur Lavigerie and Monseigneur Foulon, the bishop who has written his biography.

On Sunday morning, January 11, 1862, the bishop at Nancy had retired to rest, wearied by a journey he had made to Paris

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to attend the funeral of the Archbishop Cardinal Morlot. He was roused before dawn by the arrival of a courier who brought him an official letter. "Lay it down," said the bishop to his servant, and quietly resumed his slumber. It was the announcement of his appointment to the archbishopric of Paris.

Historically the reign of the Commune began on March 18, 1871, but actually all government was in abeyance in Paris after the Republic had been proclaimed and a provisional government determined on in Bordeaux. By the first week in April the Commune had imprisoned all the priests in Paris, and was pursuing its course in blood.

ARRESTED BY THE COMMUNISTS.

The archbishop had been urged by the government of M. Thiers, and by his friends on all sides, to retire to Versailles as the ambassadors and other high officials had done, but he firmly declined, quoting a passage from Tacitus which that historian applied to the Cæsars. "A bishop," he said, "should know how to die, and to die standing."

On Palm Sunday, a beautiful mild, clear day, three days before his arrest, he was walking with his sister, who was tenderly devoted to him, in the garden of his palace. He paused before a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. "She still smiles on us," he said softly, "but she will not smile on us long." On April 4, after holding a council with his vicars-general, he said at parting, "We will meet again next week, if we are here, should it please God." Five minutes afterwards his palace was invaded and he was arrested by order of the Commune. He endeavored to comfort and restrain the zeal of his sister, who implored leave to go with him to prison, and at last, accompanied by one of his vicars-general, he was led off and arraigned before the infamous Raoul Rigault, in virtue of an order drawn up in the language of the old Revolution: "Order to arrest Citizen Darboy, styling himself Archbishop of Paris."

His palace that night was stripped of all its furniture. He himself was first imprisoned at the Prefecture of Police, and afterwards in the great prison of Mazas. There Mr. Washburn, American minister in Paris, the only representative of any foreign power who, during the reign of the Commune, stayed in the city, was permitted to visit him, and carried him two bottles of choice old wine to strengthen him, for his life was gliding from him rapidly, and the prison doctor announced that he could not live more than a fortnight without care and nursing.

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HIS MARTYRDOM.

Several persons made plans by which they hoped he might escape, but he declined to sanction them. "Fighting is going on in the streets," he said. "Ah! would that I could mount a barricade like Monseigneur Affre, and die in an attempt to stop further bloodshed."

On May 21 the archbishop and other so-called hostages were transferred to condemned cells in the prison of La Roquette. On May 24, when the troops of Versailles had already gained a footing in Paris, the archbishop, together with five other "hostages," were shot by a squad of Communist soldiers in a little interior court-yard of the prison. The names of those who suffered with their ecclesiastical superior were the venerable Abbé Deguerrey, pastor of the Madeleine; the Abbé Allard, head chaplain to the hospitals; Clerc and Ducoudray, Jesuit fathers, and M. Bonjean, judge of the Court of Appeals. A tablet has been let into the wall against which they stood to meet their fate, and on it is inscribed: "Respect this place which witnessed the death of noble men and martyrs."

The murderers despoiled the bodies of their victims of all that was valuable. From that of the archbishop they took the pastoral ring of Archbishop Sibour, and a gold cross once belonging to Archbishop Affre, which he always carried about him. Their vacant cells were also searched, and everything worth appropriating was taken. The next day an imprisoned priest was visited by a man, one of the squad of executioners, who thrust into his hand the archbishop's breviary, saying: "I took it from his cell. I knew you would like to have it. Pray for me." He turned and fled, without having been willing to tell his name.

Archbishop Darboy was all his life one of the most industrious of men. Being short-sighted, he found it necessary to stoop closely over his paper when writing; this affected his digestion, and for some years before his death he wrote always on his knees. He was animated in conversation, and had a beautiful voice both for preaching and speaking. He was fond of poetry, and from time to time wrote verses of no small merit. He was always cordial, affable, and accessible, simple in his manners, obedient to his ecclesiastical superiors, and an earnest Frenchman; his pastoral letters sounded like trumpet-calls during the year of the invasion, that year that the French will never cease to call the *Année Terrible.*

E. W. LATIMER.

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THE STUDY OF GEOLOGY AND THE SUMMER-SCHOOL.

NOW that Catholics have established a Summer-School where they may come together in the summer-time to converse on intellectual subjects, and to listen to lectures on philosophy and history, we venture to suggest that this wise movement should be as much as possible turned to the profit of the natural sciences. In our day as never before men are exploring the Wonderland of Nature, and it is to be regretted that so few of these men are of our faith. Nor are we alone in this regret. An able French writer—Monsignor de Harlez—in *La Science Catholique* for July 15 of last year, says: " . . . In reality we have since the commencement of this century too often deserted the scene of scientific debates, of researches, and of the discoveries which have helped to create or to develop most of the sciences. It is useless to hide it from ourselves, when we want to drill young men in the broad and accurate methods we are very often obliged to send them to masters who have other religious convictions than our own." *

GEOLOGY AND THE SUMMER-SCHOOL.

Let us hope that a few years hence this reproach may not apply to us, and it is to the Catholic Summer-School that we mainly look for our hope to become a reality. This new movement for Catholic advancement has, we predict, a bright future before it, and those who first projected it are worthy of all praise; they have not been afraid to take a new departure. And when we find ourselves not between the four walls of a class-room, but under the blue sky, with a broad landscape of field and rock on which to rest our eyes, it seems to us that of all the natural sciences the one which treats of Mother Earth, which reveals the order according to which the materials of our globe have been arranged in time and in space, is the most interesting. And when we bring into view this idea of

* ". . . En réalité nous avons depuis le commencement de ce siècle trop souvent déserté la scène des luttes scientifiques, des recherches, des découvertes qui ont servi à créer, on à développer la plupart des sciences. Il est inutile de se le dissimuler, quand nous voulons former un jeune homme aux grandes et strictes méthodes nous sommes très souvent obligés de les envoyer à des maîtres qui ont d'autres convictions religieuses que nous."

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order—the unity and simplicity of the Creator's plan—we show the high and philosophic character of geology. It is, moreover, a study very conducive to health; we use our brains and take bodily exercise at the same time, while it especially quickens our observing powers; and with some knowledge of mineralogy and paleontology—so as to arrange and classify the fossils we gather together—we shall find more real pleasure in it than in any other branch of natural science.

HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE.

And now to begin at the beginning—and accepting as true the hypothesis of Laplace—there was a time when from the parent sun a tiny nebulous mass shot forth, which for a brief space shone by its own light—a miniature sun—and this little sun was our earth. Then, losing its heat by radiation into space, it gradually cooled, a crust formed on its surface, the aqueous vapor in the atmosphere condensed and formed seas, and by and by in the water and on the land organic life appeared. Almighty God directly created these first organisms, just as he had created the original solar mass from which our earth proceeded; and if we only hold fast to this fundamental truth, the church gives us full liberty to speculate on the mode in which the life-system grew and developed into what we see it to-day. For many ages men have been interested in the mysterious shells and bones which have now and again been discovered in the earth, and our ancestors made many rash guesses about them. Aristotle, wise as he was, imagined that fossils were sports of nature; and leaning with too much reverence on his authority, the scholastics of the Middle Ages held the same opinion. It is not until we reach the sixteenth century—to Leonardo da Vinci—that we find anything worthy of note in geology. This many-sided genius, who, as an engineer, had occasion to make cuttings through the Pliocene deposits of Italy, was the first to recognize the true nature of fossils; and he maintained against all the doctors of the Sorbonne that they were not sports of nature, but had once been living creatures, whose remains had been saved from putrefaction by having been encrusted in a protecting material which had shielded them from atmospheric influences. But in the two centuries which followed Leonardo da Vinci we meet with only two names worthy to be mentioned for having thrown a little light on this science, viz., the German Werner, and the Dane Nicholas Sténon.

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ITS DEVELOPMENT IN THIS CENTURY.

But with the opening of the nineteenth century came a great change. In England many new highways and canals were constructed, and among those who were employed on these works was an engineer named William Smith. Nobody before him had observed that each stratum of earth was characterized by different fossils, and these different fossils served—as nothing else could—to distinguish the different periods of the earth's history. This discovery of William Smith's gave geology an impetus which nothing else could have given it, and he may be called the father of the science as we know it to-day.

ITS ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES.

Geological time may be divided into four grand eras, namely, the Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Quaternary; and rocks are the leaves on which is written the history of these eras. Rocks may be broadly divided into two classes, namely, *stratified* and *unstratified*. The former are sediments which have become consolidated under water, while unstratified rocks—such as granite—have been fused, and are of igneous or eruptive origin; and in these we need not look for fossils. The sediments of sand, clay, mud, and lime found in ancient water-spaces, and which in time have been cemented together and formed into stratified rocks, are so called from their being separated into beds or layers called strata; but from their mode of formation they may also be termed sedimentary rocks; and such rocks are still in process of formation to-day. But while in speaking of them we may say that the lowest are the oldest, yet the strata has been so many times crushed and folded, and parts of it swept away by rain and floods, that it is not always easy to build up an ideal section of stratified or sedimentary rock in any one place. It is, as we know, in this class of rocks that fossils are discovered—the faunas and floras of past geological epochs. And as we pass up the series, from the lowest and the oldest to the highest and the newest of them, we find that the life-system has changed over and over again. It is, therefore, possible to tell to what age a rock of this kind belongs by the fossils it contains. Moreover, the study of these fossils—assisted by the light which botany and zoölogy throw on the normal habitat of similar living animals and plants—allows us to reconstruct the physical conditions under which these rocks were formed. If, for instance, we meet with deep-water fossils overlying fossils

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belonging to shallow sea or to lake water, it indicates that the land here has sunk; while if, on the contrary, we discover fresh or brackish water fossils covering a deep-sea sediment, it indicates that the sea-bottom has been uplifted. And let us say, that the only geological formation which indicates deep sea is chalk; and that it is almost entirely on land animals, and on animals inhabiting fresh or very shallow sea water, that geological chronology rests. And we may add that fossils reveal the fact that the ocean, which now covers almost three-quarters of the globe, covered in a past geological age an even larger portion. Fossils likewise indicate that the present variety of climates was at one time replaced by a uniform tropical climate from the equator to the poles.

Since sediment is only deposited at the bottom of water, when the bottom has been uplifted above the surface there will, of course, be no sediment formed, and consequently there will be no strata to mark the time when it was a land surface: and now there is what is termed a gap—a lost leaf in the record.

Strata which are parallel, continuous, and therefore formed under similar conditions, are said to be conformable; while unconformable strata are strata which are not continuous and which have been laid down under different conditions. In strata which are conformable the change from one species of fauna and flora to another species is very gradual, and the time here represented makes what is called a geological period; whereas between two strata which are not conformable the change of species is marked; the old flora and fauna would seem to have abruptly departed and new ones come to take their place. But this abrupt disappearance is only apparent, nor do we believe that a miracle has taken place when an entirely new fauna and flora come upon the scene. We are merely ignorant of the intermediate, changing forms which lived during the period unrepresented. For unconformity denotes emergence of the land above water, and while it was above water there could be no deposit of sediment; no sedimentary, fossiliferous rocks could be formed.

THE PRIMARY ERA OF THE EARTH'S HISTORY.

As we know, the history of the earth may be divided into four eras. In the Primary era there was not much dry land, and therefore fishes (we pass over the invertebrates) may be said to have ruled. They were for a long time the only representatives

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of the vertebrates; and most of these primeval fishes, as the fossils in the rocks tell us, were covered with bony, enamelled scales, which served as armor, and they all had cartilaginous skeletons. Of these ancient inhabitants of the sea the nearest living allies are the sturgeon, the Port Jackson shark (Australia), the Lepidosiren, and the Ceratodus. The last-named fish was discovered not many years ago in a river of South Australia, and a specimen of one is to be seen in the museum of Columbia College, New York. The Ceratodus is a true fish, but it has one lung as well as gills, so that it can breathe air as well as water, like many amphibians, and at night it comes out of the water and feeds on leaves near the river-bank, for its fins are so constructed that it is able to move about with a wabbling gait, somewhat like a tortoise. Here let us say that the fishes of the Primary era were generalized types, and along with distinctive fish characters they possessed other characters which linked them to higher vertebrates; they were, in a word, the parent stem from which in the course of time there diverged two branches, namely, the typical fishes as we know them to-day and the amphibians.

Towards the close of the Primary era the land surface increased, and now the first amphibians are discovered (animals between fish and true reptiles, and having lungs as well as gills); and these primitive amphibians were remarkable for their long, snakelike forms; and all, with one exception, were noted for the odd, labyrinthine structure of their teeth, and hence the name Labyrinthodonts, which was given to them by Professor Owen. Not long after they appeared we come upon the fossil remains of true reptiles—creatures breathing air by lungs and never by gills. But, as we might expect, these earliest reptiles were very generalized; they have sprung from amphibians, and form the connecting link with the lowest mammals, namely, the egg-laying monotremes. At this period of the Primary era the land had sufficiently risen above the sea to allow a luxuriant vegetation to spring up; but it was low, swampy land, and a very common tree was the tree-fern, which in our day is reduced to an humble plant, dwelling in moist, shady spots. Thanks to these early forests becoming buried under sedimentary accumulations, coal was stored in the earth for man's use in after ages; thanks, too, to these carboniferous forests absorbing the carbonic acid of the air, the air became fit to be breathed by higher forms of life; it was essentially an air-purifying age. Yet it was at the same time a mournful age. Although the forest trees were large, they were not graceful, branching trees like our trees; no flowers had

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yet appeared to beautify the landscape: the verdure was deep and solemn. Nor were there any birds to sing; and the better opinion is that the sun was less bright, for it shone through a thick, nebulous atmosphere.

THE FOSSILS OF THE SECONDARY ERA.

We now come to the Secondary era. This was much shorter than the Primary. The vegetation was no longer so rank, and it is represented more by trees growing on higher and dryer ground. In this era we find a new type of fishes; not cartilaginous but bony fishes; and birds and mammals make their first appearance. Nevertheless, reptiles were still so plentiful and reached so high a scale of organization that it is sometimes called the age of reptiles. The Atlantosaurus, a portion of whose fossil remains has been discovered by Professor Marsh in Colorado, was probably the largest land animal that ever existed; the thigh bone of this reptile was eight feet long and two feet thick, while the creature's whole length is believed to have measured about one hundred feet. But the highest in the scale of reptiles were the Dinosaurs, some of whom were of gigantic size, while others were not bigger than a cat; and it is commonly held by scientists that it is from these reptiles that mammals and birds branched off. Dinosaurs did not crawl like other reptiles; and to judge by their fossil remains, some of them walked on their hind legs alone.

It is toward the middle of this, the Secondary era, that we discover in the limestone of Germany the earliest bird: a real feathered bird, yet in several ways very unlike modern birds. Its tail-fin was vertebrated and had twenty-one joints, while in its jaws were teeth like the teeth of a reptile. It is to about the same period that belong the wonderful birds found by Professor Marsh in the chalk-beds of Kansas. These also had jaws armed with sharp, conical teeth, and in some of them the teeth were set in grooves instead of in sockets. Needless to say that these intermediate, transition forms lend vast weight to the hypothesis of evolution; and if more transition forms have not come to light, we must bear in mind that the geological record is by no means perfect; we are studying a book many of whose pages have been lost in the millions of years since it first began to be written, and, moreover, there is a great deal of the earth yet to be explored by geologists.* The primitive, reptilian birds

* For intermediate forms see Prof. Gaudry's *Ancêtres de nos animaux dans les temps géologiques.*

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we have mentioned would seem to be not far removed from the point where they branched off—although they had not yet completely separated—from the reptile stem. Here we quote from Professor Mivart's interesting article on "Evolution and Christianity" in *The Cosmopolitan* magazine for June of last year: "The doctrine of evolution has . . . come to be an acceptable and accepted doctrine to the general bulk of the men of science of either hemisphere. For my own part I continue, as I have done for so many years, cordially to accept it, and for the following reason: if we assume that new species of animals have been evolved by natural generation from individuals of other kinds, all the various indications of affinity . . . thereby simultaneously acquire one natural and satisfactory explanation: while we can think of no other possible explanation of the enigma." Nor is Professor Mivart the only Catholic scientist who holds this view. He is strongly supported by the learned Dominican, Père Leroy, in a work entitled *L'Évolution restreinte aux espèces organiques;* while the Abbé de Broglie, in *Le présent et l'avenir du Catholicisme en France*, says, p. 113: "Neither the successive appearance of types nor their relationship are in opposition to the teaching of the church. . . . It suffices for evolutionists in order to remain Catholic to respect two essential dogmas: the original creation of the universe and a fresh intervention of the Creator to give to man a soul gifted with reason and called to immortality." *

To about the same horizon as these earliest birds belong the earliest mammals. They were, as their fossil remains prove, of a low, generalized type—oviparous or semi-oviparous animals with marked reptilian characters; and this class of mammals (marsupials and monotremes) is at present confined to what has been aptly termed the fossil continent of Australia, with the single exception of the American opossum.

THE ERAS PRIOR TO MAN'S APPEARANCE.

We now arrive at a new era, the Tertiary. The sea, which toward the close of the last era had risen over many parts of the earth which it had long abandoned, now withdrew to its present limits, leaving behind it in many places thick beds of chalk (the remains of very minute organisms), and the conti-

* "Ni l'apparition successivedes types ni leur enchaînement ne sont en opposition avec l'enseignement de l'église. . . . Il suffit aux évolutionistes pour rester Catholiques de respecter deux dogmas essentiels: la création primitive de l'univers et une nouvelle intervention du Créateur pour donner à l'homme une âme douée de raison et appelée à l'immortalité."

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nents assumed the dimensions they now possess. This increase in the land area brought with it more varied conditions and gave a great impetus to mammals. The climate, too, during a good part of this era must have been exceedingly favorable to the life-system. The polar cold had as yet made little progress; magnolia-trees still flourished as far north as seventy degrees, while poplars grew at eighty-two degrees north latitude. The further we advance into the Tertiary the more do herbivorous mammals become developed. They were now lords of the land, while birds similar to those of to-day were rulers of the air. In North America—as fossil remains indicate—there were many camels, and with them were other animals, long extinct, of elephantine size. Of these perhaps the most singular belonged to the order Dinocerata; they were armed with three pairs of horns and had tusks eight inches long, while the most specialized of the order had a head four feet long. It was during this era that the grand cañon of the Colorado was formed. Nowhere else on earth do we see so mighty an example of the power of erosion. Here is a river that for almost three hundred miles has carved its way down through the rock to a depth in some places of six thousand feet!

WHEN THE HISTORY OF MAN BEGINS.

With the close of the Tertiary the Quaternary or modern era begins: and this part of earth's history is made ever noteworthy by the appearance of Man. With him God's glorious work culminated. How many thousand years ago this great event took place we cannot tell; the church imposes no chronological limit. But there is good reason to believe that our first parents were contemporaries of the mammoth. Geologists tell us that since the opening of the modern era the geography of the earth has undergone few changes. The first portion of it was remarkable for a temporary variation of climate, which inaugurated what is called the glacial epoch. This was a unique event in the history of our globe, and though much has been written about it, it still remains very mysterious. There is reason to believe, however, that the phenomenon of the Ice Age was merely an exaggeration of the conditions which in our day determine glacier formation. And here we refer the reader to Professor de Lapparent's articles on this subject which appeared in the French magazine *Le Correspondant* for July, August, and September of last year.

The numberless little lakes in Minnesota were doubtless

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made by the ice of this period scooping out the rock, for south of the ice-track these lakes cease. The great lakes, too, of North America were largely formed by glaciers deepening the original depression which had existed in this part of the continent.

As we have said at the beginning of our article, the newly established Summer-School may, and no doubt will, do much to foster among Catholics a love for the natural sciences; and we claim a high place for geology. In the study of the rocks, from the lowest and the oldest to the highest and the newest, the Summer-School will recognize on every page of the record the wisdom of the Creator. It will see the life-system change many times; but new forms appear only when the proper time arrives, when the earth is fitted to receive them. When one epoch is drawing to a close, in the slowly changing organisms will be perceived anticipations of the epoch that is coming. And it was surely necessary for organisms to change as the surrounding conditions changed, or else for all life to become utterly extinct. But thanks to the God-given power of transformation, the life-system was able to continue itself, although under a different aspect; and the more the Summer-School will scrutinize the geological record, the more it will be convinced that evolution is a fact, and that a real genetic affinity links together the myriads of creatures that have one after another appeared on earth. We have no doubt, too, that the Summer-School will, year after year, extend its rambles in the pursuit of knowledge. Let it visit the far West, as do the ardent students at whose head is Professor Marsh. Who knows what marvellous fossils are still concealed in the Atlantosaurus beds of the Rocky Mountains? Some missing link may yet be discovered more wonderful than *Ichthyornis* and *Hesperornis Regalis*, in which are blended the characters of bird, fish, and reptile. And if the Summer-School should be able to fill in even one missing page of the earth's history, it would show that Catholics are no longer in the rear, but in the advance guard of the grand army of science. Excelsior!

WILLIAM SETON.

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THE LAND OF THE SUN.

THE VALENCIANA MINE.

N the early freshness of the next morning a group of horses ready saddled, with a pair of *mozos* in attendance, stood before the door of the hotel, and were presently inspected by Dorothea, who came out from the café accompanied by Russell.

"They will do," she said, running her eye comprehensively over them, "if you are sure their backs are sound. I never ride a strange horse without satisfying myself on that point. There is no greater cruelty than to put a saddle on a galled back, and I would rather walk any distance than ride a horse under such circumstances."

"Make your mind easy," replied Russell. "I have examined the animals and their backs are sound. I secured them through the kindness of an acquaintance in Guanajuato, who promised to send me only good horses. Shall I put you up?"

He extended his hand, the next moment she was in the saddle arranging herself with practised ease, the others came out, there was a general mounting, and they rode away with a clattering of horses' hoofs on the stony streets, and that pleasant sense of exhilaration which always accompanies an expedition on horseback in the freshness of the early day. The two *mozos* on foot easily kept pace with the horses, and Mrs. Langdon observed that the one who walked abreast with her was so picturesque a figure that she longed to sketch him. He was a slender, graceful young fellow, whose slight frame revealed to a practised eye only the muscular power which it possessed, and whose face, delicate in features, with large dark eyes and shaded by a mass of black curls under the straw sombrero, had the gentle, half-melancholy charm of his people. The other was an older Indian, lean and sinewy as a deer-hound. Both men wore striped zarapes folded closely around them—for the morning air was chill—wide cotton trousers, and sandals on their feet.

Russell had explained to his friends the evening before that, although it was quite within the limit of the possible for them to reach the Valenciana Mine in a carriage, he was sure they would find the ascent more agreeable if made on horseback;

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and they were unanimous in endorsing this opinion when they found how steep was their upward way from the moment of leaving the central region of the city. The narrow, winding streets through which their guides led them climbing steadily up hill, sometimes at an angle of hardly less than forty-five degrees, and were so thronged with people, with strings of burros bearing all manner of produce, and with great wooden carts drawn by oxen, that progress through them was slow and difficult. At length, however, they emerged from the town, and found an agreeable change in the broad, well-made road which, although it still wound upward, had the advantage of easy gradients and of relief from paving-stones. Curbed on one side, it mounted with wide sweeps around the hills, affording a succession of views of their broken, serrated expanse, and of the different mines, surrounded by villages, that came in sight perched on their precipitous slopes.

The sun has risen high in the heavens, and his rays were as warm as they ever become at this altitude, when, after several miles of steady ascent, they entered a village of considérable size, its well-built adobe houses ranged closely in streets that centred upon a small plaza green with verdure and bright with flowers. Russell halted in this pretty place, and, turning in his saddle, addressed the cavalcade that gathered around him.

"I have brought you here," he said, "to see an excellent example of a Mexican mining town. All the people who live in this place depend for their support on the Valenciana Mine, the galleries of which run under our feet, and the great works of which are over yonder. Could a brighter, cleaner, more orderly and attractive village be found anywhere? Presently I will show you a school sustained by the proprietors for the children of their employees; but first I must call your attention to the chief feature of the place."

"Which is this beautiful church before us, I suppose," said Mrs. Langdon. "What a remarkable thing to find such a building perched on this mountain-side, in the midst of a mining village!"

"It is not considered remarkable here," said Russell. "No one calls your attention to it, no guide-book mentions it, but when I accidently stumbled upon it, and, struck by its beauty and splendid details, asked what it cost, I was told that there had been spent upon it the sum of one and a half million dollars."

"Spent by whom?" asked the general.

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"By the owners of the mine—quietly and unostentatiously, with a simple desire to return to God a small share of the wealth he had bestowed on them. The mine was in full bonanza when they built this, and it is said that for every dollar which they put into their great shaft—the finest shaft probably in the world—they put a dollar in the church. I don't know how it seems to you, but to me there is something in this more poetical than I can express."

He looked at Margaret Langdon as he spoke, whose eyes met his with that quick radiance dimmed in moisture which is the outward sign of a heart deeply touched. "It was more than poetical," she said. "It was a thought so exquisite that it could only have been born of profound and fervent faith—that with every step downward toward those riches which are so alluring to the hearts of men, there should be a corresponding step taken upward, in the sunlight of God, toward the heaven where our true treasure must be. Yet surely they were poets, without knowing it, those men."

"And what strikes me as quite as beautiful," said Dorothea, "is, that instead of spending that money to build a great church down in Guanajuato, where all men could see and praise it, they built it here, so that few of the rich and great ones of the earth worship God in a temple as splendid as these poor Mexican miners do."

"Well," said the general, dismounting, "let us go and see it now."

It is not very large, this church of the Valenciana, but it is most majestic from its position, as well as from its architectural proportions. Built of cut and polished stone, every block finished and fitted with a skill which knew nothing of haste or carelessness, it stands on a platform graded from the mountain, and is approached by an immense flight of magnificent stone steps that would adorn a cathedral. Entering by the great carved doorway, it is at once evident that the same loving care which polished every outward stone presided with jealous vigilance over every interior detail. The high altar, and the two which stand at the ends of the transepts that form a Latin cross, are perfect examples of that superbly ornate style known as the Churrigueresque—a mass of rich and elaborate carving, covered with gold and rising in burnished splendor to the roof. No unfortunate detail or misplaced ornament mars the effect of these rarely beautiful altars. They are indeed so gorgeous in themselves that there is no space for farther ornament, and

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whatever is upon them, in the form of necessary articles, is altogether worthy of them. Polished tiles form the floor, frescoes adorn the domes, and paintings cover the walls; while—somewhat strange innovation in a Mexican church—the nave is filled with finely carved stationary benches. Nothing can exceed the effect of sumptuous richness and exquisite care which the whole presents.

"It gives one the impression," said Dorothea, "that the building of it was a delight, that the most careful thought was bestowed upon the elaboration of every detail, and that money was emphatically 'no object' at all in its construction."

"There can be no doubt of the last," said Russell. "The only question was how to spend enough of the precious metal. The splendor of these altars cannot be surpassed. And everything is on the same scale. If you go into the sacristy, the sacristan will show you vestments and altar vessels that will make you fancy yourself in a metropolitan cathedral; and there is a charming little baptistery where the babies are brought to be baptized in a golden font."

"It has a superb organ too, this wonderful church that seems like a creation of Aladdin's lamp," said Travers, looking up at the choir-loft, where the forest of pipes rose toward the roof.

Presently they stepped out of a side door upon the great platform on which the church stands, and Russell pointed out some immense, fortress-like walls enclosing a large area on one side of the village. "There," he said, "are the offices and works of the mine and its famous shaft."

"We must certainly see *that*," said the general.

"We must certainly see the mine," said Dorothea. "Are we not going down into it?"

Russell smiled. "You can if you like," he answered. "There is an excellent stone stairway by means of which one can descend to any level; but I do not think you will care to go far. It is very dark and very warm underground, you know."

"I do not think I care to make such a descent," said Mrs. Langdon. "Dorothea, you had better not insist on doing so."

"Insist—no," said Dorothea. "But is it possible that nobody else cares to see anything of the mine itself!—and how can one see a mine above ground?"

"The question is, can one see much of it below?" said the general. "But I will go down with you as far as you are likely to care to venture, my dear. How and where do we enter?"

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"We can only enter by obtaining a permit," replied Russell, "and that must be sought over yonder"—he indicated the enclosure—"where we will now go."

It was a novel scene upon which they entered when they found themselves within the great gates which gave admittance to the fort-like interior, the massive stone walls of which were flanked at each corner by towers loop-holed for musketry. Passing the offices just within the entrance, where two or three gentlemen and a handsome dog received the party with true Mexican courtesy, they were conducted into a large courtyard where a number of men and women were at work sorting ores, the process consisting of breaking with a hammer the large masses brought up from the mine and rapidly classing the fragments. Around each worker were half a dozen piles of ore of different grades, and the busy activity of the scene, together with the quickness with which each fragment was scrutinized and classed, interested the strangers exceedingly.

"The women seem to know as much about it as the men," remarked Dorothea wonderingly.

"The superintendent says that they make better judges of ore than men," said Russell. "The perceptions of women are quicker, you see."

Travers observed that he had not needed to come to the Valenciana Mine to learn that; but just then they reached the side of the great shaft, and paused to regard with wonder and something of awe this splendid and durable piece of work.

Octagonal in form, at least fifteen feet in diameter, and lined with carefully cut and fitted stone, one can readily believe almost anything of its cost, remembering that its depth is over two thousand feet, and that its workmanship is unsurpassed and probably unequalled in the world. Out of it is drawn by machinery the vast volume of water that keeps the lower levels dry; and it is altogether worthy of the mine which Humboldt estimated as producing at the time of his visit one-fifth of all the silver of the world, and which for forty years was in full bonanza, pouring out its wealth in an almost fabulous stream.

Gathered around the great opening, they listened while their courteous guide discoursed of the wonders of the famous mine, told the romantic story of its first days, described its miles of underground work, its chambers, drifts and tunnels, the army of men upon its pay-roll, and the length of time necessary to descend and ascend by means of its stairways.

"Why, in the name of common sense, don't they send the

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"WHY DON'T THEY SEND THE MINERS UP AND DOWN BY MEANS OF THE SHAFT, AND SAVE TIME?"

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miners up and down by means of *this*," said the general, indicating the shaft, "and save time?"

Russell laughed. "We are in a happy land where time is not of importance," he replied. "But I scarcely think Miss Dorothea will care to descend to the lowest levels when she hears that more than two hours are required to reach them."

"I think," said Dorothea in a somewhat subdued tone, "that I shall be satisfied with going down to the first level—just to see what it is like, you know."

Hearing her desire, the superintendent said that he would himself accompany them; so they were led back through the village to a point beyond the church, where a locked door gave admittance to the steps descending into the mine. Only Dorothea and her father, Russell and their guide, went down. Mrs. Langdon, Miss Gresham, and Travers looked, drew back, and returning to the church, seated themselves in the shade near its sacristy door, where the pure, fresh air of the mountains came to them like a breath from Paradise, and a far-spreading view lay before them—one of those glorious Mexican views which language is too poor to describe, so infinite is the beauty of tint and atmosphere, so wonderful the combination of rugged mountain forms and wide stretches of smiling plain, of cities shining with hues that seem borrowed from the peacock's neck, of mines frowning like mediæval strongholds, of slender campaniles rising everywhere toward the ineffable radiance of the vast blue heaven.

"What a country it is!" said Margaret Langdon, as her gaze wandered over the picture. "I do not wonder that Mr. Russell feels such enthusiasm for it—one could not stop short of loving it if one stayed long enough."

"It would be hard to find anything to equal it in beauty and interest," said Travers. "There is so much combined here. The deep and lasting impress of Spain—most fascinating of modern nations—the striking semi-Oriental aspect of the country, the personal beauty of the people, their picturesque life, and the romanticism that seems a part of all they do. Look at this church, for instance—is it not almost like a fairy-tale to our nineteenth century ears?"

"It is far more than that," Margaret answered. "It is such a sermon in stone as I have never met before in all my wanderings. And these are the people whom we—some of us, that is—have ventured to think an inferior race!"

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"Don't class yourself with the ignorant multitude—mostly fools, as Carlyle justly observes—who instead of intelligent opinions have only a few inherited prejudices," said Travers. "But Miss Gresham looks sadly bored! I am afraid that our rhapsodies over the country have a tendency to fatigue her."

"Oh! I assure you I find it all very interesting," said Miss Gresham, "though I don't perhaps express as much enthusiasm as Dorothea. As for this church, it is simply splendid—but really now *don't* you think it would be more appropriate down in Guanajuato than up here on a mountain in a mining village?"

Travers glanced at Mrs. Langdon and smiled. "That depends," he answered, "upon what object the builders had in view. If the admiration of men, Guanajuato was the place. If the glory of God, I venture to think the present situation could not be improved upon. But here come our friends back from the mine already! Mademoiselle Dorothea's exploring spirit has been speedily satisfied on this occasion."

"Oh! it was excessively warm; that was why I did not care to go very far," Dorothea said, in answer to their questions. "But you need not smile, Mr. Travers. It was exceedingly interesting, and I am glad I went."

"What did you see? Tell us about it," said Miss Gresham, yawning slightly, as if in remembrance of past or anticipation of coming boredom.

"Yes," said Mrs. Langdon, "let us have the satisfaction of knowing what is to be seen in the depths of a mine, without the fatigue of descending into it ourselves."

"Well," responded Dorothea, looking the while around the wide prospect with a radiant glance, as if the sweet, fresh purity of the air and the glorious brightness of the day appealed to her senses with a double charm since she had been into the dark bowels of the earth, "let me tell you that there is simply a world down there—a new, strange, wonderful world to me—and as for its inhabitants, they appear, to use an Oriental form of expression, to be in numbers as the sands of the sea-shore. How did I see them? Why, an army, an absolute army, was going down into the mine as we came up."

"The men at work are changed three times in every twenty-four hours," said the general, "and we chanced to meet one of the 'shifts,' as miners call it. You see the building which covers the mouth of the mine contains various apartments—chiefly used for storing material—but especially one large room at the head

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of the stairs, where several clerks are at their desks day and night to keep the time of the men at work in the mine. As each 'shift' enters the building, marched in squads like soldiers, the names are called out and registered by the clerks as the men descend the stairs into the mine."

"And such stairs!" said Dorothea. "Built of great blocks of hewn stone, beautifully laid, and as wide—how wide, Mr. Russell?"

"They are square-cut blocks of porphyry about ten feet wide," said Russell, "and the walls on each side are plastered and whitewashed. It is indeed a magnificent piece of work, this stairway, for it descends to the lowest level of the mine, a distance of more than two thousand feet, turning to right or left in a zigzag manner at a depth of every hundred feet."

"One is fatigued even in thinking of ascending or descending it," remarked Miss Gresham feelingly.

"We were told," said the general, "that the time required for descending to the lowest level was two hours, and for ascending two hours and forty minutes. But it seems almost incredible."

"Nothing is incredible here," said Travers. "We are in a land of marvels, and prepared for anything. What other sights saw ye in the underground world?"

"We saw one sight which touched me inexpressibly," said Dorothea. "At each angle of this great stairway, this work of Titans, is a niche excavated out of the solid rock, forming a shrine and containing a religious image, a picture or statue, adorned with flowers, and with a light burning before it. I can give you no idea," turning to her sister, as if surest of sympathy there, with the bright moisture of feeling springing again into her eyes, "how the sight of these shrines, with their tapers gleaming like stars, affects one, when one comes upon them suddenly in the darkness and silence of the depths of the earth. We were told that farther down there is a chapel where Mass is often said for the miners. How lovely the faith of these people is!—and how it pervades their lives! It seems to put a strain of elevated feeling, a comprehension of divine beauty, into their existence which our poor, materialized people of the same class totally lack."

"One might certainly travel far through any mining region of our favored land before finding a mine provided with such an accessory as a shrine, not to speak of a chapel, underground

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and a basilica above," observed Travers reflectively. "But then we have been repeatedly informed that Mexicans are very superstitious!"

"One wonders," said Dorothea caustically, "if those who make the charge are very good judges of what superstition is—or of what faith is, either, for that matter! Instead of scoffing at what they are unable to understand or appreciate, they would do better to go home and pray for a little of the faith and piety which touch and edify one here, and which are so wholly wanting in their hard, material lives."

"It almost sounds as if she were advising you to go home, Mr. Travers," said Miss Gresham with quiet malice. "But did you not see any silver taken out?" she asked, addressing Dorothea with a return to practical considerations for which she could always be relied upon.

"Oh, no!" answered Dorothea. "The place where they are now taking out silver is miles away from where we were. Have you forgotten that they told us there are twenty-eight miles of underground workings in this mine?"

"Dorothea was right in saying that it is simply a world down there," remarked the general—"a world of vast extent and wonderful work. There are miles of tramways laid in all directions for the transportation of the ore in the different ore-beds to the main perpendicular shaft—that splendid affair over yonder—through which it is hoisted to the surface."

"You seem to have taken in and remembered everything," said Miss Gresham, "so, now that we have heard everything, I suppose we may return to Guanajuato."

But at this moment Russell, who had been speaking apart to the courteous Mexican who accompanied them into the mine, turned towards the group. "This gentleman," he said, "suggests that you would perhaps like to see the method by which the ore is reduced. If you have never seen the Mexican reduction process, it is possible that it might interest you."

"It would interest me very much," said the general. "Where do we go—over there?" And he nodded toward the massive walls encircling the buildings that cluster around the great shaft, known far and wide as "El Tiro de la Mina Valenciana."

"No," Russell answered, "we must go to what is called the *hacienda de beneficio*. That is situated in the *cañada* between Marfil and Guanajuato."

"Why do they carry the ore so far, instead of having their

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reduction works near at hand?" asked Mrs. Langdon with surprise.

"Because water is necessary for the process of reduction," Russell replied, "and there is no water here."

"Oh! let us go by all means," cried Dorothea. "I want to see *everything*."

"A commendable but rather exhausting ambition," remarked Travers with a sigh. "If, however, it is so written in the book of fate, let us go."

Miss Gresham rose and shook out the folds of her habit with an air of resignation which mutely echoed his words; so they descended the great flight of stone steps to the sunny plaza lying in green beauty below, on the farther side of which, in the shade of some *portales*, the horses and *mozos* awaited them. They speedily mounted, and accompanied by a graceful young Mexican, whom the superintendent called from the office of the mine and sent with them, set forth for the reduction works.

But, instead of following the broad, well-graded road by which they had ascended, their guide led them around the walls of the mine, and took a narrow trail across the brown, rugged hills, gashed with great ravines by the torrents of every rainy season. It was the trail by which the ore was conveyed from the mine to the reduction works, and along it came and went in ceaseless stream the pack-trains of burros that carried upon their backs the leather sacks filled with metal. To avoid these trains on the narrow way was very difficult, for to give place in the least degree to any one is an idea which never enters into the head of a burro. It was necessary for the men who followed each train to rush forward and energetically belabor and push the small, stubborn animals, to induce them to allow the party of equestrians to pass at various points. "The Valenciana Mine must have *thousands* of these donkeys!" Dorothea exclaimed at last, when such a block had occurred for the twentieth time, and looking across the escarped and riven hillsides they could trace the winding trail by the animals that darkened it. The young Mexican, who had a fair knowledge of English, laughed and assured her that she was right, that the burros of the Valenciana Mine were indeed many, while Travers observed that if she chanced to be pushed over into the dry bed of a torrent by one of the burros in question (an accident which had several times only been prevented by the prompt in-

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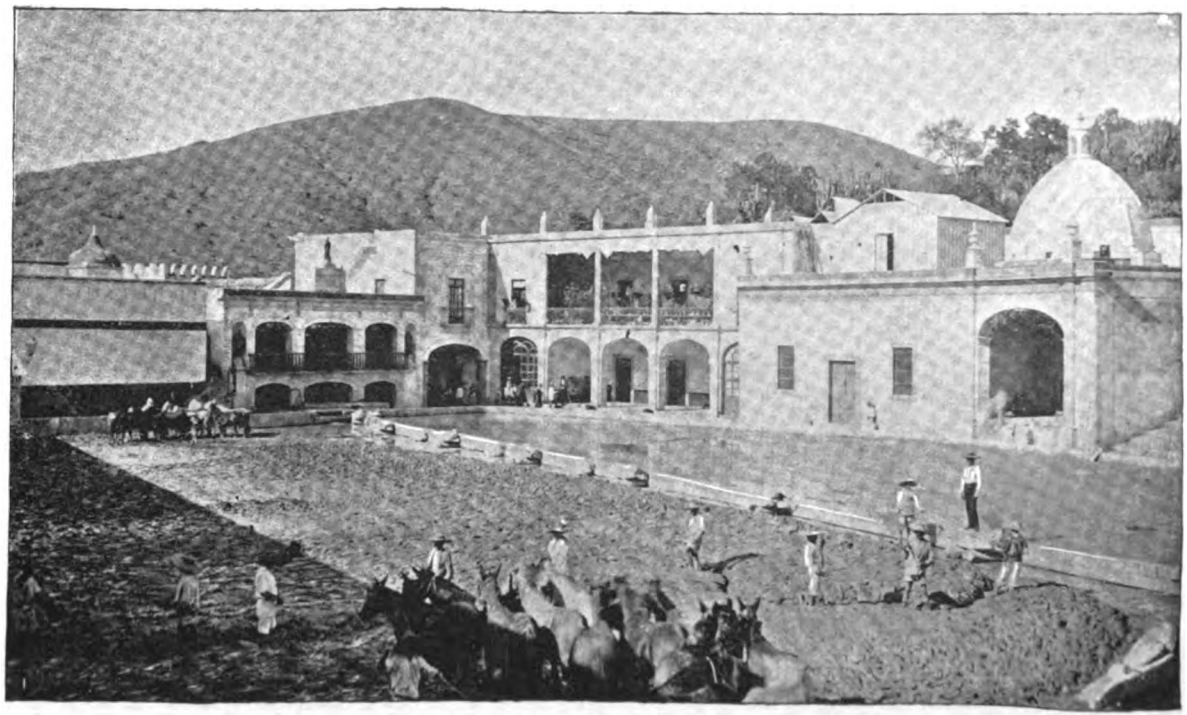

THE "HACIENDA DE BENEFICIO."

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terposition of the *mozos*) she could hardly object to suffering in the cause of that adherence to ancient custom which she so highly commended.

"The spirit of modern improvement might dictate a tramway to convey the ore from the mine to the reduction works," he added, "but far be it from me to suggest that such a mode would be an improvement on the present picturesque method—though what the burros might think of it is another matter."

"The burros would have to do other work if they did not do this, I suppose," Dorothea answered. "The pack-trains *are* picturesque, as one sees them winding in the distance; and it would surely be a very remarkable tramway that could go up and down hill like this trail."

There was a general laugh, but the exigencies of the trail were such that no one demonstrated the feasibility of the tramway, especially since another train of laden animals at this moment came by, pushing the party to right and left with their great sacks of ore, and when the interruption was fairly over they found themselves at the entrance of the *hacienda de beneficio*.

This proved to be one of the immense, fortress-like erections which had struck them on their ascent from Marfil to Guanajuato. Situated immediately on the banks of the stream which flows down from the beautiful Presas, and surrounded by a stone wall at least ten feet high and of corresponding thickness, it was an enclosure about twelve hundred feet long by two hundred wide, containing various open courts, or patios, and buildings with red-tiled roofs and arcaded fronts. Leaving their horses in charge of the attendants, the party followed their obliging guide, who was eager to show them everything.

First in order came the arrastras, for crushing the ore. On an elevated portion of the enclosure, covered by a tiled roof, were three rows of these, each row containing twenty arrastras —great, circular basins of cut stone, not less than eight feet in diameter, in the centre of each of which a horizontal wooden sweep was mortised through an upright post. To one end of this sweep the large millstone that ground the ore to powder against the stone floor of the basin was attached, while to the other were fastened the mules, wearing leather hoods over their eyes to prevent dizziness, who walking around in an unending circle supplied the motive-power to drag the huge mass of granite over the ore.

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"An effectual way of doing the work," said the general, "but very crude when one thinks of a modern stamp-mill. I am surprised that such a great mine as the Valenciana has not erected machinery for crushing its ore."

"The erection of a stamp-mill is, of course, only a question of time," said Russell. "Many of them have already been introduced into the country, especially by Americans and Englishmen, who find crushing ore in arrastras too slow work. But come!—our guide wishes to show us the next step in the process."

The young Mexican had explained, with many gestures of his slender, brown hands, that when the ore was crushed to an impalpable powder a sluice-head of water was introduced into the arrastras, which carried the deposit to a lower level, and to this lower level he now led them. It was an enclosure, containing about an acre of ground, covered with a carefully laid floor of flagstones—forming the *patio* from which the process takes its name. The crushed ore carried from the arrastras is deposited on this floor to the depth of about eighteen inches, the surplus water is then drawn off, leaving the pulverized mass in a plastic condition, and quicksilver, in the proportion of five pounds to every ton of ore, is added, by means of forcing it through buckskin sacks, so that, when shaken over the bed of ore, it is distributed equally in small globules, thus bringing it immediately in contact with the silver, which is principally in a sulphide form. Five per cent. of common salt is then added for the purpose of assisting oxidization, and about twenty mules are turned loose and driven to and fro through this bed of mortar for three hours each day for thirty days.

"You recognize your black mud, do you not?" asked Russell, turning to Dorothea. "This is the amalgamating process which we looked down upon as we entered Zacatécas, and which struck you as so remarkable."

"And this is the famous *patio* process!" said the general. "I have heard men of great experience in mining say that for satisfactory results in extracting silver from the ore it has not been improved upon, even in this age of improvement."

"Is it of Mexican invention?" asked Dorothea.

"Yes," Russell replied. "It was invented in 1557 by Bartolomé de Medina, to work the rich ores of the Pachuca mines."

"I have very little respect for him," said the young lady

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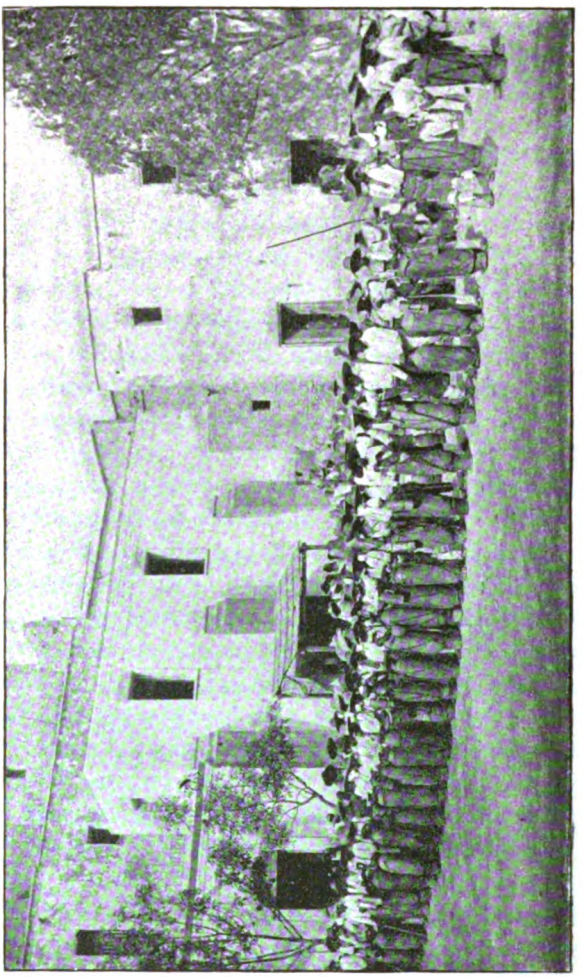
with decision, "for he certainly did not take the mules into consideration at all. Is it possible that no machinery has been invented to do this work better than these poor animals can?"

"I must confess," said Russell, "that one blot on the otherwise excellent character of Mexicans is that they do *not* take



A COMPANY OF WATER-CARRIERS.

the feelings of mules, burros, and beasts of burden in general, much into consideration. Of course other means of doing the work of amalgamation have been invented, and are in use in American mines. But Mexicans are slow to accept innovations, and, as your father has just remarked, it is doubtful if any better process for a certain class of ore has ever been invented."

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"You must be satisfied to take people with the defects of their qualities," said Travers in an admonishing tone. "If the Mexicans were ready to accept innovations with regard to working their ores, they would, no doubt, be equally ready to accept them in respect to other things, and then what would become of the picturesqueness of this incomparably picturesque country, for which we are all so grateful? It would become, like Chili, the prey of that destroyer which is known under the name of progress, and perhaps, like that country, would abandon the beautiful art and architecture which Spain planted here for a tasteless imitation of the poorest and most alien modern models. No, let the mules suffer, say I, rather than that such things should come to pass."

Dorothea gave the speaker a glance in which approval and disapproval were mingled. "You are right so far," she said, "that it is a matter for gratitude that Mexicans are slow to change their ancient ways. *But*," with great emphasis upon this potent word, "I entirely disagree with you in your readiness to let the mules suffer. The mules should not suffer another day if I could bring in machinery to relieve them."

"And that machinery would be the entering wedge to destroy all that delights you in the country," returned Travers.

"If so, the wedge has entered," said Russell, "for large amounts of machinery for all purposes are constantly introduced into the country. I am afraid we cannot hope that the march of that material progress, the effects of which we agree in disliking, can be stayed here any more than elsewhere. We can only be thankful for what it has so far spared, and hope that Mexicans will have too much sense to allow their country to be ruined and deteriorated by it, as some others that we know have been."

"And meanwhile," said Mrs. Langdon, looking at the mass of amalgam, which indeed resembled nothing except black mud, "we do not seem to have got very much nearer to the silver."

"Ah, yes!" said the young Mexican, smiling. "The señora is mistaken—we are very much nearer to the silver. Be pleased," addressing the group, "to come now, and see the amalgam retorted."

They followed him to the next step in the process of wresting from Nature the treasure which she holds so jealously. But after they had inspected the kettle-shaped retorts in which the

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amalgam is placed, and had seen the silver which comes forth from them, to be then smelted and run into bars—great, shining masses of virgin metal, beautiful to the sight and heavy to the touch—with the value stamped on each, there remained nothing more except to see the same bars loaded into the car for bullion, which, with a guard of soldiers on its top, is a daily feature of the Guanajuato train.

As it chanced, they did see this a few hours later, as they were, with much reluctance, taking their departure from the magical city, glittering in color, beauty, and opulence behind the sombre, argentine hills. After they had left Marfil, with its heavy Moorish houses clinging to the frowning precipices that overshadow it, and had crossed the mountain divide to the smiling plain that spreads level and verdant toward Siloa, they looked backward for a last glance at a spot which had so charmed them. Guanajuato had vanished as completely as if it were indeed the enchanted city which it seems, but lo! high above the rugged, red-brown crests shone on its elevated mountain platform the church of the Valenciana, lifting its fair towers toward heaven and looking in the rich sunset light like a dream of beauty, as it is, in truth, such an expression of faith and love, and generosity surpassing that of princes, as would be hard to match in any other land.

CHRISTIAN REID.

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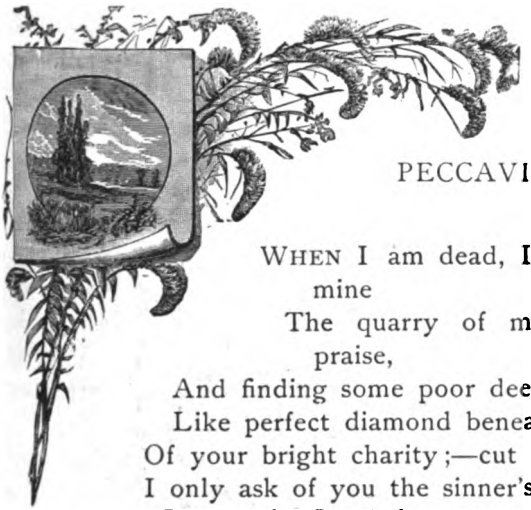

PECCAVI.

WHEN I am dead, I would not have you mine
The quarry of my life, for aught to praise,
And finding some poor deed, to make it blaze
Like perfect diamond beneath the rays
Of your bright charity;—cut glass will shine.
I only ask of you the sinner's dole,
"I pray the Lord, have mercy on his soul!"

When I am dead, I would not have you take
Some words of basest metal, dull and cold,
Which Death the Alchemist, will turn to gold,
And Love will clothe with value manifold,
And hold them precious for the speaker's sake;
I only ask of you the sinner's dole,
"I pray the Lord, have mercy on his soul"!

ADAM DE BRUN.

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'Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much."—ST. LUKE vii. 47.

From von Hoffman.

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MOURNING IRELAND.—THE CAOINE.

. . . "E con si dolce note,
che fece me a me uscir di mente."—*Dante.*

LONG years ago a train drew up at a bleak way-side railway station in the West of Ireland, and silence fell on a party of travellers, most of them young, most of them Irish, but several from the Pale, or least *native* portion of the island.

This silence fell because the travellers were trying to catch the import of an indescribable stifled roar; indescribable, yet I must attempt some sort of account of it. It rose from soft to loud. It was like the voice of the wild wind at night in great woods. It grew to be like many powerful Æolean harps. What was it? Whence came it? These were, for the moment, mysteries. There was something eerie about these wild waves of sound which surged around about us, now and then falling lower for a moment, yet constantly gaining force and volume like a rising tide. We could not divine the meaning of it. It seemed to envelop us in some strange way. In a great poem there is a hint about *the fear that underlies all courage.* For one of us this flood of sound seemed to stir *that* fear—and how many other deep-lying emotions besides!

Great music sometimes wraps the listener to the seventh heaven. Wagner's music does so. It carries one away on broad wings of the spirit to the homes of the winds, to "wield the flail of the lashing hail," "to the sanguine sunrise, with its meteor eyes,"

"And its golden plumes outspread";

to cloudland, to moon-lit seas, to Abt Vogler's sound-palace, to primitive emotions, to all things elemental; and the man-made town is forgotten, with its poor, thin city life, in the God-made sky-spaces to which we are borne; and *self*, too, is forgotten, for we *lose the very sense that we are feeling*, coming back to this nether world at last with more than a startled sleeper's regretful surprise, and "trailing clouds of glory" from the musician's heavenly country.

"Those fine-drawn stringèd notes so inly smite,
It is as if the bows of sprites could strain
The sensitive nerve-fibres of the brain,

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And tune them to an all too keen delight.
And still as they resound they gather might,
Seeming a new-born pulse of life to gain
With each new bar, until the beating rain,
The deluge of quick sound is at its height.

"Then all our soul is drowned as in a sea
Of glad sensation, and we faintly seek
Some continent for boundless ecstasy—
In vain, we are but carried down the wake
Of time, to throb awhile primevally
With the young world in passion's wild outbreak."

(*On hearing the introduction to "Lohengrin"*—MRS. PFEIFFER.)

Not to heaven, however, did that grand Galway Roar-in-the-Minor take us. Surely, rather was Purgatory our bourne! There were heart-breaking sobs in it; there was the extreme of tenderness, and, above all, there was a passionate yearning.

"What is it? What *is* it?" was the smothered cry that we of North-east Ireland sent forth—a cry, yet half a whisper. Was it, after all, music? It was certainly the first *sound*, for one of us, creating an over-mastering flood of thrilling emotion. It swept hearts before it as the autumn wind sweeps the dry leaves.

The wail went ever on, increasing momentarily in volume. Words in a tongue we scarcely knew now became distinguishable. We could see that there was a large crowd, far away, at the other end of the long train. But the wailing seemed to come from all quarters; the air was ringing with it. One of the travellers, belonging by birth and race to Southern Ireland, stood up, and, with quivering lip and a voice of deep emotion, he answered the ignorant question: "It is the 'Keen' (Caoine). Do you not know the Irish Lament for the Dead?"

We learnt by degrees the meaning of this "keening." I think that the fact that here there was no funeral procession added impressiveness to the whole scene. There was an enormous wailing crowd. The whole country-side had come down to the railway, escorting a party of emigrants who were on their way to America. It was, doubtless, for most of those who parted that day a farewell for ever. And emigration, from numberless points besides this one, is inexpressibly sad. Hence the appropriateness of the death chant.

Had I had the musical training necessary for setting down in written notes what I then heard sung—which was not the case—I was far too much shaken by the excitement—by the "joy, three parts pain"—caused by the soul-stirring plaint to

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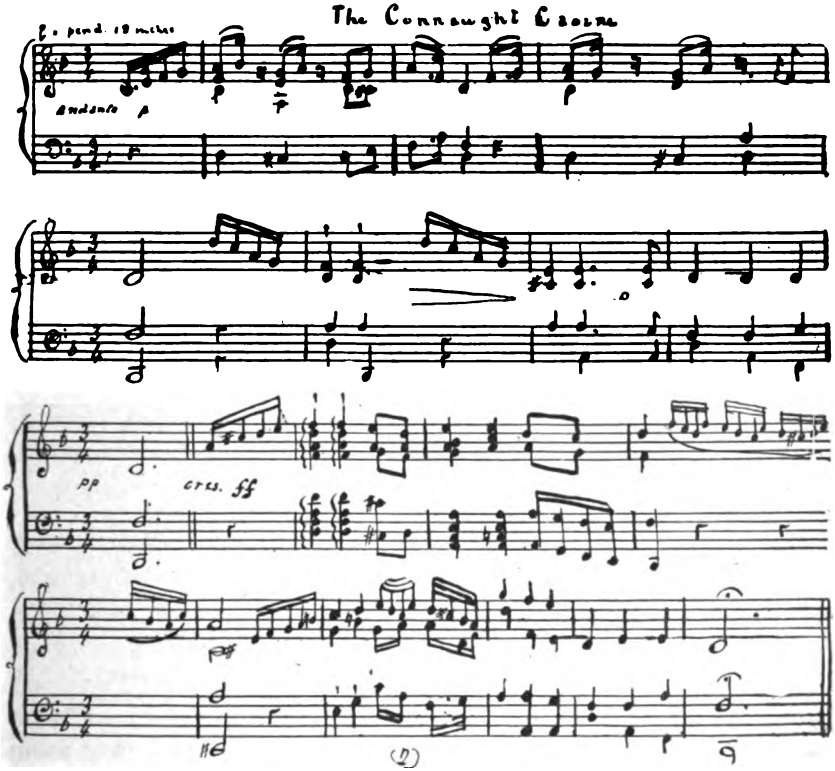
be able to transcribe, at the time, or even to analyze the chant in the roughest way. But the memory of those magical sounds stayed with me vaguely through many a year, and I made attempts to procure, from musicians in Munster and Connaught, the notes of this wonderful "Caoine." In some quarters my inquiries called forth little but laughter. I was assured that "keening" and a "pack of hounds baying the moon" came to much the same thing. On another occasion my request for "the music of the 'Caoine'" was described as an irresistible pleasantry—the death-wail being pronounced "of all sounds the least musical." But at last a good monk befriended me, sending me the Connaught keen—the very chant that had thrilled and terrified and fascinated us all, in the long-ago, in Galway. He sent me, too, the Munster version.

Of this form of the Caoine a young German composer of merit says: "I find it simply grand. It is of rare and noble originality. But I wonder to find *piano* and *diminuendo* oftenest marked. It ought to have an extraordinarily fine effect when played *fortissimo* by an orchestra."

At the monastery, whence the notes were sent, the opinion

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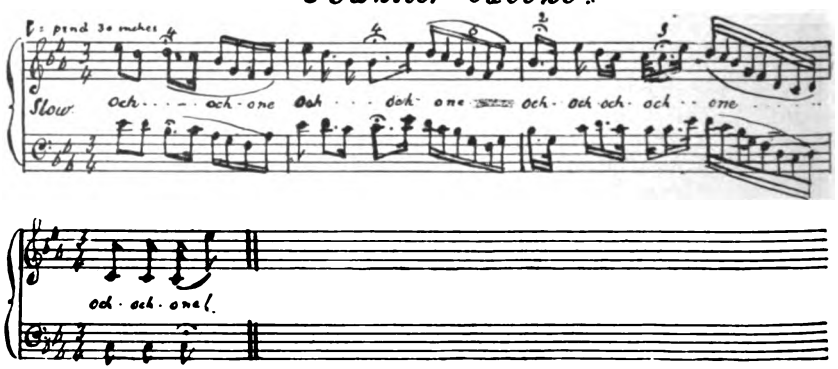
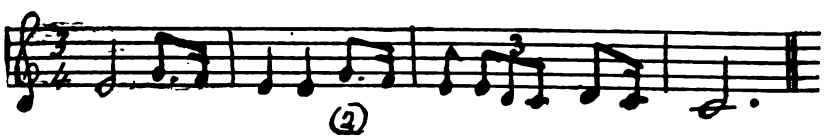
prevailed that the simple score was as nothing—"the Caoine should be heard to be appreciated." Many powerful voices blended together, and, above all, the traditional expression, lend a soul to the mere notes. The transcriber added these words of explanation to the Munster Caoine: "This melody may be considered a characteristic specimen of the keen as sung in South Munster. The notes marked with pauses (𝄐) may be sustained any length of time, according to the power of the voice, or the inclination of the singer. The numbers placed over the pauses denote, in quavers, the usual length of the prolonged sound." The monks greatly preferred the Munster Caoine to that of Connaught; but possibly this was due to the fact that those who expressed an opinion belonged to the first-named province. It is, perhaps, a more ancient form. On this point it would be difficult to speak with absolute certainty.

Munster Caoine.



Sir Robert Stewart, Mus. Doc., very kindly permits me to use some singularly interesting notes of his, musical and historical, on the Irish cry over the dead. He recounts his first introduction to the solemn chant, when a little boy, about half a century ago, near Trim, in the County Meath—a part of Ireland within the Pale. "I had been for two years trained in music," he says, "and had, therefore, the power of noting down the cry. The melody was chiefly this:

"It was harsh when heard near, but became finer in texture by distance. There were many persons in the crowd whom I heard and saw to be joining in the cry, who did not seem at

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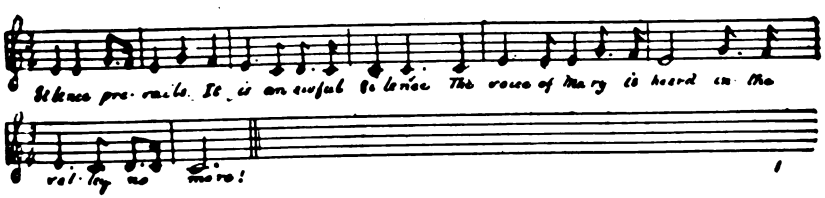
all in grief, but went through the performance in the most business-like way. These were, perhaps, the professional criers, commonly called 'keeners,' and very often old women—for there were such persons always engaged, as I am informed. The above fragment of melody was mixed up with various wailing passages which I cannot at this period of time quite recall. Most of it was (like the Eastern howling of the Hindoos, and Arabs, and Turks) too wild to be expressed by our diatonic scale, with its well-defined tones and semi-tones; but, nevertheless, this one little phrase ran through all of it, and I easily wrote it down, being used to copying. It is a great pity that of all those modern national writers who profess to write down Irish airs (men like old George Petrie, Mr. Joyce, John Pigot, and one or two more) not one, save Edward Bunting, was able to do what they all so glibly professed to do (write down at hearing). . . All Moore's Melodies (hundreds of English people believe Thomas Moore composed these!) were filched from the collections of Bunting (1797 and 1809), greatly to Bunting's chagrin. He publicly declared his anger in serials of the day. The keen —pronounced very deeply in the throat as if it were spelt 'chkougheen'—is probably now heard no longer even in remote districts like Connemara. It certainly has been lost in Meath. . . . Words of a Lament of the Lost I here add from the Dublin *Penny Journal* (vol. i. page 243). These sentences, adapted to the tune I gave just now, are as follows, fitting the air twice over:



"Then would come a wild howl—the "ullulatus"* of the Romans, as it were—called in Ireland "ullaloo," hence the corruption Hullabaloo! One verse always asked the dead why he or she died? Had they not enough to eat, and wear, and of love, too? (Here we may trace the grotesque expression, "Och, an' Phyllaloo, Hubbaboo, why did ye die, Barney?") That thoughtful people always recognized in the Irish cry a world-wide custom, is true; but until lately everything Irish was a subject of jeering among the self-sufficient. . . . The Irish cry was ridiculed as barbarous yelling, unknown and unprac-

* Halleluja (Allelulia) in the East. The Arabs to this day sing a monotonous, unbroken ullaloo—a melancholy, booming sound to the foreign ear—at weddings.

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tised save by the Irish—a population sunk in hopeless barbarism! It was, however, practised by the Jews also, and we find our Lord saluted by this howling on one memorable occasion. The Arabs, the Phœnicians, the people of Minorca, all practised this custom. In Shakspere's "Cymbeline" (the scene of the whole play is laid in Wales) there is a song over the dead—responsive in structure, addressed to the dead; and, so far, corresponding exactly with the 'responses' of one wailing crowd among the keeners to the 'versicles' of the other."

Guiderius sings:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Arviragus answers:

"Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust."

Gui. "Fear no more the lightning-flash";
Arv. "Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone";
Gui. "Fear not slander, censure rash";
Arv. "Thou hast finish'd joy and moan."
Both. "All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust."

Gui. "No exorciser harm thee!"
Arv. "Nor no witchcraft charm thee!"
Gui. "Ghost unlaid forbear thee!"
Arv. "Nothing ill come near thee!"
Both. "Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!"

The notes Sir R. Stewart so kindly placed at my disposal point out that Scott's "Coronach" among the Scottish population will not be forgotten, as an analogue to the Caoine. The fact of professional Jewish "keeners," with pipes, being engaged may be seen from Jeremias ix. 17: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Consider ye, and call for the mourning women, and let them come; and send to them that are wise women, and let them make haste." 19: "For a voice of wailing is heard out of Sion. . . ." 18: "Let them hasten

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and take up a lamentation for us. . . ." 20: "Hear, therefore, ye women, the word of the Lord, . . . and teach your daughters wailing; and every one her neighbor mourning. . . ." 21: "For death is come up." The Jews, like the Irish at "wakes," drank freely. In Ireland the funeral cry was sometimes destitute of words, and a mere "ullulation."

There is an Ulster Caoine which is more elaborate than any I have given. Its double choirs are arranged to question and to respond. Its wild floods of sounds might well burst forth towards the close of Shelley's tragic fragment "Ginevra" after the line:

"And then the mourning women came,"

carrying with magnificent effect the savage-strong plaint of the dirge:

"Old Winter has gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar.
And the Spring came down
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night.
If the land, and the air, and the sea
Rejoice not when Spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in thee,
Ginevra!

"She is still, she is cold,
On the bridal couch!
One step to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel, and one—oh where?
The dark arrow fled
In the noon.

"Ere the sun through the heaven once more has rolled
The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest,
And the worms be alive in her golden hair.
While the Spirit that guides the sun
Sits throned in his flaming chair,
She shall sleep."

Had I been once told—that day, long ago, in Connemara—that what we were listening to was the Caoine, I might have listened (if the expression be permitted) more with my memory and my imagination than with my ear. But this was not so. The magnificent wail had struck home to the hearts of most of us before we learned the meaning of the sounds; before even a suspicion had crossed our minds that we were listening to

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keening. Under the great shock of emotion caused by it I could have echoed the lines:

> "The oracular thunder penetrating shook
> The listening soul in my suspended blood:
> I felt the earth out of her deep heart spoke—
> *I felt, but heard not.*"

Was this first experience of thrilling musical ecstasy due to the sublimity of the sounds we all heard then? or was it owing to some stirring of "hereditary memories"? Better, a thousand times, that the grandeur of the Caoine caused all that overmastering agitation; for then this potent source of musical emotion would be the birthright of the many; whereas, if "hereditary memory," or race-legacies, or any of those obscure matters belonging to a new province of inquiry, have anything to do with its appreciation, the Irish death chant will only appeal to the few. One of the directors of the Berlin Philharmonic Society, however, pronounces the Connaught Caoine "magnificent" —and this after a mere reading of a manuscript page, apart from the extraneous heightening influences given by local color, or a powerful or poetic rendering of the music. Here is purely foreign testimony *in favor* of the Caoine. And, on the other hand, there is much native testimony *against* it. A Galway lover of music blackened several pages with the expression of his contempt for the "howls," as of "dogs baying the moon," yclept the Caoine; and they were Munster people of some musical training who made merry over my request for the keeners' *music!* So, clearly, Keltic music *can* touch the Teuton to the quick; and can also leave some of the children of the soil cold and unmoved.

That taste differs is proverbial. The truth of the proverb is in nothing better illustrated than in music. *One* has

> "No ear save for the tickling lute
> Set to small measures—deaf to all the beats
> Of that large music rolling o'er the world";

while *another* cries:

> "Thy trivial harp will never please
> Or fill my craving ear;
> Its chords should ring as blows the breeze,
> Free, peremptory, clear.
> No jingling serenader's art
> Nor tinkling of piano-strings
> Can make the wild blood start
> In its mystic springs:

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The kingly bard
Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
As with hammer or with mace,
That they may render back
  Artful thunder, which conveys
Secrets of the solar track,
  Sparks of the super-solar blaze."

The wild, Eastern wail, which Sir R. Stewart says imports difficulty into the Caoine, making part of it impossible to translate into modern musical notation, is to be found in many popular chants in various parts of Europe. It is not "far-fetched" to claim an Arab origin for the "dying fall"—the descent of a third at the end by the musical "phrase," each tone and semi-tone being *anticipated*, to use the phraseology of the music-lesson—of the South-Italian folk-songs, called *Stornelli*. In comparatively Northern Liguria may be heard, hour after hour, and day after day, in early summer, a plaintive wail, difficult to imitate, and impossible to write down. It has points of resemblance with the Neapolitan chant for which the authors of "Naples in 1888" have scant sympathy. They say: "Virgil speaks of the song of the pruner in affectionate terms, and we were wondering whether the song of his day was the same as the discordant noise which passes for song with the Neapolitan pruner." Messieurs Rolfe and Ingleby add a note to this: "The pruners' chant is said to be of Arab origin, and is certainly very ancient. Hideous as it sounds to the ordinary listener, it has a distinguishing feature. It is most difficult to imitate, and . . . descends in quarter-tones, which are perfectly and accurately rendered by the untrained husbandmen. This chant is especially used by men set to watch the vineyards in the autumn when the fruit is ripe. They answer one another from hill to hill, and when they are far enough off the sound is not unpleasant."

One of the strangest, saddest occasions in Northern Ireland on which the Caoine has been chanted in modern times occurred during the execution of what is known as the "Tragedy of Glenveigh," when the music took the place of the "highest light" in a lurid picture. By readers of A. M. Sullivan's *New Ireland* the following passages will be remembered. By those—if any there be—who do not know that book a somewhat lengthy quotation will be forgiven. Such a quotation is, in no true sense, a digression, for a sketch of the attendant circumstances is necessary to place that particular "keening" in its proper perspective:

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"An Irish eviction . . . is a scene to try the sternest nature . . . where, as in the case of these 'clearances,' houses have to be levelled. . . . In hail or thunder, rain or snow, out the inmates must go, . . . though of other roof or home the world has naught for them, and the stormy sky must be their canopy during the night that is at hand. Mr. Adair, as he gazed on the corpse of his servant—murdered, as he verily believed, for stern discharge of his duties—revolved in his mind a terrible determination. . . . Two of his dogs had been poisoned; . . . the Presentment Session refused to admit the act was malicious. An out-house at Gartan Glebe was found to be on fire while he was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Mathurin. Two hundred of his sheep had been killed on the mountains, [but] the magistrates would insist it was by accident or tempest. And now his manager had been slain. He would show these people that he would conquer. In short, he resolved *to sweep away the whole population of Derry Veigh.* He applied for, and received, a special force of police. . . . The government authorities, the local magistrates, the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, the police inspectors, *all* manifested clearly their sorrow, alarm, or resentment at the monstrous proceedings he contemplated—nothing less than the expulsion of hundreds of innocent people . . . in vengeance for the crime of some undiscovered individual. . . . Few of [the tenants] would believe that such a menace would, or could, be carried out. . . . They owed no rent. They had done no man wrong. Nevertheless, the blow fell. They were driven out by force—the old with the young, the strong with the weak. A widow was the first to be turned adrift. The Derry *Sentinel*, a Presbyterian paper, which could not be suspected of partisanship, gave a touching account of the whole bad day's work. 'An old man,' this journal said, 'of nearly ninety, on leaving his home for the last time, reverently kissed the door-posts. Another man, who was actually ninety, was given a week's grace, being in bed; but, for the most part, the cottiers were summarily driven off, like startled cattle. They had nowhere but the bare ground on which to lay their heads, while a collection was being made for them at a distance in order to buy them passages to Australia. Many sank beneath their sufferings on the bleak hillsides, in sight of the blackened ruins of the homes that had been burnt lest the peasants who built them should creep back to their shelter. A tenant named Bradley went mad from the surprise, grief, and hardship."

When at length they trooped away from their native hills, making on foot the first stage of their long journey to the Antipodes, they raised the funeral wail, the grand and immemorial Caoine, and the strong, sad music rolled, perhaps for the last time, over that bare and treeless "North Countrie" that they so passionately loved.

E. M. LYNCH.

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THE SISTERS IN ALASKA.

AT the time of writing the first notice of the Alaskan missions, some two years ago now, the whole subject was to me, as to so many others, a revelation. I had no acquaintance with the sisters who were stationed there, and, writing at the other edge of the continent, I had not the faintest idea of the ways and means of reaching them. Since then, however, I have had the privilege of meeting the Alaskan missionaries. Last May a band of the Sisters of St. Ann passed through San Francisco on their way to the Yukon.

The return of the steamer which brought these sisters to the Yukon also gave me the coveted opportunity of speaking with one of the missionaries who had been on the spot. The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will remember that it was by a sister and two novices that the work at Kossariffsky was begun. Both of these novices pronounced their vows in their new home, but the hard physical labor which they were compelled and are still compelled to undergo so undermined the health of one of them, that it became an absolute necessity that she should return to San Francisco for medical treatment. It was only after a year of suffering, when the Mother Superior saw that the only chance of recovery lay in the best surgical attendance, that she came away. Since July she has been at St. Mary's Hospital in this city. Of course there, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, she has everything conducive to her comfort; still, it is easy to see that her heart is in Alaska. As yet no decisive opinion has been given on her case. Whether her desire to go

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back and labor where her vows were made will be granted, no one can say. But her prayer, and the only prayer she asks from those who sympathize with her, is that which has always been in the mouths of the children of the saints: Thy will be done.

Indeed this is one of the saddest sides of the missionary life. Those who are on the field, who are engaged in the fight, are encouraged by their very work, and even opposition adds a certain vigor and human consolation. But the wounded who must drop out of the line of march, who must lie helpless as the tide of battle sweeps on and the tumult of the fighting dies away in the distance—the wounded who are alone with their pain and with God—ah! he alone can compass the depths of suffering and the heights of sacrifice in that divine word: Thy will be done.

With this much introduction I will give a few extracts from the Journal of the sisters for the year 1891–92. What was true of the Journal of 1889 is true also of this:

THE JOURNAL OF THE SISTERS.

"It is more in the nature of a simple letter addressed to the sisters in the mother-house than a journal properly so called. It is no long, boasting, statistical account of 'doors opened,' and 'souls reached,' and 'Bibles distributed'; neither is it a record of morbid introspection; but it is a simple, common-sense letter which will appeal to simple, common-sense people. It flows on from day to day with the story of their uneventful life, their little pleasures, and now and again a hint of their privations. Their preparations for the great festivals, the progress of the children, the little visits paid them at long intervals —this is the sum of it all; but those who have eyes to see may read between the lines the story of heroic lives that I had almost thought were lived no more upon this earth."

The Journal opens with July, 1891. This is the month when the hermits of the snow and ice receive the first tidings from the outer world. From San Francisco the steamer *St. Paul* leaves in June. July sees her at St. Michael's, a town situated on Norton Sound, an inlet of Behring Sea. From this port the *Arctic*, a river boat, conveys passengers and freight about seventy miles along the coast southwards to the north mouth of the Yukon, and up the stream to the fort which takes its name from the river. Both these steamers belong to the Alaska Commercial Company. Captain Erskine, of the *St. Paul;* Captain

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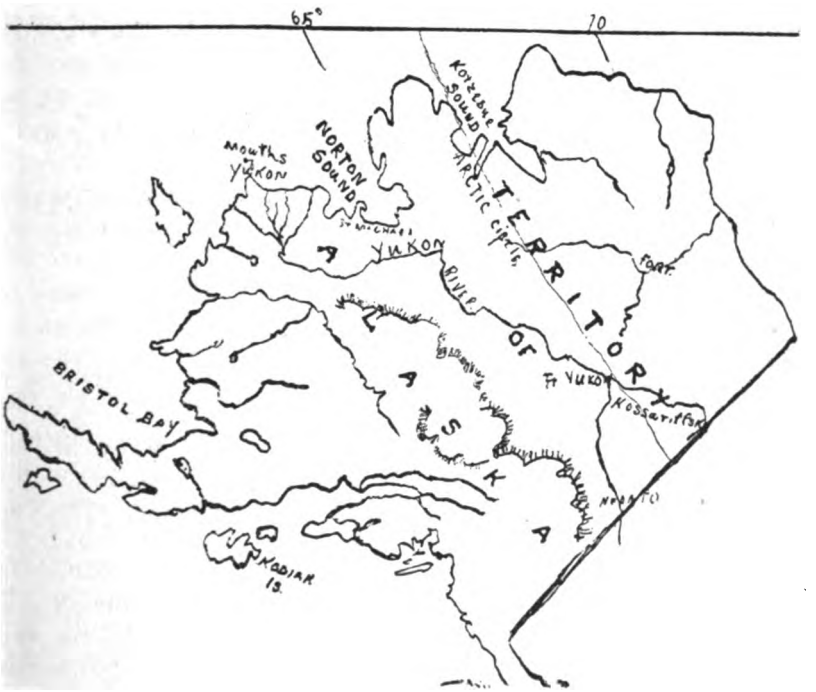
Peterson, of the *Arctic;* Mr. R. Neumann, the company's head agent, and his brother, Mr. H. Neumann, local agent at St. Michael's, deserve the best thanks of all interested in the mission work. Ever since the sisters set foot in Alaska these gentlemen have been remarkable for their help and kindness. All through the Journal we find them designated as "real friends," and every one who knows how much power a captain or an agent has in his hands for comfort or discomfort will feel grate-



ful to these gentlemen for in such a large way lightening the heavy burden of the Sisters of St. Ann.

From the Journal we learn that new sisters are expected. The three pioneers have sown the seed; they are looking for help to reap the harvest. A year ago almost a promise was received that new workers would be forthcoming. But that was a year ago. The long winter months have rolled by without a word or a chance of a word. Even in the midst of men silence nips the bloom of promise, and we are not surprised that the sisters at Kossariffsky were troubled with misgivings. How many things might have happened? Perhaps after all the volunteers could not be spared; perhaps the superiors had changed their minds about sending their tender young charges to this

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desolate spot. The Rev. Mother had gone down to St. Michael's to meet the steamer from San Francisco, and the two sisters kept house at Holy Cross, hoping—fearing for her return.

THE FIRST BOAT ARRIVES.

"*July 19.*—At two o'clock in the morning the *Arctic* announced her approach to Kossariffsky. Judging from the sound of the whistle, she was still at some distance and we had time to put things in good order. The children had been told beforehand, and so in a few minutes we were all at the river-side. When the boat passed we had the pleasure of saluting our dear sisters from afar, and then we hurried to the landing-place. We flew, so to speak, and in less than fifteen minutes we were in the arms of our dear Sister Superior and our new sisters. At last we were sure. They were before us! What our feelings were words cannot express. We laughed and cried all in a breath. Soon we started for the house followed by our little troop of children, who were as excited as ourselves at seeing the new arrivals. Sister Superior led us all to the little chapel, and this was the sweet moment of their entry to the convent of Kossariffsky."

But the two who had spent three winters in the arctics had laid certain dark and deep plans. The new sisters must be properly impressed with the pleasant side of their new home. The Journal continues:

"It was six o'clock before all were ready for breakfast. To surprise the newcomers we had set the table in Indian style. We had dried salmon, raw salmon, salmon fried in seal-oil—all served up in unbreakable stoneware. Poor sisters! The very sight completely took away their appetite. But before they sat down Sister Superior said to them: 'Come and look at this room,' and there they found a breakfast prepared after a more civilized fashion. We had great fun. It is three years since we planned this surprise."

"It is three years since we planned this surprise." More than anything else do these words give us an idea of the utter isolation of these sisters' lives. They are surrounded by men and women. The men are brutes; the women—we shall read of them later on. None of their own kind have they to speak to, to converse with. Three years! So might a prisoner in the Bastile have laid plans for the surprise of his successor.

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Kossariffsky is situated where the Yukon begins to turn west towards Behring Sea. Above the mission its trend is nearly north and south for over two hundred miles. Near where the river deflects from the westerly course it has followed from the Rocky Mountains is situated the mission of Nulato.

THE SISTERS VISIT NULATO.

"The Monday following (the arrival) the *St. Michael* had to go to Nulato to bring the fathers their provisions for the winter. As Sister Mary Pauline and myself had a vacation, I said to Sister Superior that this was a good opportunity to visit Nulato. She thought so too, and went over to see Father Tosi, who was glad to give us this little pleasure. He sent us word to be ready by nine o'clock. So we prepared our baskets for a ten days' journey. Anna and Paula, two of the children whose conduct during the whole year had been excellent, came with us; this was to be their reward. Likewise Father Tosi took with him five of the best boys. So at the hour fixed we were all ready, and were conducted to the river-side with great pomp and ceremony. Sister Superior, the other sisters, and all the children made up the procession. Soon the boat was on the way to Nulato. We were not on the *St. Michael*, but on a barge towed after it; so we had a little house all to ourselves. After a pleasant journey of four days we arrived at Nulato on Friday, at four in the morning. Father Robaut, who was on board the *St. Michael*, conducted us to the priests' house, where we found Father Rogaru all alone. Soon we went to the little chapel, where we had the happiness of hearing three Masses and of receiving Holy Communion. The chapel was full of Indians, who, like our children, chant the Rosary in their own language. We were very much edified. After breakfast we spent the greater part of the day in visiting the parents of our children in their camps. These Indians are much smarter than those of Kossariffsky. They keep themselves cleaner, and have a little bit of civilization. After supper we retired to our barge for the night. Next morning we again had the happiness of hearing three Masses.

THE RETURN VOYAGE.

At nine o'clock we left Nulato, very much pleased with our visit. We should have liked to have seen the place where Archbishop Seghers was murdered, but it is more than thirty-four miles from here. Father Rogaru, who has been waiting for the sisters for the last two years, wanted to keep us to teach class.

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Indeed last spring, when Father Tosi visited the mission, he had to speak very sharply to these Indians, for they were a hard lot. He told them if they would not pay more attention to the fathers he would not send them any sisters. Since then there has been much improvement. The good is being done but slowly—they are so attached to their superstitions. Still they are much more tractable than the Indians of our mission.

"Sunday morning we had Mass on board. Father Judge had sent for the Indians, for all around Nulato belong to Father Robaut's mission. The boat was full, and we sang while the children said the Rosary in Indian. We also received Holy Communion. From this village we got a boy and a girl.

"Wherever there were any houses we made a stop in order to buy dried fish for the year. Tuesday we had Mass, again on the boat, and the same day we arrived at Kossariffsky, where we found the new sisters already perfectly at home."

Of course there is no disputing about tastes. Doubtless the sisters found the Rosary in Indian very edifying. I wonder if our readers would think so. This is how the Lord's Prayer reads in the Tanana or Shagaluk language. The vowels are pronounced as in Italian except *a* followed by *h*, which has no parallel outside of the Semitic tongues. *G* is a guttural, and *y* is always a consonant. An interlinear translation shows the difficulty of expressing the original ideas of the prayer in this dialect:

Tenagoto nen yoyit teinta nuusah kadeguta t'tlektsen
Our-Father thou heaven art thy-name be-loved all

t'natsaia': nen gonontla ketoyonah inlan: nogoyo
our-hearts thou above-all chief art. Thy-will

konenkoka yoyit goka t'ən: makadezeitaye tenatlonelaish
on-earth heaven as in what-we-wish us-give

tsogoyian: tsogutlakazen tenarokatlganetlniah; tsogutlakazen
always sin us-forgive sin

t'natse tagatanna gaborokatlgaztltniah tsogoku: tenatseinyi
we-and done forgive the same us-help

tsogutlakazen tsotoltlekelat'gogon: tsogutlakazen gokogtsen
sin not-to-commit evil from

tenalilo Amen.
us-deliver.

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THE SCHOOL ACCOMMODATIONS.

On the first of September the school year opened. There were seventy-six pupils present. The house is anything but commodious, and the following notice shows how they are compelled to economize space:

"During the summer we did our washing in a shed, but now that the cold has begun it must be done within doors, in the children's refectory. Sure enough this is a place to acquire patience in a short time—seventy-six children, and such little ones! Half of them have to take their meals standing."

And we read that after Christmas the domitories are found too small. There are no spare rooms, and additions to their establishment cannot be thought of. Accordingly they build bunks one above the other, and the children sleep like sailors on board ship. The boys, being more agile, have three rows; but the girls have only two.

When we remember that these children under the sisters' care are savages of the first generation, we are surprised that the Journal hardly ever makes mention of the difficulties encountered in bringing them under the rule of civilized habits. Still there must be difficulties and great difficulties, but the sisters are evidently confirmed optimists and will look only at the bright side of things:

"The whole month of December was passed well both in spirituals and temporals. We are preparing for Christmas. Every moment of Sister Superior's time is devoted to the children. They are so good and strive so hard to gain the esteem of Santa Claus. They are encouraging, these children—for savages. It is true that compared with white children there is much to be desired, but then we cannot expect from them what we would from whites. Those who have made their First Communion receive every two weeks, and also on the feasts of our Blessed Mother. All who have been baptized go to confession every month. It is consoling to see them. True they apparently retain much of the old Adam, but the good is being done, and we have many reasons for being thankful to Almighty God. We also remark that the newcomers now fall more readily into civilized ways. The example of the old pupils gives them great

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courage, and puts them more easily in touch with civilization. This lessens our trouble very much."

To teach these children the mechanical ways of civilization is not the hardest task. They are utterly unacquainted with those supersensuous ideas which lie at the base of Christianity.

"Sister Superior was trying to put into their heads that they had a soul, and that this soul was created for heaven, and the first question which they asked her was: 'Will we have good things to eat up there?'"

Still, perhaps this is not so surprising. I once knew a white boy whose idea of heaven was the unlimited consumption of jam-tarts.

A continual source of annoyance to the teachers arises from the actions of the parents. Here are a few incidents which form a valuable commentary on the doctrine of parents' rights and children's wrongs:

OPPOSITION FROM PARENTS.

"Yesterday (April 2) two women, accompanied by two large boys, came from one of the villages near Nulato. One of the women was starving, and she wanted to take away her daughters. The eldest she was especially anxious to get in order to marry her off. The husband was already secured, and after the marriage the mother would have plenty to eat. The child was only thirteen years old.

"The woman told Sister Superior that she would have a fight with her to get her daughter and would not go away without her. But in vain. She scolded, wept, entreated, but neither the prospective bride nor the three others would consent to leave at any price. All Monday morning was a regular battle. Before the Indians of our village, and in the presence of Father Judge and Sister Superior, they declared that they would not leave. Sister Superior told them plainly they were perfectly free to do as they wished. The old woman was exceedingly angry, but could do nothing.

"The other woman came for her only daughter. Last summer when we were coming down from Nulato she was glad to let the daughter come with us, for she had another one who was sick, and she told me that the reason she let this one come was that she feared both of them might be sick on her hands;

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and besides, she was afraid of the miners carrying her off. Now at her arrival the woman would not even shake hands, for she said that I had enticed the spirit of her child into the woods and that was why she had died during the winter. At first the daughter did not want to go, but the mother threatened: 'If

"THE OLD WOMAN WAS EXCEEDINGLY ANGRY, BUT COULD DO NOTHING."

you do not come I will kill myself.' And in fact she came round next morning armed with a big knife. The child knew her mother's disposition and decided to leave. Still it was much against her will, and, weeping bitterly, she told us that she would return as soon as ever she could."

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"On Ascension day we witnessed a sad sight. You remember I have spoken in the course of this Journal of the Indians who came to take away their children. Well, to-day they came again. During dinner a good number of Indians entered our house. They remained quiet, but were evidently on the watch. When leaving the dining-room two of the girls were recognized and seized—a boy also; but he got off and hid where no one could find him. Two other girls were not recognized, and they retreated to the cellar. The poor victims did not want to leave at any cost. They begged and cried, but it was of no avail—they could not escape. Father Tosi and Sister Superior tried in vain to have their parents let them stay. The only effect of their words was to provoke all kinds of insulting terms. At last the girls' father, raging like a madman, took them and dragged them through the brush over the fence to the bank of the river and threw them into the canoe; I am afraid the poor things must have had some bones broken. Here they made one last effort to escape, but their parents tied them hands and feet to the boat, and then rowed rapidly away."

OPPOSITION FROM OTHER SOURCES.

Besides opposition from the parents, there is opposition from those whose interest it is to hamper the works of the mission. The state of affairs described in the Naulahka, where Kate contemplates the departure of all her patients, is not characteristic of Rhatore alone. Indeed one of the great difficulties in dealing with the savages all the way from Oregon to Alaska is that at certain times they are liable to stampede the school. Especially if a child dies—no matter from what cause—the parents will often sweep down in a body and the teachers are left to keep school alone. On March 9 Andrew died. Andrew was the Santa Claus of '89, as our readers will remember. He was the first child baptized by Archbishop Seghers in Alaska, and for a long time had been suffering from consumption.

"*March 9.*—Our poor Andrew has left the earth. He died very quietly at 4 P.M., after an agony of twenty hours. Surrounded by the care of the good Jesuit Fathers, he was well prepared. Monsignor Seghers has gained the first-fruits of Alaska, for Andrew was the first he baptized. His burial takes place to-morrow and the children go to Communion for the repose of his soul."

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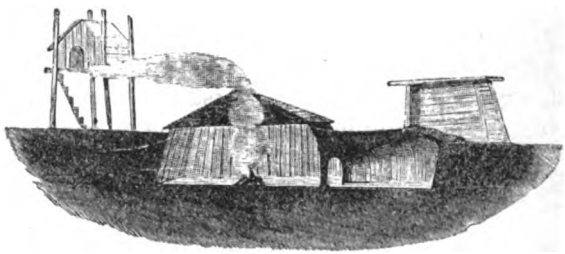
"*March 30.*—Andrew's death has given rise to many reports among the Indians far and near. A white man who has a child here came from Kuskokwim to make sure of the true state of affairs, for he had heard that the children were dying of hunger and cold. On his arrival he was astonished to see how things really were, and was delighted to mark the improvement in his daughter. He had brought with him two other children, intending to leave them with us if he found everything to his satisfaction; but unfortunately he had stayed at the Russian mission, and the priest had hidden them and would not give them up. As this priest has great influence with the Indians, the father did not insist on his rights."

This Russian priest is a full-blooded Indian, and perhaps this explains his mode of action. But not from such treatment do the most serious difficulties of the sisters spring. Everywhere throughout the world arises the cry that the multiplicity of sectarian preachers is making Christianity a byword among the heathen. "We would believe your religion if there were not so many of them" is the natural retort, and Alaska is no exception to the rule. For years a large number of sects have conducted their operations along the coast. They are well supplied with money by the phenomenal generosity of the members of their churches in the States, and their schools want for nothing. Naturally outward show has a great influence on barbarians. There is no school in San Francisco that has better furniture than the school in Unalashka, where the children even can wear silk dresses; but in Kossariffsky the washing is done in the refectory, and the children sleep three in a row.



THEY LIVE UNDERGROUND.

CATHOLICS WOULD SUPPORT THE MISSIONS IF URGED.

It may seem out of place in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, which has always proved itself such a good friend of the missions, to complain. But what can we do? Here in the United States we are over ten millions of people. We are

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larger, wealthier than any other denomination. We give the noblest of our daughters to the service of the poor and the outcast. We send them into the waste places of the earth to toil in hunger and cold and nakedness for the souls of their brethren, and then we stand by with folded arms and do nothing. And yet we know we have the truth. If we are convinced of anything we are sure of this: that only by Catholic faith and Catholic discipline can these poor races be saved. We feel we are bound to save them, and yet we do nothing. And the while our separated brethren are sending millions to the cause. We must not think that this money is got by merely voting it. It is collected by enthusiasm and hard work. Neither have they a large constituency to draw on. Their people have proportionately more calls on them than ours have. Their congregations are small in comparison to the multitudes who from early dawn till late at night wear the thresholds of our churches. And yet these people send millions to the foreign missions. Why do not ours the same? Simply because they are not educated up to it. A man might attend many of our churches from New Year to Christmas and never know there was such a thing as a foreign mission. Of course, the reason is we have been absorbed in building up our home missions.

No wonder our people do not give. There are no more generous souls in the world if an object of generosity is brought before them, and generosity to those who are abroad never hurts generosity at home. The man that will give to spread the knowledge of Christ in foreign lands will never be stingy when parish work is concerned; and it is our earnest conviction that if one week in the year were devoted in every church and in every mission to explaining, instructing, and exhorting our congregations on the work of the soldiers of God in pagan countries, and the glories which the church has won in the mission field, there would be a revival of faith and practice which no mere preaching could produce, and an outpouring of the Holy Ghost that would bring back the time when every Christian was a missioner, and every day saw the departure of new workers to spread the name of Christ. "And the multitude of men and women who believed in the Lord was more increased."

But to return to the Journal. Some one has defined English conversation as a series of meteorological questions and answers. In Alaska the weather is always a serious subject.

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THE COLD OF AN ALASKAN WINTER.

"Up to this I have not had occasion to speak of the weather. Before Christmas the cold was intense. The thermometer ranged from twenty-five to fifty degrees below zero. In January the weather was mild, but during the last few days of the month and at the beginning of February the cold was so great that, even clothed in our furs and with a large fire burning, we were almost frozen. The thermometer was forty-five degrees below zero and there was a strong wind blowing. Sister M. Pauline wore her *parky* all day even when cooking, and professed herself moderately warm."

The *parky* is a garment of the common gender made of furs. It covers the body from head to foot, obliterating all distinction of sex and beauty of outline. Still, with the mercury below forty-five degrees one prefers comfort to æsthetics.

THIS IS HOW THEY SPENT CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas and all its charms. The evening before all the children went to confession, and at midnight Mass, which we had in the parish chapel, the Infant Jesus was born again in many hearts. This was the first time we had a High Mass—that is, with three priests. Father Judge, who has quite a taste for ornamentation, succeeded in making a beautiful crib. The grotto, the Infant, and all the persons at Bethlehem were wonderful. From a distance they looked like statues, but they were simply made of cardboard. What made the illusion perfect was the disposition of the lamps. They were so covered with moss as to cast their light only on the one side.

TOTEM POLES.

"After Benediction we had a visit from Santa Claus. He arrived on a sled, with two trunks filled with presents. The boys sang a welcome, and all the children received something

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according to their merit. This time Sister Superior had something to draw on, for we had received several things from some good ladies in San Francisco—Miss M—— in particular—and also from the good Sisters of Mercy. Mother Russell wrote us a very touching letter last year. She told us that many of their children came to them after the Christmas-tree was stripped with their pretty playthings for the little savages of Alaska. You should see the joy of the children; Santa Claus forgot no one. Sister Superior received a carpet for her room, made by the children under the direction of Sister Prudence."

The good example set by Mother Russell is worthy of imitation. Out of their poverty the sisters cannot afford to give many presents. A rag carpet for a bed-room is not exactly a luxury in a climate where the thermometer has the habit of falling to fifty below zero; especially, too, when we remember that Sister Superior is racked with rheumatism, and the greater part of the winter had to bring her class of children into her room and teach them in bed. American children have a surplusage of toys, and it would be an education in generosity and self-sacrifice if mothers took the opportunity of telling their little ones of the children who dwell by the Yukon, hemmed in by snow and ice, and leave it to their naturally generous hearts to put by something that next Christmas may bring joy and pleasure to some one in that desolate land.

In January nearly all the fathers and sisters got sick. Father Tosi especially was at death's door; and, as I mentioned above, Sister Superior was compelled to turn her bed into a teacher's desk. The children were well, but the Journal notes that continual care is necessary to combat the scrofula which taints their blood.

On Palm Sunday the Stations of the Cross were erected in the parish church. The Journal adds this significant comment: "It does one's heart good to see them again after four years. When shall we have them in our own little chapel?" It is for your kind readers to answer this question.

And now I must draw these extracts to a close. There are a hundred other things worth copying, but time is short and space is limited. What is set forth above I have chosen in order that our Catholic people may form some faint ideas of the work done and of the work to be done. After all, Kossar-

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iffsky is only one mission in the vast territory of Alaska, and even in Kossariffsky the means are so limited that the work is hampered. The sisters do not want sentimental sympathy. They appear to be the happiest, jolliest, brightest crowd imaginable; but they do want help. Prayer and almsgiving are the weapons by which their fight must be fought, their life-work accomplished. I am sure that in neither will our people disappoint their hopes.

PETER C. YORKE.

San Francisco.

The generous offerings and the substantial contributions made during the past two years, through THE CATHOLIC WORLD, have been forwarded to the Alaskan missionaries by Father Yorke. In reply acknowledging the same the sisters have sent the following letter:

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 30, 1892.

"*To Rev. W. D. Hughes, Manager Catholic World.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: The donations for the Alaska missions which you entrusted to the kind keeping of Rev. Father Yorke, of San Francisco, were duly received. We gratefully acknowledge the same, as well as the generous gift of Mr. Joseph A. Donnely, of No. 30 South Indiana Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey. You asked Father Yorke in your letter of September 4, 1891, for definite information as to the manner in which donations may be received. In reply we are happy to inform you that Rev. Father Yorke is willing to continue his charitable office of receiving the donations of our friends and well-wishers. And we leave to you, kind Father, that of extending to them, through your excellent periodical, the heartfelt gratitude and the assurance of a participation in the prayers and sacrifices of

"THE ALASKAN MISSIONARIES,
"SISTERS OF ST. ANN."

TO OUR FRIENDS: If God has blessed you with some of the goods of this world, do not in your generosity forget these good sisters who have forsaken all that women hold dear, have exiled themselves from home and civilization, have voluntarily endured the rigors of Alaskan winters to save the souls of the savage. Any offering sent to us we shall be pleased to forward as before.

"CATHOLIC WORLD."

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MY NIGHT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

T is a strange story; but I give my word of honor that it is true in every detail, although I cannot decide where to draw the line between the natural and the marvellous contained in it.

C—— and I left Freyburg, in Brisgau, early on the morning of the 6th of September, 1804, for a ride through the Black Forest. We had good horses and hoped to reach St. Blasien before nightfall, and Waldshut on the following day at noon. The air was fresh and the roads passable. The scenery, dull at first, became interesting when we entered the valleys of that wild, dark region. We rode all day and did not encounter a soul upon the way. Towards evening thin clouds of mist began to float across the heavens, leaving only occasional patches of sky, where we caught a glimpse of the early risen moon. A drop or two of rain now and then warned us of the chances of a wetting later on; so we spurred our animals forward to avoid it. It grew dark earlier than we anticipated, and we were also grumbling at the barbarous length of German miles, when we came to a spot where our road divided. It branched out like a letter V, and both ways were evidently good and equally traversed. Which led to St. Blasien? Such a contingency had not occurred to us, and we were nonplussed what to do. Time pressed, however, night was fast coming on, and if we would avoid passing it in the open air we must decide quickly; so we resolved to separate and ride on for an hour more. Whichever one of us failed to reach a habitation at the end of that time was to turn back and follow the other over the road he had left. So we parted; C—— taking one way and I the other.

I did not much fancy being alone in the dark among the time-honored hobgoblins and sprites of that strange land; but I was well armed, and had more reason to anticipate an encounter with human flesh and blood than with beings of another world, so I plucked up courage and put my horse to the gallop.

For nearly an hour I got along very well, but by that time the darkness had increased very considerably, and I was compelled to slacken my pace and amble on at a more cautious gait. Not a being, not a dwelling, was in sight all that time. Finally, as I hesitated in my resolve to turn back and try to overtake

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my companion, a feeble light twinkled in the distance, fully a mile down the road, straight before me, and with it my hope revived. A house at last, perhaps a village, ah! *I* was the lucky one; St. Blasien would soon give me a shelter and, what was more to the purpose, a good substantial supper, for I was simply famished; I could have eaten out a whole market-place without unbuttoning my vest.

In another fifteen minutes I was at the door of a small house. I rapped, but got no reply. I rapped again louder, and a gruff voice from within said, in very gruff German, "Who are you and what do you want?" I could never fully master the language of our Teutonic brothers, but I managed to make it clear to the invisible being within that I was tired and hungry, and wanted shelter. The door slowly opened and there stood before me a tall, gaunt, masculine-looking female, with very yellow skin and very small gray eyes, who gazed searchingly at me with anything but a hospitable look; there seemed even something of malevolence in her nasty little eyes. I cannot forget those eyes: they almost seem to be looking at me now out of the dim past, as I speak of them, after a lapse of fifty years, and still have the same penetrating, forbidding, treacherous look.

However (*peace* to the old hag's intentions!) she let me in, and had the good breeding to offer me a wooden stool, close to a great open fireplace, where huge logs were blazing away in delicious contrast with the chilly gloom and drizzle of the outside air.

In a few minutes there was spread before me, on a plain deal table, the food I so anxiously awaited. A loaf of dark, coarse bread; a slice of perforated cheese, resembling a honeycomb, which was far more inviting to the eyes than to the nostrils; a great blue bowl filled with fresh milk, and an odd-shaped earthen mug, with a pewter lion's head for a cover, from which oozed a thick, white foam—the silent but eloquent witness to the nectar-like beer that lay hidden within. It was a royal supper for a hungry wayfarer, and my heart began to soften towards the old woman despite the unfavorable greeting she had given me at first.

When I had satisfied my stomach—and I did strict justice to the demands it made—my next thoughts and inquiries were, "How and where am I to sleep?" "I have only an attic room to offer you," she said, "for I am not used to entertaining travellers." "Give me what you have," I replied; "a tired man is content with almost any place to lie down."

My hostess lighted a tallow candle and led the way up a

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rough, barn-like, half-ladder stairway to a chamber under the roof, and placing the tin candlestick on a small table in the centre of the room, she immediately turned, bade me good-night and "May you sleep well" in the usual form, and left me to myself. After she had closed the door I heard her descend the stairs, and fancied also that a sound, like the drawing of a bolt, followed the shutting of a kind of trap-door, which stood open on the landing when we came up. "Well," said I to myself, "she means to make sure that I shall make no unbecoming intrusions on her maidenly privacy." The thought made me smile as I took out my pouch and pipe, preparatory to a quiet smoke before retiring.

While I sat there puffing the white fumes into the rafters of the attic a strange feeling of loneliness came over me. I was half vexed at the misadventure which obliged me to separate from my companion, but could not account for the dreariness that his absence produced. Then again, in the midst of my musing and as I looked around the room—where I was to pass the night away from my friend, for the first time since we left home—there came over me another feeling, one of unaccountable familiarity with all that I saw about me. I had never been in that country before, and certainly never in that room, yet I seemed to know every bit of the furniture there as well as I did the fittings of my own study at home. What could it mean? The more I thought of it the more confident I became that I was not in a strange place, that I had seen it all before, and that there was something connected with it which had an important bearing on my welfare. In vain I puzzled and puzzled my brain to account for the notion.

All at once, as though a veil were lifted from my eyes, the whole matter flashed upon me: "Yes, I remember now, that *dream* of mine last winter. Here it is! Let me see—what was that dream about?" I could not recall the circumstances of it; there was a certain indefinite remembrance of danger and fear, but nothing would come back to me except the vivid familiarity with the appearance of the room and its furniture. So I set to work very calmly and deliberately to see how far my present position resembled that of my dream. For the time being curiosity drove away all my previous misgivings, and I began to dive into the past, into the dreamland I had visited a year agone. "Yes, *there* was a window, an attic window, rising from the floor half way up into the roof. *There* stood the bed —a large, cumbersome article, like a stage-coach—with head and

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foot-boards high enough for the walls of a small house; even the same great coverlet of feathers, puffed up like a balloon, which we should lie *upon* in any other country, but in Germany it lies upon *us*—yes, that is the very same. *There* is the old oak chest of drawers, with its broken looking-glass, that odd, triangular bit of mirror, frameless and leaning back against the slanting roof, with its sharp point holding it in position. How natural that glass looks! It was in the very same place when I saw it in my dream. And *there*, too, is the little three-legged table with its yellow wash-bowl and jug. O mercy! and there is that hideous colored print in its black frame, with its glaring young lady, whose *very* blue eyes, *very* red lips, *very* pink cheeks, and *very* yellow hair are in strong contrast with her *very* blue dress and green scarf; a veritable rainbow of artistic horror. I remember the face *well*, though nothing more expressionless ever dared pass for a *jungfrau*.

"And that high-backed chair!—yes, the very same, with its double-headed eagle, carrying the golden fleece, carved upon its panel. I cannot forget it, because the head of one of the eagles had lost its crown, and the crooked, rusty nail that stands in the place of it nearly tore my best coat, in my dream.

"But that wardrobe, that queer old Gothic clothes-press! I cannot recall that; was that in my dream too? No; let me see—was it? No—no; there was a *door* on that side of the room; yes, there ought to be a *door* where that wardrobe stands." Here my musings ceased and feelings of regret, mingled with a shade of superstitious fear, crept over me. "Why do not *all* these things tally with my dream? Is there anything in this intended as a warning? Am I in danger?" Instinctively I put away my pipe and took out my pistol. I looked to the priming and the lock, and assured myself that it was ready for use in case of need. I laid it on the table before me and sat watching it, with a queer sensation, which must have been near akin to cowardice, slowly creeping up my back. I was unnerved. How I did *wish* that C—— was only with me!

Presently it occurred to me that a door might perhaps be concealed behind that unfamiliar wardrobe. It was not a very brilliant idea; any man in his sober senses ought to have thought of it at once. I did not wait to reconsider my tardy thought, but rose to my feet and essayed to move this wardrobe. Inch by inch I pulled it forward, in dread every moment that some creak or grating noise would attract the attention of my grim hostess below stairs.

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As fortune would have it, the floor was smooth and it moved easily. When it was about eighteen inches from the wall I looked behind it. *There was the door*, just as I had seen it in my dream. Now everything coincided: the room was complete. I was just about to push back the wardrobe when—well, I stopped; I didn't push it back, but I said to myself, "What a fool not to see what that door leads to: it cannot go out of the house, so must be a closet; why not examine it?" I took the candle and peeped into the dark recess. It was filled with clothing of all kinds; some quite costly coats and waistcoats and a few cloaks, with several sword-belts and a number of rusty swords also, hanging on the nails within. I drew one of the coats forward to the light, that I might examine the gold embroidery on it, when I noticed large blood-stains just under a deep rent in the left side. The candle almost fell from my hand. Here was a tell-tale coat indeed! I lifted up and turned about also the other garments in the closet: all had red marks; some large, some all spattered with little spots of blood, dried on like mud. One coat and waistcoat were still damp with the crimson stains, and, to my horror, some of the blood remained on my hand when I pushed them back in their place again. Blood! Why, there was only one conclusion possible: I was in a den of some kind; I was in danger, and my dream was the warning; knowing that room was to put me on my guard. I closed the closet door, put the wardrobe very silently and softly in its former position, and then sat down to calm myself and think what to do. "Escape?" Where could I go in the middle of the night? If I aroused the old hag below, she might give an alarm which would lead to my certain destruction. If I jumped from the window and took to my horse (which impatiently stamped the ground and pulled on his fastening, as I thought of him, poor beast!) I might only ride into the very face of the danger I wished to avoid. I resolved to remain and make the best of my chances. I would lie down and pretend to sleep; I would do some admirable amateur snoring, so that the old woman should not know that I had any suspicions, but like a cat I would have one eye open and both hands shut—on my pistols. Thereupon I again looked to my pistol, and also gave its mate a thorough overhauling. Then I turned down the great feather coverlet, and, blowing out the light, I crawled into or onto the bed, just as I was, with all my clothes on; I pulled the cover over me, close up to my chin, and with a pistol in each hand I lay awaiting events.

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For more than an hour I remained in that condition, growing gradually more composed and calm; but it is useless to add that I felt no inclination to sleep.

It was probably close upon midnight when I thought I could distinguish the sound of distant riders. Horses seemed to be approaching—a number of them—from the direction opposite to that by which I had come. Presently my own horse, fastened below, gave a loud neigh; and then I was sure of my first impression. It was no fancy; it was a fact—not a pleasant one altogether, but a fact. It *might* mean that my companion was returning to search for me, with an escort of royal dragoons, to snatch me from my bed of terror, or it might also be that they whom I now heard would hang my clothes with the others in that hidden closet. Just then I heard the door of the house open softly, and a "H-u-s-h!" went out into the night air. The cavalcade drew nearer, but evidently at a walk, and with an effort to make no noise. The riders then dismounted and entered the house. There seemed to be at least a dozen of them. Soon the sound of voices talking low and in whispers came up to me through the thin floor. A cold sweat came out all over me, notwithstanding my almost furnace-like covering of clothes and feather-bed.

Surely I had fallen into evil hands, and God only knew what would become of me. Fortunately my agony was not to last long; the conference down-stairs was to be followed by a tour of inspection up-stairs. The horrid old woman was on the ladder; I knew she was coming, though I could scarcely see my hands if I held them before me, and only a faint outline on the other side of the room showed where the window was.

I listened with all my ears; I held my breath to catch every sound. Nearer and nearer, but very softly, came the footsteps. Then a little gleam of light struck the floor from under the doorway, and I knew the candle was coming up the trap-door; creeping through the crack and slowly moving across the room went the light, then it was dark again. I heard the latch give a little click, and then I resolutely shut my eyes; I *felt* the rest. The door opened; the woman entered, shading with one hand the candle which she carried in the other; she came forward and peered into my face. I could feel her hard gray eyes almost cutting me in two. A little low grunt of satisfaction, as though she would say, "He sleeps like an innocent babe," and she had turned to go down again. I opened my eyes; her back was towards me and her hand on the door-latch. Now

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was my moment; now for my deliverance! With one bound I reached the floor and laid the woman prostrate with a blow from the butt of my pistol. I bolted the door to delay the men below from entering the room; for the fall of the woman's body had already caused a commotion and the ladder was being mounted. Then I leaped from the window—it was not over ten feet to the soft turf below—mounted the first horse I found, and, driving my heels into his sides, galloped for my life. It made no difference to me where I went, so long as I put distance between myself and that ill-omened house. How long I rode I do not know; but it was just in the gray of the morning when my horse, covered with foam and dripping with sweat, stood still before the inn of a small village, which proved to be St. Blasien. I was safe.

My arrival aroused the village; C—— rushed into my arms as I entered the inn; the burgomaster was soon called, and a troop of mounted and armed villagers was dispatched at once to the house which I described. It turned out to be the rendezvous of a band of robbers, long sought and never caught.

That very house had often been visited by the upholders of the law, but the most minute search failed to discover any one except "the gray-eyed monster who would have sucked my blood." No one dreamed of moving the wardrobe until *I* did it. That the robbers were all taken and given over to their merited punishment; that C—— and I were once more united, and that I got safely home to the bosom of my family, will always, in my opinion, be due to the merciful Providence which let me see that room in a dream.

The above tale was related to me nearly forty years ago by a dear old gentleman who had travelled much in Europe, and whose fund of anecdote was the delight of my boyhood.

It is told in sorry style now, compared with the elegant manner of the charming old friend who gave me the details; and though I have retained the main features of the story, yet must I crave the indulgence of those who read it for having put it in a dress so ill-suited to the one from whom I obtained it.

T. A. Metcalf.

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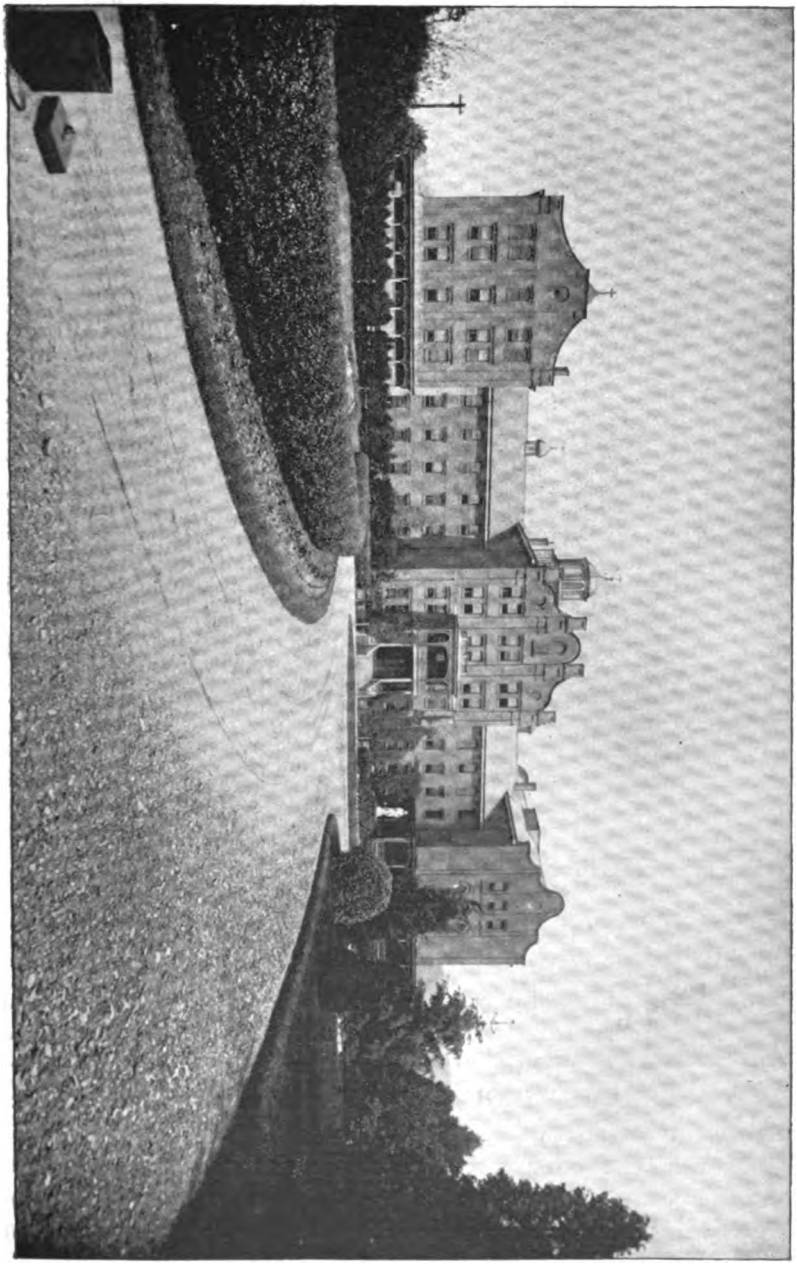

THE GLARING RED IS TONED TO SOFTEST UMBER.

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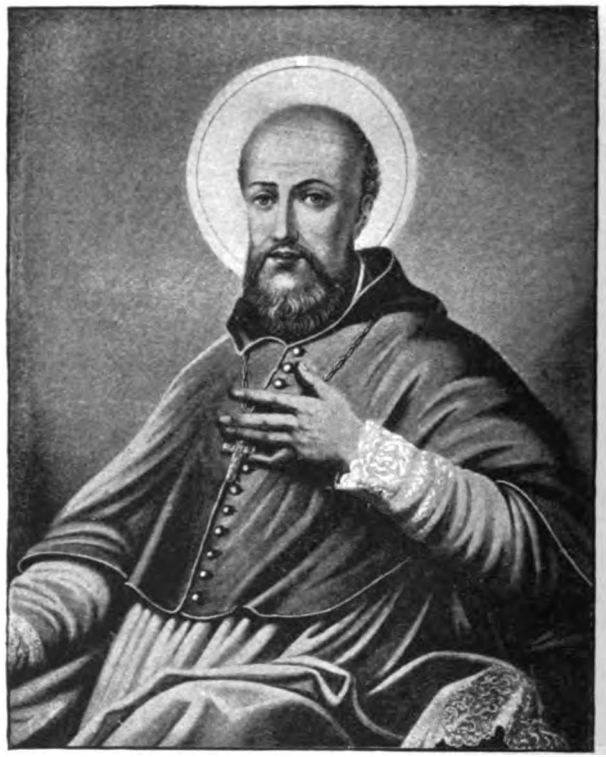

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES, FOUNDER OF THE VISITATION.

THE VISITANDINES AT MOUNT DE CHANTAL.

A MARKED characteristic of the human mind is the facility with which it is impressed with certain ideas by the mere process of repetition. What is repeated frequently and authoritatively, however repugnant to feeling and inclination, finally assumes the aspect of truth, and is often so accepted without further investigation.

Of this character are the slanders against the church of the middle ages. Thrown out in the beginning by those who had rebelled against the stringency of her rule, they are, even at this date, meekly accepted by her votaries, or repelled with but half-hearted zeal, because these accusations have been repeated so often, and thundered forth so vociferously, that we are deafened by the clamor and more than half convinced by the persistence.

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THE CHAPLAIN'S HOUSE NEAR THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

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Human nature ordinarily cannot be divested of its passions and follies, and while the church retains this human element there will be among her children sad instances of treachery and rebellion. Naturally, those who have deserted from her ranks

RT. REV. R. V. WHELAN, D.D., FOUNDER OF THE SCHOOL.

are her most bitter enemies, and seek by traducing her to find excuse for their dereliction. Prominent among these were the leaders of the so-called Reformation.

The burden of their accusation was that the church was sunk in superstition and idolatry, that she was opposed to progress,

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and that she pandered to ignorance and vice. They and sometimes their successors, in the face of refutation, repeat these allegations, proclaiming them from the rostrum and the pulpit, till they have fully convinced themselves, and in great part their hearers, "that they speak whereof they know," when in fact the wisdom and authority of the church formed the only bulwark during all those ages against the barbarism of the North, the crafty sophistries of the East, the obscenity of the "unspeakable Turk," and the arrogance of imperial Rome. She held them at bay in their onsets made singly, and she alone, by the strong arm of authority, controlled the heterogeneous peoples born of their combinations.

The ways of God, however mysterious to man, work always to his own ends, and the machinations of the wicked serve but to manifest his power; thus the ages of persecution are marked by a greater affluence of grace upon the church, and heroes of the spiritual life rise up to defend her. The storm of wrath and rebellion that swept over Europe in the sixteenth century brought in its train the most powerful reaction of grace that has ever come to the church, and at a time when the world resounded with declarations of her irremediable corruption, with prophecies of her imminent destruction, were raised up those marvels of zeal, piety, and learning, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Vincent de Paul, and St. Francis de Sales.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE, THE APOSTLE OF THE SACRED HEART.

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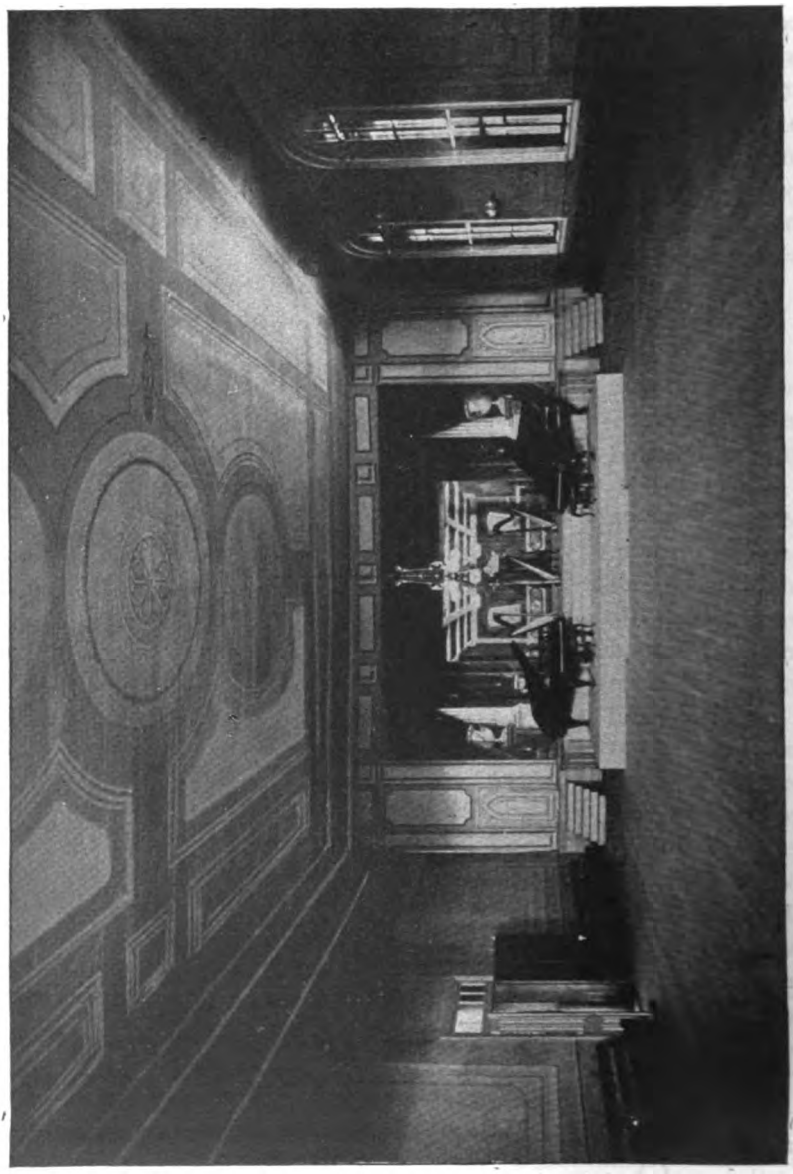
These three were in themselves brilliant exemplars of the very characteristics of the church which heresy had chosen to deride or to deny: abnegation, charity, and profound erudition.



IN MUSIC MT. DE CHANTAL DESERVES TO RANK AS A CONSERVATORY OF HIGH STANDING.

They also were founders of religious orders whose members were to spend their lives for the poor, to instruct the ignorant, and to reclaim for the church, from the horrors of paganism,

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more children than the Reformation had swept from her arms. These are the orders which to-day stand as monuments to her purity, sanctity, and truth. The members of the Society of Jesus are her bravest soldiers, who live but to defend her; the

BISHOP KAIN.

world with one accord gives testimony to the self-sacrifice, devotion, and sublime courage of the Sisters of Charity; while the Sisters of the Visitation are no less renowned as the guides and instructors of youth. The one order ministers to the ills of the

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body, while the other trains to virtue and develops into wisdom and grace the minds of those who will ultimately mould the characters of men.

Of all the religious orders existing at the beginning of the seventeenth century there was none whose spirit and rule perfectly responded to the exigencies of the church, and at the same time offered a régime suited to those calm and gentle souls who have no attraction for the austerities of asceticism, or whose strength would not justify its practice. To supply this deficiency was the design of St. Francis de Sales in the establishment of the Order of the Visitation. His connection with it was twofold: he originated the idea of such an institute, and he moulded and directed another mind to carry out the plans which he had conceived.

LILIAN TAYLOR, THE POETESS OF THE SCHOOL.

St. Francis de Sales was the son of a noble house, born at Annecy, near Geneva, in 1567. His early studies were prosecuted at the Jesuit College of the Paris University, and he afterwards took his degree of LL.D. at Padua. As was remarked by Henri IV., at whose court he was filling a diplomatic mission, "the Bishop of Geneva unites in the highest degree illustrious birth, rare learning, and eminent piety"; he was also distinguished by a dignity, gentleness, and suavity of manner that won all hearts. He was appointed in 1599 coadjutor, *cum jure*, to the Bishop of Geneva, and consecrated soon after.

In 1603 the bishop, on a visit to Dijon, met Madame de Chantal, a woman whose clearness of intellect, strength of will, and greatness of soul marked her as the fitting instrument of great designs.

It was hardly to be supposed that a woman of such strength

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TO THE RIGHT IS THE NUNS' CHOIR.

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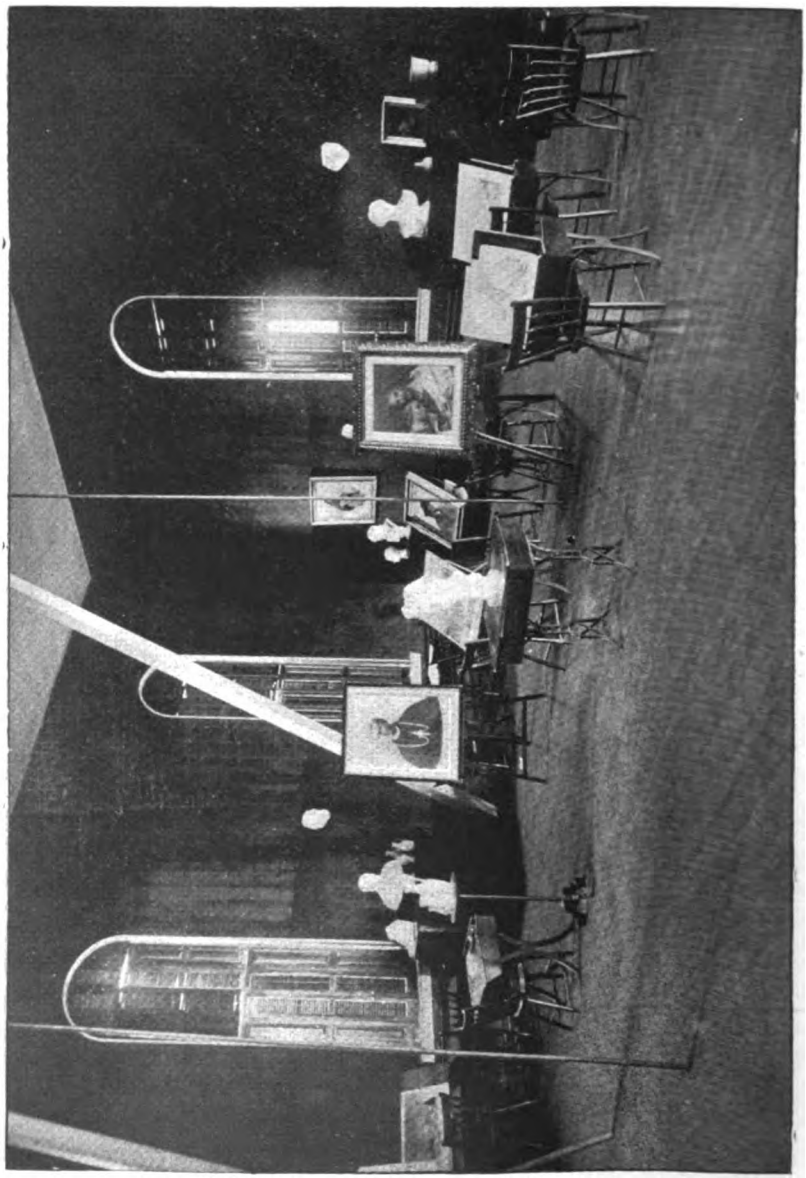
and resolution would have been the founder of an order whose characteristics are pre-eminently mildness and gentleness, nor was such her original intention. Her first attraction was to Carmel



THE STUDIO OCCUPIES THE STORY OVER THE CHAPEL.

—she loved the perfect seclusion, the austere rule, and the perpetual contemplation; but such was not the life to which she was called.

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Brought in contact with a mind the true complement of her own, her force and energy were controlled by the sweetness and mildness of the most amiable of men. Together they instituted the new order, and together they drew around them hosts of devout souls, amiable yet strong, magnanimous yet humble, simple and serene: scarcely bound to earth, yet already of heaven in the ardor of their aspirations. They had formed a new type of religious life hitherto unknown—calm, simple, frugal; a life like a placid stream—

BARONESS VON OVERBECK, NÉE ROMAINE VINTON GODDARD.

"Deep yet clear, gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full,"

and withal uniting poverty with exquisite neatness.

LOUISE GUBERT, AFTERWARDS SISTER MARY AGNES.

The first house of the order was established at Annecy in 1609; but it was not until 1618 that it was erected into a monastery, with strict enclosure and solemn vows. Within a hundred years there were as many houses of the Visitation in France, and, keeping pace with this wonderful expansion, there was the diffusion abroad, as of a delicious perfume, of the most holy and

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benign influences; thus proving how opportune had been the appearance of the order, and attesting its marvellous adaptation to the requirements of the age.

The oldest cloisters in the United States are at Georgetown, D. C., where is the actual mother house, in the sense that it is the oldest institution of the order in the country, and that from this prolific root have sprung the numerous branches which now exist.

The earliest foundation was at Baltimore, and from it was in turn established the subject of this article—Mount de Chantal, near Wheeling, West Virginia.

This monastery was established by the Right Rev. R. V. Whelan, then Bishop of Richmond. In those days all the country comprising Western Virginia and Pennsylvania was sparsely settled, and Catholics were "few and far between." The tide of immigration seemed to circle around instead of coming into it. The first lines of colonists followed the path of the Jesuit missionaries along the river and great lakes, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the upper springs of the Mississippi, and down that river. Some settlements were made along the Ohio, and Wheeling was for a time a trading-post. She even boasted of a fort, whose site in the centre of the city was still to be recognized a few years since, and around whose memory lingered many tales of thrilling incident and blood-curdling adventure. Since those early days Wheeling had grown to be quite a city; and along the banks of the river other cities had sprung up, dotting the shore from Pittsburgh to Cairo; but from Cumberland to the Ohio the impenetrable forests of the Alleghanies, and the steeps and valleys of the Cheat River, slumbered in almost unbroken solitude.

MADAME BIGOT, NÉE MARY HEALY.

Bishop Whelan found his diocese an aggregation of magnificent distances; and after spending a few years in the East, he removed his residence to its western limit, and finally the State was divided.

The pioneer bishops of this country usually find it necessary to devote their energies, in great part, to erecting churches and schools; and this see was not an exception. As soon as

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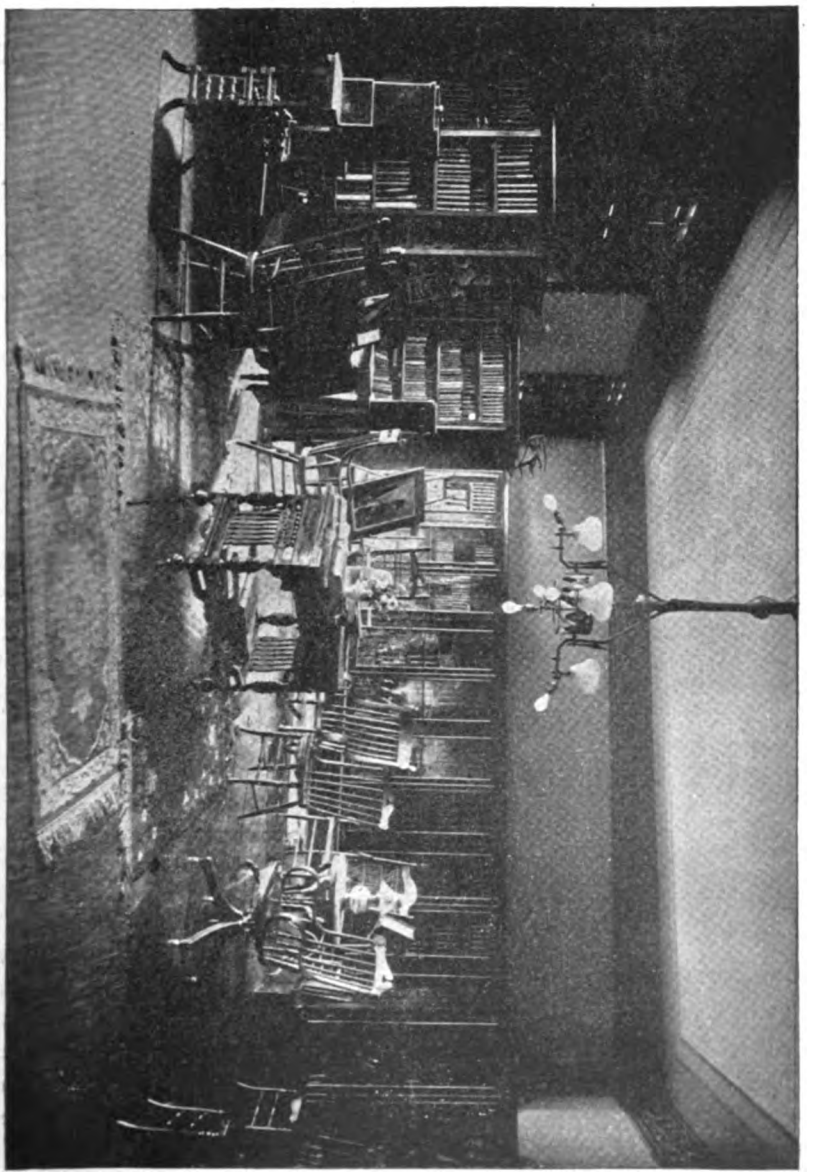
possible after his removal, Bishop Whelan applied for and obtained from Baltimore a foundation of Visitation nuns, who were



A FINE LIBRARY WELL FILLED WITH CHOICE VOLUMES.

at first domiciled in the city, but after some years removed to their present location, about two miles distant.

Twenty-eight years ago the house and grounds presented a very different aspect from the Mount de Chantal of to-day.

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Perched high above the surrounding valley, it was a bare, unfinished, red brick building, without trees or vines. It was approached by an ungraded road, guarded by rough board fences, the grounds cut up with gullies, and strewn with lumber, bricks, and sand. But now what a transformation! The glaring red is toned to softest umber; trees, shrubbery, and vines cluster and climb over sward and lintel; the valley is superb, and the mountains close round it like a guard of honor.

FATHER PARKE. BISHOP KAIN. MGR. O'SULLIVAN.

The changes within are not less marked, and year by year the improvements go on. The monastery was soon completed; the beautiful chapel erected; the science-room supplied with needful apparatus; the library, once a poor little class-room with a few meagre shelves, is now a noble apartment, comfortably furnished, and filled with handsome cases of valuable books; the studio is a fine atelier with a goodly corps of students. All the appliances of modern science are brought into play for comfort and convenience; and from the distant turnpike on a moonless night the noble building, brilliantly illuminated along its whole façade, glitters like a fairy palace.

"Travellers in that happy valley
Through the red-lighted windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-timèd law."

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HERE MAN HAS NOT SPOILED GOD'S WORK BUT BEAUTIFIED IT.

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It is needless to say that the advance in methods and scope of teaching has been quite as great as in material things. It is not too much to claim that Mount de Chantal has kept even pace with the foremost ranks of modern innovation; and that in rule and discipline, in breadth of view and liberality of treatment, she stands well ahead in the progressive host.

Convent-schools have been made the subject of much un-

MISS EUGENIA SCHMIDT, IN THE OPERETTA "CULPRIT FAY."

favorable criticism, and, for the benefit of those who are ignorant of the methods of such schools, it may be well to give a brief outline of the course pursued at this institution.

The curriculum offers the usual course in mathematics, phy-

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sics, and astronomy, for which are provided the necessary instruments and apparatus. Mental philosophy, rhetoric, composition, literature, history, languages, and art criticism form the senior course of three years or more. These have been led up to by regular gradations, through the middle and junior grades, of three classes each, giving for the thorough course nine to ten years.

The course of literature will give a fair example of the method of teaching. It covers four scholastic years, and consists of an earnest and critical reading of English authors, from the earliest to those of our day; a discussion of their merits and faults, a criticism of their style, and finally a written estimate of each author given from the stand-point of the pupil. In the same manner, when a century of history has been finished, a treatise on the subject is expected of the class, giving its principal characters, their exploits, and the synchronisms of the different nations.

A GROUP AT THE BRIDGE.

The lectures on art criticism are accompanied by magic-lantern exhibitions, illustrating the principal types of architecture and other branches of art.

The library contains the works of the best writers in poetry, history, biography, and fiction. Bound volumes of the periodicals of the day fill whole bookcases, and encyclopædias, American and British, occupy the shelves of another. In the Reading Room are current numbers of the best magazines, and topics of the day are not excluded. In the classes of calisthenics exercise is given with dumb-bells, wands, and various drills.

It is almost a work of supererogation to allude to the music school of Mount de Chantal. The founder of this school was Miss Gubert (in religion Sister Mary Agnes), a proficient in

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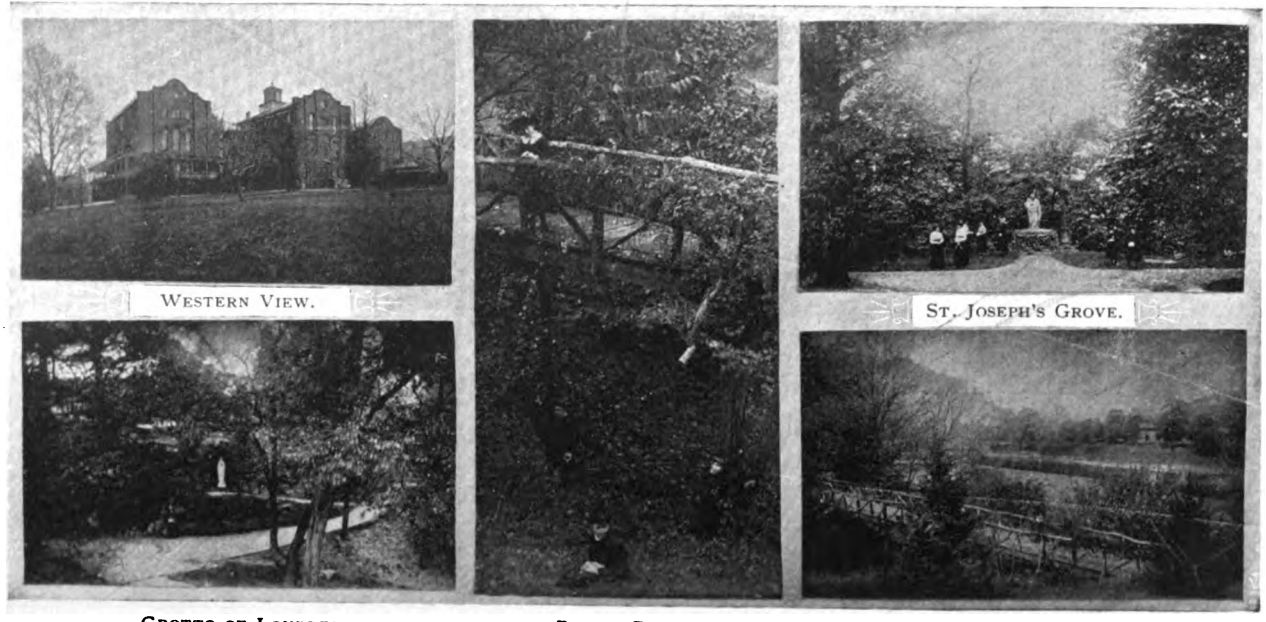

WESTERN VIEW.

ST. JOSEPH'S GROVE.

GROTTO OF LOURDES.

RUSTIC BRIDGE.

BRIDGE BELOW THE GROTTO.

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vocal and instrumental music, whose wonderful talent, developed by thorough and judicious culture, elicited the admiration of the most critical masters. The marvellous power, sweetness, and flexibility of her voice ravished her hearers as with a spell of enchantment. These extraordinary gifts, however, though they won for her the enthusiastic applause of such artists as Thalberg and Patti, and, for the time, shed upon the house of her choice the lustre of her reputation, would have resulted in no permanent advantage to the school had she not possessed in an eminent degree the gift of transmitting her information and her perfection of technique to those who were to succeed her. The first essential of a teacher is the power to impart the knowledge that is in him; without this power, his learning is a talent "hid in a napkin." The qualities of a good singing-master are, a thorough acquaintance with the mechanism of the vocal organs, familiarity with musical literature, a poetic temperament, facility in accompaniment, a knowledge of music, vocal and instrumental. The difficulty of meeting all these accomplishments, combined with the patience indispensable to that vocation, shows how rare a thing must be a competent vocal teacher; and yet this rarity Mount de Chantal possessed in Sister Mary Agnes and still claims to possess in her successors, who have established and maintained a school of music second to none in this country.

SAINT JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL.

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It has been remarked that in all these years, and with these unusual advantages, Mount de Chantal has on her catalogue so few graduates in music; but this fact serves only to show the high grade of excellence necessary to attain such honors.

Prominent as is the school in all the branches of a polite education, in none is there shown more liberal and enlightened principles than in the plan of government. While many philippics have been written against the great laxity of discipline prevalent in our day, the régime of this institution is emphatically that of reason. The spirit of the age is one of independence, and the young American of to-day scouts the restrictions which held in thrall the youth of earlier times. The ancient rigid discipline must be relaxed, but care be taken that its place is filled by a true sense of dignity and honor, based on proper self-respect. Autocratic command and constant supervision are here substituted by a mutual confidence and a high regard for integrity and truth. The brave and honorable will far more readily respond to this liberality, and others are shamed into compliance. This elevated code prevailing, has shown its benign influence in the moral atmosphere of the school, which is marked by a candor and simplicity charming as it is rare; and who shall limit the beneficial results to society in the dissemination of principles so admirable?

AGNES KEANE, NOW MRS. JUDGE MCNALLY.

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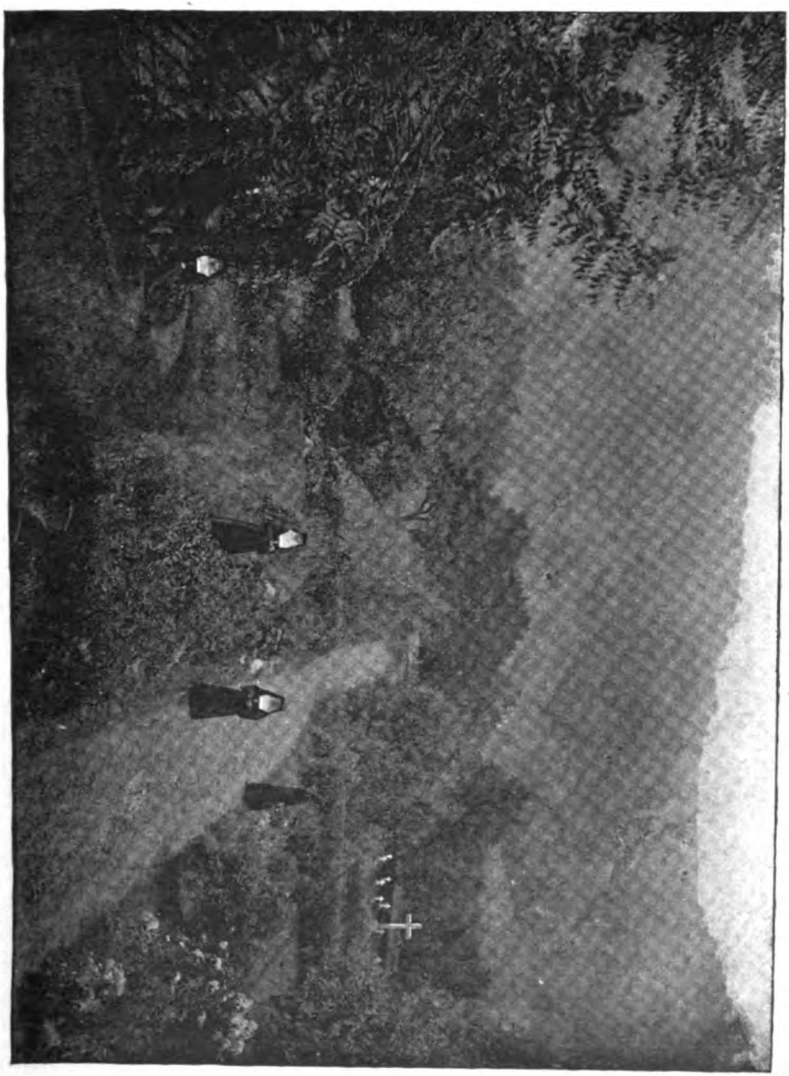
In the early days of the Visitation Order the most brilliant and spirituelle of the women of society had been inmates of those convents, and in our own country how much of intelligence and refinement has been found among the pupils of the same order.



IN THE NUNS' GARDEN.

Among the many admirable women who have gone out from these walls to become ornaments of society our space will permit us to name but few: Miss Mary Healy, the daughter of the eminent artist whose portraits and original works have been

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held in high esteem. As Madame Bigot she has made quite a name for herself and secured a prize for literary work from the French Academy. Miss Romaine Goddard, who graduated here in music on both harp and piano, is the daughter of Mrs. Madeleine Dahlgren, whose literary work is well known, and is living in Germany as Baroness Von Overbeck. Miss Anna Benninghaus, one of the "sweet singers" of the school and of society. Flattered and admired in an unusual degree, she never lost the sweet simplicity of her early youth, and as the wife of Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, whose death we now deplore, she has been one of the most popular and brilliant members of Washington society. Miss Agnes Keane, a young lady distinguished for great personal beauty and grace of manner, having a delicious voice of unusual compass. She is now the wife of Judge Clifford McNally, of Utah, a rising lawyer of Salt Lake City; and Miss Eugenia Schmidt, the first graduate of the institution in vocal music, whose laurels, won at the closing exercises of 1892, have not yet faded on her brow, and whose success in concert has been enthusiastically extolled by the journals of her native city. The photographs given in this article are excellent presentments of the Right Rev. R. V. Whelan, the venerable founder of this institution, whose memory is yet green in the hearts of many of his people; of the present superior of the school and bishop of the diocese, the Right Rev. J. J. Kain, who has been ever ready in word and work to advance the interests of the Academy, and who seems to believe Mount de Chantal one of the brightest jewels in his crown; and of the Very Rev. H. F. Parke, the chaplain of the house, who,

ANNA BENNINGHAUS, NOW MRS. JOHN E. KENNA.

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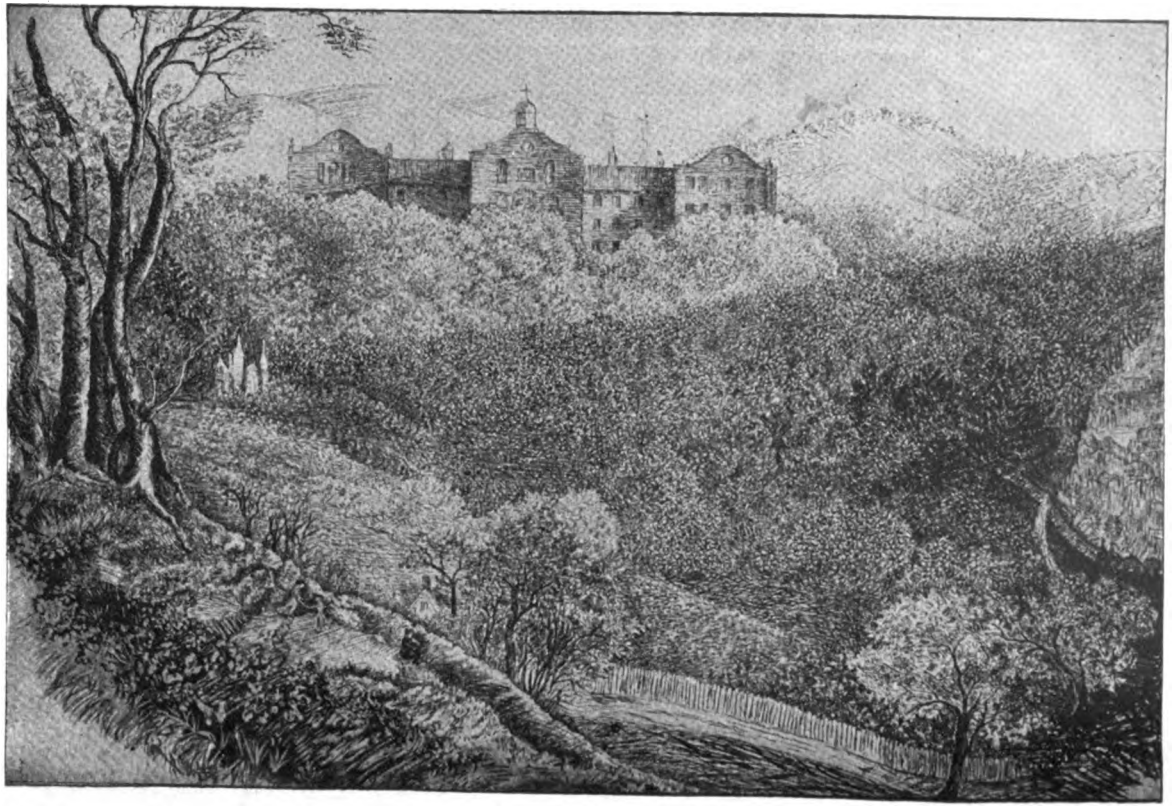

MOUNT DE CHANTAL FROM THE TURNPIKE.

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notwithstanding the fragility of the body in which his brave soul is enclosed, is unwearied in his attendance through the severity of the winter and summer's heat. Not content with administering to the young band committed to his care, he is always willing to extend his labors among the Catholics of the neighborhood.

It would leave this article incomplete to close without allusion to the religious training of the institution which, under the guidance of these venerated superiors, has not been less zealous for the spiritual than for the merely intellectual welfare of the pupils. The study of Christian doctrine and of church history forms, for the members of her communion, a regular division of the classical course, and her Sodalities, her Rosary Bands, and her Guard of Honor combine to foster the spirit of devotion. First among the influences that mould the religious sentiment of the school is the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which here holds every spirit captive and is so universally established in the Catholic Church.

The name of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque is a household word in the community, and, while acknowledging that this manifestation of the Divine Heart was addressed to the whole world, the sisters rejoice in claiming this greatest devotion of modern times as the crowning glory of the Visitation.

ELEANOR S. HOUSTON.

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THE MINORITY IN IRELAND UNDER HOME RULE.

THE principal objection offered to Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule policy is, that it will put the Protestants of Ireland in the power of a hostile Catholic majority. The other objection, that the establishment of a native legislature would lead to the dismemberment of the empire, I dismiss. If there be any force in it, it makes the granting of autonomy to Canada and Australia a danger to the empire. It means that Ireland must be kept in her present condition at all cost and against every principle of justice.

Mr. G. W. Smalley, in the *New York Tribune*, gives voice to the same objection, but only in a more bigoted way, when he says: "The phrase which Lord Randolph Churchill applied to the whole policy of disruption applies to this part of it most forcibly of all—the great betrayal. Nor has there been since Monday from any quarter any hint of help for Ulster or for the Protestant minority scattered all over Ireland. They are to be ruled by the Catholic majority, and the Catholic majority means the priests."

In what way will the Protestants of Ireland be at the mercy of the Catholic majority? Are the Catholics of Ireland so bigoted that they will deny justice to their Protestant countrymen? The opponents of Home Rule are bound to answer these questions. Since the beginning of the controversy nothing has been advanced except rhetorical flourishes about the persecuting character of the Catholic Church, and the ingrained and essential Romanism of Irish Catholics.

THE ACCUSATIONS OF THE ENEMIES OF HOME RULE.

We hear it said that the Catholics are "the ancient and irreconcilable enemies" of the Irish Protestants; that they are the party of disorder, robbery, and treason; that when they get power into their hands they will reduce Ulster to the lawless and poverty-stricken condition of the southern provinces; that they will destroy its industries by taxation; and, finally, that they will establish the Catholic Church.

All these rhapsodies are proclaimed in one form or another by statesmen, publicists, and Orange orators. A sort of frenzy

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seems to possess all alike. It is impossible to find anything in the harangues of Lord Salisbury and the appeals of Lord Randolph Churchill substantially different from the madness of the Rev. Mr. Kane, of Belfast, and of Mr. Johnstone, of Ballykilbeg. A contagious folly seems to possess the Orangemen and their allies. Whoever lends himself to the party speaks as if he had been smitten with moral and intellectual blindness. Even the late Lord Iddesleigh could not escape it. In England no one could be more moderate and sensible than this man, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote. He went to Belfast, and the epidemic seized him; he outranted Colonel Saunderson, and suggested assassination with as much calmness and obliquity of moral sense as the firebrand Kenna himself. With such men argument is wasted. Indeed it is idle to argue with alarmists. The course is, not to heed them.

We are informed that the minority possess all the wealth and intelligence of the country, and that they are two millions in a population of five millions. Without accepting these figures or believing in the monopoly of intelligence and wealth, we may confidently appeal to any man outside an Orange lodge or a lunatic asylum, whether a minority circumstanced like that in Ireland could be safely oppressed. They do not believe it themselves. If they did, the threats of civil war, of non-payment of taxes, and all the other wild utterances of the election campaign would never have been heard.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MINORITY.

To judge fairly of Mr. Gladstone's policy in the face of this clamor, one must have regard to the antecedents and character of this minority, and the purpose it served in the economy of English rule in Ireland.

Sir John Davis and earlier historians called this part of the inhabitants of Ireland the "English." In the seventeenth century there began to be a distinction between the old English and the new. In the eighteenth century the old English, having for the most part shared the fate of the Celtic Irish, the Cromwellians and Williamites came to be called the "English interest," or at times the "Protestant interest." In this century began to be used the phrase the "English garrison," and we have now the "loyal minority" as the latest formula. In addition brilliant writers like Lord Macaulay introduced the term "imperial race." Mr. Froude adopted it with the occasional variation of the "ruling class." The result of all this wild talk

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is that every petty landlord who plundered his tenants, and every emergency man who made life unsafe in the name of law, believed that he exercised the right of a superior over a subject race.

HOME RULE MEANS EQUAL FREEDOM TO ALL.

Mr. Gladstone's policy, then, means only that there shall be no favored section among the people of Ireland—that all the subjects of the queen shall stand equal before the law; that the principle of government which made Ireland so often the weakness, so often the danger, and always the disgrace of England shall be no longer tolerated.

Even if there were a danger to the rights of the minority one would be justified in maintaining that the rights of the nation at large are of more importance. The interests of classes, however considerable, must give way to the interests of the whole community. Every revolution which has enlarged liberty in this and the last century consecrates the principle. But the rights and interests of the minority are compatible with the powers proposed to be given to the Irish people by Mr. Gladstone. He has pointed out over and over again that on the three occasions since the connection of the two countries when the Catholics obtained power in Ireland, they acted with absolute fairness to the Protestants. Their sense of justice can be better apprehended from their history than from the pretended alarms of an oligarchy desirous to retain the power which it has so long abused.

THE GENEROSITY OF CATHOLICS WHEN IN POWER.

Under Queen Mary the Irish Catholics had supreme power in Ireland. Yet they gave an asylum to the Protestants who fled from the persecution in England. This is a fact that cannot be argued away by theories. It is idle to suggest that this was a factitious liberality founded on opposition to English policy—a perverse spirit of charity based on treason. They saw in the preceding reigns the great religious foundations—founded by the piety and munificence of their ancestors for the church and the poor—granted to grasping courtiers and nobles. In their persons and property they had experienced what persecution meant. They could have had no prophetic insight to inform them that in a short time there would be a Protestant reaction, and that it would be wise in time to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

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Again, the Council of the Confederate Catholics in 1642 proclaimed religious liberty as one of the canons of their political creed. This principle is not to be explained away by calling them rebels, and charging that it sprang from the exigencies of their position. Those who argue in this manner reason from an unconscious premise that Irish Catholics have no right to religious liberty at all. It means that in making themselves the equal of Protestants by such a declaration they advance an insolent claim to which they are not entitled. But surely it must be admitted that when men with arms in their hands, and almost the entire of a country in their possession, assert a right to equality, it does not mean that they claim a right to oppress others. Their offence was in asserting liberty of conscience for themselves. It meant that if Catholics could profess their faith with the same freedom as Protestants there would be no more fines for recusancy, no more confiscations of estates, no more compositions of arrears of fines, no more pretences to exact fines, no more inquisitions to be bought off, no more bribes for connivance at worship, no more bribes for informers, jailers, judges, and lords-justices. In this way the Protestant religion might be injured in its members, or the "loyal minority" reduced to the sad necessity of respecting the rights of the majority.

ON A THIRD OCCASION CATHOLICS RESPECT THE RIGHTS OF THE MINORITY.

I now come to the third occasion on which the Catholic majority exercised power, namely, when they refused to accept the Revolution of 1688, and declared in favor of James II. Around this period the bitterness of religious and party hatred has raged for two centuries. Upon the actors on the Irish side in that drama Macaulay has poured out his most brilliant and passionate invective. The description he gives of the flight of the Protestants of the North until they found a refuge behind the walls of Derry is, perhaps, the most effective piece of word-painting in the *History of England.* We see families from every town and hamlet and farm-house hurrying in to escape the savage Irishry; men, women, and children leaving their happy homes in the fairest part of Ireland, their well-fenced fields and all that their orderly and industrious habits had accomplished in making a wilderness bloom like a garden—we see them flying from the skeans of the ferocious foot-soldiers or the sabres of Richard Hamilton's reckless horse. We are made to see thousands fainting on the way, and abandoned to their pursuers;

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we see thousands die of sheer exhaustion; and, finally, we accompany the remnant of the imperial race to Derry, "where it turns desperately to bay."

This is a pathetic picture, but it is solely a work of fancy. There is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end—not even that alloy of truth which gives *vraisemblance* to fiction. We have the clearest evidence that the Protestant freeholders in the district around Derry lived during the siege in perfect security. Archbishop King, who is Macaulay's authority for the events of this time, does not give warrant for this highly-colored picture—except by the rather vague statement that it was the intention of the followers of King James "to rob one-half of the Protestants and hang the other half."

No doubt, in the war then raging between the Irish and the Councils of Union—which acted as a provisional government for the Williamites—many families left their homes and sought protection in the strong towns. Numbers fled to Dublin, for instance, and found perfect safety among the Catholic majority and under the Catholic government. Such panics are incidents of every war. But the fact that the Protestants were able to reach whatever places they chose to fly to sufficiently disproves the idea of pursuit. As late as the year 1867 the very partial rising of the Fenians caused the Protestants in many districts to fly to the towns near them in order to enjoy the protection of the military and police. With as much justice it might be said these persons had been hunted by the Fenians from their homes. We all know that the Fenians showed the greatest courtesy and consideration to all classes—in fact, on the trials of those men in 1867 this was proved by the witnesses for the crown—but if the interest of any faction would be served by defaming them, some scribe as unscrupulous as King in 1689, or Pigott in 1889, could be found for the purpose.

THE CLASS WAR OF 1879.

I perfectly well remember the pictures published by the English illustrated journals, during 1879 and the succeeding years, of incidents in the class war then going on in Ireland. Families drove out to dinner escorted by servants armed to the teeth. A running footman or outrider ran or rode in advance, keeping a vigilant lookout. Yet there was nothing like these pictures to be witnessed in Ireland, although they were received in England with unbounded trust. Every landlord or agent and his family went about their affairs as usual. The only differ-

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ence observable was what a witness before the *Times* Commission deposed to as evidence of revolution and throat-cutting—that the tenants and lower orders no longer took off their hats to their betters, as they had been accustomed to do. Misrepresentation was useful to a political party, and it was supplied in every form, by picture, letter-press, and column, more abundantly than the future historian of the time will relish. Irish people regaled their friends in England with narratives of what was going on before they left Ireland, or read letters from their agents or relatives tending to show the evils of the unhappy country and the perils to which loyal persons were exposed.

When this could be done now it certainly could have been done two centuries ago. I have no doubt but that accounts far more false than any of the later years were circulated in 1689. I am strongly of the opinion that numbers of those who were permitted to take away all their effects from the houses, and sell the cattle from off the lands which by right belonged to others, told in England that their lives were endangered, their houses plundered, and their lands laid waste by the ferocious mobs of Irishry who were again massacring the Protestants as in 1641.

THE PRACTICAL RESULT OF KING'S WORK.

Undoubtedly Mr. Lecky has come to the conclusion that King's narrative is utterly untrustworthy; but he is the sole authority for statements handed down concerning the government and Parliament of 1689. Every writer on the anti-Irish side down to Macaulay accepts him. All the legislation which began in 1692, and which we have in its latest development of contempt and ferocity in the Crimes Act and County Councils Act of Mr. Balfour, is the practical result of King's work, the *State of the Irish Protestants under King James's Government.* At least from the pages of King a new stimulus was given to the doom *væ victis* decreed by the Protestant Parliament of 1692 against the Irish nation.

When his right reverend brother, Dobbs, Bishop of Meath, preached the court sermon before the lords-justices in 1691, the object of which was to rouse the government to a due sense of the enormity of keeping faith with Papists, it would be an injustice not to give King credit for the remote suggestion of that pious doctrine. At all events, the treaty of Limerick was violated with a haste, an indecency, a fanatical cruelty which cast eternal infamy upon the victorious party in Ireland and the English government.

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How easy it was to accept the libels of any ruffian when they would advance the interest of this faction and the policy of England! King was the son of a person of the humblest origin among the debauched and fanatical Presbyterians who settled in Ireland under the Plantation of Ulster. The influence of a man of position in the part of Antrim where King was born secured him a sizarship in Trinity College, Dublin. Young King, with true Irish-Scotch regard for his advancement, abandoned "the errors of Presbyterianism for those of Episcopacy." He wrote a work defending arbitrary power and denouncing the impiety of resistance when James succeeded to the throne. His principles were rewarded by lucrative appointments in the church. The revolution broke out, when, forgetting his doctrine of passive obedience, he favored the rebels against James. He was imprisoned on suspicion. On his release he showed his gratitude to the government that did not hang him for treason by writing his libel entitled the *State of the Protestants.* For this he was rewarded by William of Orange, who made him Bishop of Derry—the third richest see in Ireland—and shortly after he was translated to the archiepiscopal see of Dublin.

THE CATHOLICS IN THE TIME OF KING JAMES.

We think, therefore, that the interested misrepresentations of Archbishop King may be set aside, and a judgment formed of the liberality of the Catholics from the enactments passed by them in their Parliament and from a review of the circumstances of the time presented by Charles Leslie, a Protestant gentleman who had himself with great courage opposed what he regarded as an illegal act of King James's government.*

James landed in Ireland on March 12, 1689. He issued one proclamation summoning all Irish absentees, on their allegiance, to assist him in the war with William, and another proclamation summoning a Parliament in Dublin for May 7. "In the Lower House," says Mr. Lecky,† "there are said to have been only six Protestant members. In the Upper House the Protestant interest was represented by from four to six bishops, and by four or five temporal peers." He observes with perfect fairness that the Catholic bishops were not summoned; yet the king had a perfect right to summon them if he thought proper.

The importance of this in estimating the desire of his gov-

* Leslie was son of the Bishop of Clogher. He was exceedingly prejudiced against the Catholics and opposed to a relaxation of the laws passed against them in preceding reigns.

† Hist., vol. ii. 198.

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ernment to conciliate Protestant prejudice cannot be too much insisted upon. Not only had he a perfectly constitutional right to summon the Catholic bishops, but he had an equally constitutional right not to summon the Protestant bishops. Moreover the Protestant peers could have been as legally excluded from the House of Lords and the Protestant members from the Commons as the Catholic peers and commoners had been from the first Parliament of James I., by resolutions of the House requiring members to take an obnoxious oath. But the vicious precedent was not followed. Of course resolutions of the kind would have been unconstitutional; but the Protestants had set the example, and therefore they could not complain if the weapon of injustice should be turned against themselves. Mr. Lecky says that "the corporations appear to have been tampered with by Tyrconnell." He doubtless means by this to account in some way for the small number of Protestants in the Lower House. The implication from the remark is that their charters were violated in order that Catholics should be returned for these places. But the fact is, that there were very few towns in Ireland which had not forfeited their charters by abuse of privilege.* The charters had been violated in the preceding

WITH EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO OPPRESS THEY LISTENED ONLY TO HONOR.

reigns for the purpose of disfranchising the Catholic citizens and burgesses. A privilege granted on condition—and such a privilege was the franchise—becomes forfeited by violation of the condition. It was open to James II. to withdraw the privileges conferred on towns and manors by his predecessors. What Tyrconnell, as his viceroy, seems to have done was to have restored the disfranchised Catholics without at all interfering with the rights of the Protestant electors. The small number of Protestants elected was clearly owing to the fact that the persons of rank and station belonging to that religion had either gone over to the Prince of Orange, or fled to England, or at least had resolved to withdraw themselves from public affairs till the result of the struggle was determined.† Undoubtedly the members in the House were sufficiently numerous to represent the loyal Protestants. Everywhere over the country the Protestants had risen in rebellion against the king. They had disarmed the Catholics

* Leslie's answer to King's *State of the Protestants*.

† Lecky, *ib.* In the two first alternatives they were clearly incapacitated by treason from sitting in Parliament. In the last they did not want to compromise themselves with William.

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and expelled them from their homes. At the very time the Parliament was sitting, though driven from the other provinces after severe fighting, they had a force in Ulster able to contend on equal terms with the royal forces and were hourly expecting an army from England under Schomberg.

ESTABLISHED PERFECT RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.

Under such circumstances one fails to see how there could be a large Protestant representation in the House of Commons. Yet the Parliament established perfect religious equality in the face of that Protestant rebellion, and while the memory was still fresh of the wrongs inflicted upon them during the reign of Charles II.; with the transplantation to Connaught and the massacres of Cromwell still fresh in their minds; with the memory of the shocking tribunals instituted under Charles I. and James I. to defraud their fathers out of their estates; with the 10th of Charles I., by which their fathers could be shipped to the West Indies at the will of the men who robbed them; with the warnings before them of the terrible suppressions of the wars of Shane O'Neil, and Desmond, and Tyrone, when over large districts not one man, nor woman, nor child was left living, nor a beast could be seen "but the wolves and foxes and other ravening beasts of prey"*—with all these calls for vengeance pressing loudly on them they listened only to the voice of honor.

A MONUMENT OF UNEXAMPLED PUBLIC SPIRIT.

In the records of that Parliament its members have left behind a monument of unexampled public spirit, a work of patriotism, of foresight and humanity so far in advance of anything ever done before, so high above the passion and the rage of party, that even enemies should regret the briefness of their day of power. It was some such feeling that caused Grattan a century later to break into a cry of sympathy and admiration: "They were Papists, but they were not slaves!" It was a recognition of what they tried to accomplish which caused the best and brightest part of the Irish press in the era of 1782 to contrast their courage, dignity, and justice with the bigotry, corruption, and cruelty of the Parliaments that succeeded them. And their descendants, wherever their lot is cast—whether at home, or in Atlantic cities, or the mines and railways of the American continent, or by the long wash of Australasian seas—can point

* Holinshed, cited by Mr. Lecky, Hist., ii. 106.

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to them with pride in proof of the high qualities of the Celtic race.

By an act anticipating the policy of Grattan and Mr. Gladstone they declared themselves independent of the Privy Council and Parliament of England, enacting that there was no power competent to bind Ireland "only the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland"; and by the same act emancipated the Irish courts of justice from the corrupt and tyrannical interference of the courts in England.

Just thirty years after, in the ejectment case of Sherlock *v.* Annesley, the same question of English jurisdiction over the Irish courts came up. The acts of the Parliament of 1689 had been blotted from the journals of the Houses; the other official records of their proceedings were, I believe, burned by the common hangman. Therefore the usurpation of the English courts was a title sustained by unquestioned precedent. In the case mentioned the Irish House of Lords asserted the finality of its judgments in appeals in answer to a decree of the English House of Lords reversing its judgment. The English House of Lords retorted by a resolution declaring its authority over the Irish courts, and denying that the Irish House of Lords had any authority whatever; and, what was more material, in getting the declaratory act of 1721 passed by which the English Parliament asserted the right to bind Ireland by its enactments. I cannot help thinking that this bigoted and cowardly body was justly made to feel, and with it the whole "loyal minority" of the day, that it might efface the enactments of its Catholic predecessors with the full approval of England, but that it should not dare to imitate their patriotism and public spirit.

Of course this was really the policy afterwards carried by Grattan to a triumphant issue. I am very far from pretending that many Protestants of the last century were not as ardent patriots as the Catholics of the preceding one. Their names shine across the darkness and degradation of the last ninety years as a light and inspiration to those men now engaged in the task of restoring some of the powers of self-government torn from their country by the Union. But what amazes me is, that so many Protestants, the descendants of the patriots of 1782, refuse to receive the inspiration under which their fathers echoed Grattan when he declared that the spirit of Molyneux, of Swift, of Lucas had prevailed. If their attitude were that the men of to-day are bartering the national inheritance for a compromise, I could sympathize, though I could not follow them. I could re-

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spect them if they consistently maintained that an enlarged parish vestry, under the name of a statutory parliament, was not a restoration of what the country lost in 1800. But they are not consistent. Their pretence, their subterfuge, is that Mr. Gladstone's board for Irish affairs is the first step to the dismemberment of the Empire.

HIGH PRAISE FROM MR. LECKY.

I return to the Parliament of 1689. Mr. Lecky says concerning all their acts, except the act adjusting tithes, that repealing the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, and the Act of Attainder, that "if these had been the only measures of the Irish Parliament, it would have left an eminently honorable reputation." This is high praise from one of the "loyal minority."

It seems plain that Mr. Lecky's own account of the legislation of 1689, which he condemns, amounts practically to a vindication. With all his candor, there is the influence of early prejudice in his treatment of those enactments of the Irish Parliament which appear even accidentally to carry a religious bias. If the pressure of this part of the legislation seemed to affect Protestants more injuriously than Catholics, it is because there were a greater number of Protestant than of Catholic rebels. He indeed explicitly states this aspect of the controversy, which is undoubtedly the true one, but loses sight of it in the course of his examination.

For instance, he condemns the act requiring the members of the different creeds to pay the tithes to their own pastors, instead of to the Episcopalian clergy. His objection is not that Catholics should, in the abstract, be compelled to pay tithes to the clergy of the Established Church, but that the new direction of the tithes was a special loss to the Protestant clergy because it affected them unequally. That is to say, because the Catholic tithe-payers were in the majority their clergy would necessarily have the larger share. The only excuse he can offer in favor of the Irish Parliament is that the doctrine of compensation for vested interests was not then understood. I propose to offer another excuse in the circumstances of the time.

THE QUESTION OF TITHES.

Were the Protestant clergy entitled to compensation at all? Take the contemporary history of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches in Scotland as a parallel. In the interest of the Church of England and of the monarchy, the Stuarts endeavored

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for a long time, by means of a savage persecution, to impose an Episcopal form of Protestantism on a Presbyterian people. The stubborn resistance of the Scotch forced the government to the compromise called the Indulgence—which meant the toleration of those who were called the "indulged clergy" and the persons who accepted their ministrations, on certain conditions. The latitudinarians, by entering into "confederacies and base compliances with the enemy," necessarily deprived the Episcopalian clergy of a portion of their stipends. Surely no one would say that these last, whom a foreign interest endeavored to force upon the people, were entitled to compensation for the loss caused by the compromise. If the Scottish government of the time had maintained their first intention and compelled all Presbyterians to bow to Episcopacy, they would have to deal with the whole people instead of the Cameronians. When these stern and wild enthusiasts gave the government so much trouble in putting down the insurrection of 1679, it is not difficult to judge what would have been the result of a rising of all Scotland, backed by those English Whigs who saw in Charles the pensioner of France and the enemy of civil and religious liberty. Still less when Presbyterianism was established at the Revolution as the religion of the state can it be contended that the Episcopalian clergy were unjustly ejected from the parishes. They had no business there and were in no way entitled to compensation.

'DOES CROSSING THE CHANNEL MAKE RIGHT WRONG?

What is the difference between the position of this alien Episcopacy in Scotland and Ireland? Is there to be one measure for Irish and another for British rights? Or is it because the Irish are Catholics they are to be judged by a different standard from English or Scotchmen? The Irish Catholics, with the power in their hands, did not establish their own religion. They declared absolute religious equality for all creeds, and simply enacted as to tithes that the tithes payable by Catholic or Protestant should thenceforth be paid by each to his own pastor.

The Scotch Covenanters demanded absolute religious supremacy. They would be satisfied with nothing else. Even when they asserted the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience, they charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who not only had not established Presbyterianism but had tolerated other

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sects. The Puritans had only a short time before driven the English clergy from their churches and livings; at the Restoration the clergy returned and expelled the unsurpliced divines from the pulpits.* There was no talk of compensation in either case. For great points of form or criticism, such as whether the church ritual was an English mass, or long hair and a surplice symbols of orthodoxy, the two sections of English Protestantism despoiled each other in turn; and it seems the very madness of cant to impeach the Irish Catholics because they did not abandon to their enemies everything for which they had taken up arms.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE MINORITY TO-DAY.

This really is the attitude of the insolent faction to-day which calls itself the loyal minority in Ireland. Advantages won for all the people of that country by the sufferings and courage of the majority must be conceded to the minority alone. Not a single measure for the last two centuries that has in any way advanced the interests of Ireland has been obtained by the minority. They were too much engaged in upholding their power over the great body of the people to seek reforms calculated to increase public liberty and the prosperity of the country. Whenever their own interests were attacked by trade jealousy from England, they appealed to the masses of the people for assistance. When that assistance had safe-guarded the threatened interest the people were rewarded with new chains and new insults. In fact the minority were maintained by England as a garrison with the privileges of garrison soldiers over the enemy. They were allowed free quarters as long as they were content with robbing, outraging, and oppressing the subject people, but as soon as they were suspected of any intention to establish a common interest with them, they were made to feel that their rights and liberties were only those of jailers over prisoners, slave-drivers over niggers.†

In fact Chesterfield, who was lord lieutenant in the critical

* It should be mentioned that the lands belonging to the chapters were sold at the full price to private purchasers by the Commonwealth. At the Restoration the chapters got back the lands without one farthing compensation to the purchasers. The canons of the cathedrals could only have a life-interest in the chapter-lands, and it seems hard that the remainders expectant thereon should not have been left to the purchasers.

† Arthur Young speaks of an "aristocracy of 500,000 Protestants crushing the industry of two millions of poor Catholics" (*Tour in Ireland*, cited by Lecky, Hist., vol. ii. 310). In 1739 a petition to George II. stated that the Catholics were "daily oppressed by the number of idle and wicked vagrants of this nation by informing against their little leases and tenements if the law gets any hold thereof." The petition asserted that two-thirds of the business of the Four Courts in Dublin consisted of Popish discoveries.

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period of 1745, and by his humanity kept Ireland quiet when both England and Scotland were convulsed by the rising in favor of Charles Edward, uses almost these words to describe the condition of the Irish Catholics. It made no difference what the rank of a Catholic was, he belonged to an inferior race and should be made to feel the difference between him and his masters. Lecky truly states in the following words the effects of this atrocious policy: "A Protestant gentry grew up, generation after generation, regarding ascendency as their birthright; ostentatiously and arrogantly indifferent to the interests of the great masses of their nation, resenting every attempt at equality as an infringement of the laws of nature."

CATHOLICS A DOWN-TRODDEN CLASS.

A Catholic could not carry the arms that were formerly the indispensable sign of the position of a gentleman unless he had a license, which it was often very difficult to obtain. It was necessary to petition the government and Privy Council in order to get such a license; and there is a case mentioned in the departmental correspondence of the Irish State Paper Office where a field officer in the imperial service was refused one. In these and other particulars we perceive the politic creation of a class prejudice even more than of a religious one. It seems monstrous that the policy which accomplished this should be perpetuated, and the persons who have enjoyed the sinister advantage arising from it should be allowed to say that their enemies have been always the enemies of the empire, and should be kept in a condition of social and political inferiority in consequence.

THE MALIGNITY OF TRADITIONAL POLICY.

The malignity of this class prejudice has been pointed out in all its cynical significancy by Archbishop Synge and by Edmund Burke. Synge wrote: "There are too many amongst us who had rather keep the Papists as they are, in an almost slavish subjection, than have them made Protestants, and thereby entitled to the same liberties and privileges with the rest of their fellow-subjects." Burke, whose study of Irish affairs was profound, expressed the same opinion. Every event of the last two centuries proves its correctness. It seems to me idle to attempt reasoning with those Irishmen or their backers. The prejudices of the first are too deeply rooted to be amenable to argument, the views of their supporters are too well fortified by interest to be surrendered as long as they can be asserted with any ap-

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pearance of advantage. The classes of England, by fixing the attention of the masses upon Ireland, hope to keep their own privileges intact. It is, therefore, in the last degree important that the party of justice should have the moral support of American opinion.

What could be hoped for from a country the condition of whose people is correctly described by the following sentences which Lecky has extracted from writers in the last century. It was "not unusual in Ireland for great landed proprietors to have regular prisons in their houses for the summary punishment of the lower orders";* that "indictments against gentlemen for similar exercise of power beyond law are always thrown out by the grand jurors," that "to horsewhip or beat a servant or laborer is a frequent mode of correction."

RELATION OF LANDLORD TO TENANT.

The fact is, that the condition of the great mass of the Irish people has been described over and over again by Protestant bishops and dignitaries as in the last degree degrading. The landlords ruled their tenants with despotic authority. Arthur Young tells us, in 1776, that if a landlord sent a message to any tenant on his estate whose wife or daughter had found favor in his sight the tenant was only too happy at the honor done him. This ascendency became so ingrained in the social life of Ireland that it survives the many rude checks it has received from the legislation of the last fifty or sixty years, and has been the most potent influence in the election which has just been concluded. No one outside Ireland can conceive its power. I merely suggest, as some mode of estimating it, that although the Earl of Fingall is the premier earl of Ireland, and The O'Conor Don the first commoner in the United Kingdom, both of these gentlemen have less influence with the class to which they belong, and whose policy in the present conflict they have espoused, than the lowest of the ignorant and worthless squireens whose brogue and Protestantism are the most conspicuous of their properties.

Somehow or other this subtle spirit of ascendency seems to escape all analysis. That it is not a matter of race or of religion, in the true acceptation of the words, is to me clear enough.

* Contrast with this the spirit which animated the Parliament of 1689 in passing an act to enable servants to recover their wages more cheaply and expeditiously. These Irish aristocrats were the greatest democrats that ever lived.

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The explanation may be found in the natural antagonism of landlord and tenant, which became intensified when the landlords found in the Land League an organization that would give no quarter. The ownership of the land was the great object sought by English adventurers from the first. Every war of invasion proceeded from land-hunger. Younger sons, or desperate men who had no hope of fortune in England, turned their eyes to Ireland, where there were tens of thousands of acres waiting the first mailed hand that should seize them. What did it matter that the natives were in occupation? A policy embodied in the statute book declared that the mere Irish had no rights; and, naturally, the adventurers did not permit the principle to lapse by non-use.

"It was manifest," says Sir J. Waris, attorney-general for James I., "that such as had the government of Ireland under the crown of England did intend to make a perpetual separation and enmity between the English and Irish, pretending that the English should in the end rout out the Irish." Mr. Lecky, citing from Richey's *Lectures on Irish History*, informs us that the monks of the English Pale did not think the killing of an Irishman a reason to refrain from saying Mass.

THIS IS THE POLICY OF THE MINORITY.

Their power is as great an anachronism as that of the Bulgarian pashas before the war. They cling to the mismanagement and neglect of Irish interests under the existing system because it in some degree preserves their power. For this they are prepared, despite their boast of loyalty, to perpetuate the disaffection which has so often broken forth against the rule that upholds them. They see with indifference the tax-payers and earners of one year becoming the paupers of the next, and look on like idiots at their own approaching extinction: for the emigration that is taking away the life and energy and promise of the country bids fair to realize Swift's suggestion, that the population henceforth should be confined to a few thousand graziers and their herds, with a guard of twenty thousand English soldiers and their trulls to collect the taxes for their own support and the government of Ireland.

GEORGE MCDERMOT.

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

The Voluntary Schools of Great Britain.—In the current number of the *Dublin Review* there appears an article written by one of the government inspectors of schools, and therefore by a man of wide experience and knowledge, which deserves the attention of those who are interested in the school question in this country; and as the *Dublin Review* is under the personal supervision, if not the editorship, of Cardinal Vaughan, the suggestions made by the writer may be regarded as having deserved the attention of the ecclesiastical authorities. At the present time, according to the article, the voluntary system is responsible for the education of the great bulk of the children of the nation; while the revenue is, to the extent of nearly three-fourths, derived from the general taxation of the country. Yet the management of the schools is largely individual, and if representative at all, is only very partially so. Furthermore the management is to a large extent practically irresponsible; it appoints and dismisses teachers *ad nutum;* it regulates to a great extent the course of instruction; it disburses vast sums of money with comparatively slight control. The school buildings are its own, and can be dealt with almost as the managers choose. All this freedom as a matter of fact exists, although the state contributes so large a proportion of the cost.

Proposals for more Effective Organization.—Many will consider this an almost ideally perfect state of things, and perhaps it might really be so were it not for the existence of a strongly aggressive movement for rendering all the schools purely secular. It therefore is important, not merely that the education given in the voluntary schools should in every respect be efficient, but that it should be recognized to be such by the popular sentiment. The writer of this article, therefore, thinks that the management of the schools should be placed under some form of public control; that some way should be found of removing the stigma of hole-and-corner, one-man management; that the despotic method which at present weakens their position, and forms a permanent menace to their continuance, should be superseded by the adoption of the representative

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principle in the governing bodies of the schools. He proceeds to outline a plan by means of which each Catholic school should be controlled in the first place by a local body; this local body, or parochial committee, should itself be brought into contact with a wider popular jurisdiction—the diocesan; and the latter, in its turn, would be in contact with a central and supreme body representing the entire Catholic community. On all these bodies a strong lay element would be engrafted. The germ of this new organization already exists in the Catholic school committee, which has done so good a work for many years on behalf of the Catholic schools of Great Britain. By conceding in some such way as this the less essential privileges the writer of the article hopes to retain for the voluntary system the more valuable rights which it now possesses, and in this way to ward off the attacks of the enemies of religious education.

New Labor Department for Great Britain.—Mr. Gladstone's government has taken a very important step in order to give to the demands of labor a fuller recognition, and to afford to working-men greater assistance on the part of the state. For some time it has been desired by many workmen that a distinct labor-minister should be appointed. The government has not seen its way to gratify these desires in their fulness. It has, however, constituted a separate department of the Board of Trade, under the supervision of a new official to be called the Commissioner of Labor. The first commissioner is an Oxford man of distinction, who has out of sympathy with the difficulties of the laboring class been living for five years in the East End of London, and has made a thorough study of all labor problems. Another official will be the former labor correspondent of the Board of Trade, who for many years was the secretary of a trades-union; and Mr. Robert Giffin, who is looked upon as a statistician almost without a rival in Europe, will have the general supervision of the whole department. By organizing this department Great Britain is only doing what has been done already in other countries. In Switzerland, in France, and in no less than twenty-seven of the United States, official departments or bureaus have been established, headed in our own country by the Department of Labor at Washington. English writers claim, however, that although they have as yet had no distinct and special Department of Labor, the statistical department of the Board of Trade has done valuable and useful work in the way of publishing statistics of strikes, reports on wages and on the state of various industries. And now that they are

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going to have a department of their own, they claim that it will be far more efficient and reliable than any hitherto established; they say that the statistics published by the American Labor Bureaus are of surprisingly little value, being thrown together in so confused a way as to render it very difficult, and sometimes even impossible, to get at the elementary facts about American industry. This is due to inexperienced men being appointed to conduct the work, and to the haste with which the volumes are published. These English writers go the length of affirming that the productions of these bureaus are sometimes influenced by the desire of their authors to afford support to the party to which their authors owe their appointments. The English labor department, therefore, hopes, though later in the field, to excel its predecessors in accuracy and usefulness, and we are sure that no sympathizer with the hard lot of the British workman will grudge him the acquisition—if such should be his good fortune—of the best labor department in the world.

The Labor Gazette.—No small share of the troubles of the working-man is due to the want of information as to the state of trade and of the labor market in different parts of the country. The first thing proposed, therefore, by the new department is to publish a paper, to be called the *Labor Gazette*, to give not merely reliable information on these subjects, but also upon all things relating to the condition of labor. An account will be given each month of the trade disputes begun, closed, or in progress, and of important industrial negotiations, such as arbitrations, changes of sliding scales, apportionment of work between different trades. Monthly digests will be published of the reports of factory and mine inspectors on the state of labor in their districts, and on accidents. Accounts will be given of the action taken by local authorities under the acts bearing on the housing of the poor. Important meetings and conferences—such, for example, as those of the Trade-Union and Co-operative Congresses, of the Miners' Federation, of international congresses on labor questions—will be noticed. The working of the acts providing allotments and small holdings will be recorded. The lady labor commissioner, who has been appointed under the new arrangements, will report on matters connected with women's work. It is also intended to give the retail price level of the chief articles of ordinary consumption as well as comparative tables of wholesale prices of leading articles in the

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chief markets of the world, thus enabling the workman to see whether or not he is being cheated. Notices will be inserted of the more important events affecting labor in various foreign countries, as well as short popular abstracts of the contents of the more important government publications treating on labor. As all this work will be done by skilled and impartial officials, it will easily be seen that, should mistakes be made hereafter, it will not be for lack of information, and as the *Labor Gazette* is to be sold for one penny, and large numbers are to be distributed gratuitously to free libraries, trade-unions, mechanics' institutes, and other institutions, there will be nothing to prevent a wide dissemination of all attainable knowledge on the labor question.

Arbitration of Trade Disputes in France.—While the work of the new department in England is, so far as at present laid out, limited to the collection and dissemination of information on labor questions, and no attempt is to be made by the government to interfere in trade disputes, either by way of arbitration or of conciliation, France has found time in the midst of her Panama agitation to pass a law establishing courts for the arbitration of labor disputes. Under this law the government does not take the initiative, for reference to the courts is not compulsory, although the Comte de Mun, the great Catholic Socialist of France, made a speech in the Chamber in favor of its being so. The law as passed is so framed, according to the circular recently issued by the Minister of Commerce to the prefects, that it can readily be put into operation at the very beginning of a conflict before mutual recriminations have, as is usual, embittered the minds of both parties. The minister, accordingly, urges employers not to be afraid of compromising their authority by giving their workmen, as required by the law, the reasons for their decisions and by admitting the intervention of outsiders, and warns workmen that now strikes will meet with less sympathy, and that coercion of fellow-workmen will be without excuse. The law just made affords an opportunity for bringing their disputes to an honorable and satisfactory conclusion, but presupposes and requires the willingness of both to make use of the means provided. So far as we are aware, compulsory arbitration, although often proposed, has not in any country become law; the difficulty of carrying it into effect being well-nigh insurmountable.

The Agricultural Union.—The Agricultural Conference to

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which we referred last month, and which was so enthusiastic in favor of Protection, and in a less degree of Bimetallism—two proposals which are at the present time looked upon as outside the range of practical politics—is likely to have at least one important result. This consists in the formation of an Agricultural Union, of which all the parties interested in agriculture—landlords, tenant-farmers, and laborers—are to be members. The principle on which it is to work is that all these three classes are equally interested in the prosperity of agriculture, and that what makes for the good of any one will be for the good of the rest, all three being recognized to be, as they really are, partners in one business. Hitherto associations have been formed by the farmers against the landlords, by the laborers against the other two; the parties who should have been the closest allies being the most opposed one to the other. Now, however, "an aristocratic agitator in a black coat," the Earl of Winchilsea, is delivering addresses from one end of the kingdom to the other in order to promote the success of this scheme. The main point being to bring every one interested in agriculture into the union, its programme does not embrace any subject on which there is little hope of obtaining general agreement, and as the laborers have not been converted to the support of protection, this forms no part of the objects avowed. The more modest, and therefore, perhaps, the more easily attainable aims, consist in transference from the land of certain burdens in the way of taxation, the abolition of the middleman, and the protection from disease of flocks and herds. Success seems to be attending upon the efforts made to form this union, and should this be the case, it will afford a valuable means of proving to other trades and occupations that it is not by conflict, but by mutual consideration, that the interests of both the employer and the employed are best secured.

Brief Notes on the Labor Movement.—In this paragraph we propose to give a few brief notes on the progress and development of the labor movement which may be of interest. The differences between the Old Unionism and the New Unionism have almost disappeared of late. This has been brought about by the gradual approximation of the respective views of the two parties, the New Unionists having practically abandoned the more obnoxious of their proceedings, such as sympathetic strikes, and the Old Unionists having adopted, to a large extent, the aims of the New, such as the eight-hours day. Mr. John Burns, who

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in 1887 was looked upon as about the worst specimen of the revolutionary agitator, is now a member of Parliament and of the London County Council, and is considered to be a respectable and a responsible leader. It has not fared so well, however, with one of the other New Unionist leaders, Mr. Ben Tillett; for he, although an alderman of the London County Council, has fallen into the hands of the law for having, as it is said, encouraged the strikers at Bristol to treat with violence those who had taken their places.——A new labor party has been formed called the Independent Labor Party, of which the president is Mr. Keir Hardie. The sphere of its action is chiefly political, and among the objects which it seeks to secure are the nationalization of the land and the acquisition by the community of all the means of production and distribution. As its name signifies, it will be free from alliance with all the existing political parties. ——The results of the memorable strike of 1889 are much in dispute. One thing seems certain, however, and that is that while it has proved to be advantageous to a certain number of men, it has injured others. The efforts of the dock-owners have been directed to give permanent work to the men whom they employ, and to abolish casual labor. Consequently a large number of men, who formerly had a chance to get employment for a few hours a week, are now completely without work. This is bringing to the front in Great Britain the question of the right to labor, that is to say, whether it is not one of the duties of the state or of the municipality to find employment of some kind for all the citizens. This right was recognized by Prince Bismarck in 1884, and forms the principle of many of the measures which under his leadership have been adopted by the German Reichstag; and many who would scout the name of Socialist seem to be adopting similar views in Great Britain.

Committee of Inquiry into the "Darkest England" Scheme.—Our readers will not have forgotten the "Darkest England" scheme of the General of the Salvation Army, and the publication of the Report of the Committee of Inquiry into its working forms a convenient opportunity for giving a brief account of the progress and success of this endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the outcast—of those, that is, who are abandoned by such bodies as the Charity Organization Society as unhelpable. This committee of inquiry was appointed by General Booth's desire to investigate three questions: 1. Whether the moneys collected by means of the appeal made to the public in "Darkest Eng-

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land and the Way Out" have been devoted to the objects and expended in the methods set out in that appeal, and to and in no others. 2. Whether the methods employed in the expenditure of such moneys have been and are of a business-like, economical, and prudent character, and whether the accounts of such expenditure have been kept in a proper and clear manner. 3. Whether the property, both real and personal, and the moneys resulting from such appeal are now so vested that they cannot be applied to any purposes other than those set out in "Darkest England," and what safeguards exist to prevent the misapplication of such property and moneys either now or after the death of Mr. Booth. The committee consisted of five well-known men, the chairman being Mr. Henry James, who is looked upon as one of the shrewdest of investigators, and moreover as in no way biassed in favor of the army; the Earl of Onslow, who has recently filled the office of governor of one of the British colonies; the president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants; a member of the former government, and a member of the present, formed a body at once competent to form a reliable judgment and influential enough to entitle such judgment to respect. The necessity for inquiry arose from the fact that statements impugning the good faith, honesty, and competency of the managers of the fund, and especially of General Booth, had been so widely circulated as to hinder the work and to stop the inflow of subscriptions; and it is characteristic of the spirit of too large a class of people, who neither do good themselves nor wish others to do good, that as soon as the opportunity was given for making a full investigation the man who had been most prominent in making these accusations, although specially invited to give evidence, found an excuse for not appearing.

Results of the Inquiry.—The committee held eighteen meetings and examined twenty-nine witnesses; the "Farm Colony" was visited as well as many of the institutions of the "City Colony"; the president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, with the assistance of his office staff, made a careful investigation of the books and vouchers, and full opportunity was afforded to those who had preferred charges against, or who had adversely criticised, the administration of the "Darkest England" funds and institutions to appear and give evidence before the committee. The conclusions at which the committee arrived were that, with one exception, the funds collected by means

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of the appeal had been devoted to the proper objects and expended in the way set forth in the appeal. The one exception consisted in the building on the "Farm Colony" used as the barracks of the Salvation Army, and as rent was paid for its use this exception was more apparent than real. With reference to the management and employment of the moneys collected, the members of the committee were of opinion that so far it had been of a business-like, prudent, and economical character, and that the accounts had been kept in a clear and proper manner. Moreover they declared that should the general apply any of the property to other purposes he would be liable to proceedings of both a civil and criminal character for breach of trust. In one point they found fault. A general who should misapply the moneys could be punished after the deed was done, but there was no way of preventing such wrong-doing beforehand. Accordingly the committee suggested that trustees should be appointed with carefully limited powers, and that in their names the real property should be vested. This suggestion, however, conflicts with the fundamental principle of government of the army, which places unfettered power in the hands of one man. The general, therefore, has felt himself unable to comply with the proposed arrangement.

Proposals for the Future.—Having been thus triumphantly vindicated, the general is pushing forward his work with renewed zeal. As things are now, he is in debt to the large amount of three hundred thousand dollars. In his book he had asked for half a million to start with, and ninety thousand dollars per year for ten years. The half million he received, but only a small part of the annual income was subscribed. The works were, however, proceeded with, and money was raised by borrowing from the other wing of the army. Since the publication of the report confidence shows signs of reviving, and subscriptions are again coming in. The general is determined to allow nothing to stand in his way. Should the richer classes of the community withdraw their support he will appeal to its poorer members. He has founded for this purpose a Social League which is to consist of three orders, the first of which is to contribute five guineas per annum, the second one guinea, while the third is to consist of those who promise to give or to collect the latter amount. Membership may also be secured by any one who engages to place at least one half-penny per week in a box to be provided for that purpose, and which will be

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collected regularly by agents. General Booth asks his friends to allow these boxes to stand upon their dinner-tables, so that when they sit down to their meals they may be reminded of those who are in want, and may be led to avail themselves of an opportunity of assisting their distressed fellow-creatures. He recalls to their remembrance (without, however, giving due credit for the fact) the customs of their Catholic forefathers, who more or less fed the hungry at their gates or in their halls at the same time as they fed themselves, appealing thus from these days in which the greed of wealth has made England a "paradise for the rich and a hell to the poor" to the times when through faith and charity she deserved to be called "merry."

Operations of the "City Colony."—We have space only for a brief account of the work already accomplished through this the largest effort that has yet been made to modify the existing evils arising from chronic poverty and lack of employment. There are, as our readers are aware, three branches of the work: the City Colony, the Farm Colony, and the Over-Sea Colony. Of these the latter has not yet been commenced, although funds have been set aside and land secured for the purpose. In the London City Colony twelve Men's Shelters and one Women's Shelter have been established where accommodations for the night may be obtained at the cost of from one penny to sixpence, and food at equally low prices. A large number of factories, called "Elevators," have been opened where work is given to all applicants, and a large number of industries are followed. A Labor Registry free of cost has been established, with a central bureau and twelve branches, of which three are in provincial towns. A Prison Gate Home has been opened. Prisoners are met at the gates on their discharge, and housed at the Home for a time, and then either sent to the Elevators or to situations found for them. Attached to the City Colony, but not forming part of it, are a bakery and a match-factory. Besides the Shelter for Women, there are fourteen homes divided into three classes, one for the better class of girls, one for mothers and children, one as a Maternity Home, and the rest for the rougher class of inmates. There is also a Labor Bureau for women, and a kind of missionary enterprise on behalf of the social scheme has been undertaken by what is called the "Slum Brigade." Its members live among the poorest and most degraded, act for them as nurses, doctors, relieving officers; they strive to lead them to improve their position by making use of

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the agency of other branches of the social scheme. Seventy-four women are engaged in this work, which is divided into thirty-nine districts.

Operations of the "Farm Colony."—Passing now to the Farm Colony, which is the second step in the development of the scheme, we find that since its opening 1,002 men have been received there; of whom 462 have been sent to situations; 140 have left on their own account, some of them having run away; 88 were dismissed, and 312 are now on the farm. There are in all 1,629 acres, and the estate is situated at a convenient marketing distance from London. Money has been spent in building piggeries, a granary, a dairy, and a covered yard. Good brick-earth having been found, a railway is being constructed in order to facilitate the transport of the bricks to be manufactured. The work on the farm is divided into nine departments: the farm, market garden, brick-making, chair-making, the home, the stores, butchery, poultry, and general works. It is proposed to start a steam joinery works and a chair-making factory, to provide work during the wet winter weather for the colonists who cannot be employed on the land. The cost of feeding the colonists is now 5*s.* 3*d.* a week. The working at the present time exhibits a loss; but this is not to be wondered at considering that a return on the expenditure cannot be looked for for one, two, or three years to come. What we have said is sufficient to show that a business-like effort is being made to realize the promises given two years ago. To ourselves and to our readers the chief interest of this movement lies in the fact that religious motives are the source of the undertaking. A sadly imperfect religion, as we know, but a vast step upward from mere philanthropy; and therefore we cannot but hope that it may prove so successful as to show that even an imperfect religion is more potent than merely human motives in contributing to the temporal well-being of man.

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TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

I.—HIERURGIA; OR, THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.*

This is a very beautiful edition of an exceedingly valuable book. The *Hierurgia* of Dr. Rock is one of the works selected by John Hodges, of Charing Cross, London, for publication as a part of the Catholic Standard Library which he is bringing out, and is the twelfth of the series. The excellence of the paper, the very great accuracy of the print, the profusion and beauty of the engravings and wood-cuts—there are thirty-seven of them in the two volumes—render these volumes what Mr. Hodges desires the books of the Catholic Standard Library to be—specimens of typographical art. The selection of Mr. W. H. James Weale as editor is fortunate, both because Mr. Weale is a Catholic—Catholic works to be of value to Catholic readers should be edited by Catholics—and because of his well-known reputation as an antiquarian, especially in matters ecclesiastical. He is one of the keepers of the South Kensington Museum. We have compared this edition with the one published in 1851 by C. Dolman, London, and find evidence of the careful editing of Mr. Weale. The first edition of the work, the one of 1833, we have never seen. Mr. Hodges is to be complimented on his discernment in selecting Dr. Rock's *Hierurgia* to be a part of the Catholic Standard Library. The work has been long out of print, and yet we know of no work more valuable or accurate or readable. Father O'Brien's *History of the Mass*, published some years ago, is the only work in English published in this country, as far as we know, that at all approaches to *Hierurgia*. Protestant scholars who desire an intellectual conception, comprehensive in its scope, of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will do well to procure these volumes; while every Catholic scholar cannot well afford to be without them. Anent the projected missions to non-Catholics, rumors of which have come to us, we would suggest these volumes as invaluable sources of information to the preachers engaged in this work. Dr. Rock's *Hierur-*

* *Hierurgia; or, The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.* By Daniel Rock, D.D. Third Edition. Revised by W. H. James Weale. Two volumes. John Hodges, Agar Street, Charing Cross, London; New York: Benziger Bros. 1892.

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gia is too well known to need further comment, nor would it be within the scope of a book notice to review the book in detail.

2.—WASHINGTON ALLSTON.*

It may seem strange, and at first thought would argue that we are an unappreciative nation, that no complete biography of the great historical painter, Washington Allston, should appear until nearly fifty years after his death. But happily the delay of such a fitting memorial is not to be ascribed to the indifference of the host of his friends and admirers, but to their desire that a book worthy of such an artist should make him more known and loved by his countrymen.

All agree that Richard H. Dana, Sr., was the one who could have done this work better than any other, and it was his loving purpose to have made such a biography his crowning life's work; but death intervened.

Dunlap, Irving, Mrs. Jameson, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and a few others have contributed short sketches of his life.

The author of this biography has had before him the notes and plan of the unfinished work of the elder Dana, and has been assisted by Miss R. Charlotte Dana, Mr. George W. Flagg, and other relatives and friends of Allston. His method is that of Newman in writing the *Lives of the Fathers*, the pen-picture of his subject, not the measurement of him according to the abstract principles of art. On this account we have found the book interesting throughout. The general reader is content with knowing the artist in his life and works without learning the lessons which he studied, just as the average visitor of art galleries looks on pictures with pleasure, but would not submit with patience to hear lectures on their style of composition.

The subject of this narrative was born in the State of South Carolina during the time of the Revolutionary War. His boyhood was spent at school in Newport, R. I., where his talent and love for painting were wonderfully displayed. At this time he was fortunate in receiving encouragement from the principal men in this centre of culture, among whom were Bishop Berkeley; King, who was himself a fair artist, and Malbone, who was a celebrated miniature painter. Afterwards he entered Har-

* *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston.* By Jared B. Flagg, N.A., S.T.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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vard College, and during his academical course of study found much leisure for his favorite art; and when he graduated in 1800 had decided to follow the profession of art. Not finding in this country a chance to acquire the cultivation which he desired for his life's work, one year after leaving college he went to London, where he became a student of the Royal Academy, then presided over by Benjamin West, an American, who had already become famous as an artist. Here his progress was rapid; at the end of three years he had acquired the power of conception and facility of execution which afterwards enabled him to rise to the first rank of modern painters. In 1804 he went to Paris, which then contained the greatest collection of masterpieces in Europe, and thus became acquainted with the chief excellences of the various schools, which broadened his taste. A year of hard work in Florence and four years in Rome put the finishing touches to his education.

His most famous productions are, "The Dead Man Revived," for which he received a prize of two hundred guineas, which was purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; "St. Peter Liberated by an Angel," purchased by Sir George Beaumont; "Uriel in the Sun"; "Jacob's Dream"; "Portrait of S. T. Coleridge"; "The Sisters"; and the unfinished "Belshazzar's Feast," all of which are now considered among the choicest works of art.

From 1818 until the time of his death, in 1843, he lived quietly in Boston and Cambridgeport, Mass., devoting nearly his whole time to his profession. He was remarkable for literary taste, which he occasionally displayed in verses; his letters to his friends are beautiful compositions.

He had a deep religious spirit and high moral sensibility, as the following incident will show. Once when suffering from pecuniary embarrassment in London, having sold a picture for a considerable sum, it occurred to him that to a prurient imagination it might have an immoral effect; he returned the money and destroyed the picture.

His personal qualities attracted a most select coterie of friends.

The Life and Letters before us is published in a most attractive form, and is illustrated by eighteen representations of Allston's productions in the best style of printing.

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3.—THE WORKS OF SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.*

We think it well to reproduce here the title-page of the volume before us, as it gives the clue to the projected publication of a complete edition of the works of St. Francis: *Œuvres de Saint François de Sales, Évêque de Genève et Docteur de l'Église. Édition complète, d'apres les autographes, et les éditions originales, enrichie de nombreuses pièces inédites. Dédiée a N. S. P. le Pape Léon XIII., et honorée d'un Bref de sa Sainteté. Publiée sur l'invitation de Mgr. Isoard, Évêque d'Annecy, par les soins des Religieuses de la Visitation du Ier Monastère d'Annecy.*

The present volume is the first to appear of this important publication. It is not within the scope of a book notice to do more than indicate the importance of the work and its contents. The dedication of the work is to Leo XIII., *Pape de Saint Rosaire, Docteur de la société moderne, indefatigable Zélateur de la Prière et des Études.*

The first volume contains the letter of the Holy Father, with an admirable French translation, granting permission to dedicate the work to himself. It also contains the decree *urbis et orbis*, "*Quanto Ecclesiæ*," of Pius IX. declaring Saint Francis a Doctor of the Church, and the solemn brief of the same illustrious pope, "*Dives in Misericordia Deus*," to the same purpose.

These documents are followed by a letter of commendation from Louis Isoard, Bishop of Annecy, addressed to the readers of the present volume. The general introduction by the learned Dom B. Mackey, O.S.B., is a most interesting essay on the life, work, and character of the saint, and constitutes not the least valuable portion of the present volume. Dom Mackey writes under the following captions: I. Intellectual growth of St. Francis, viewed from the history of his works; II. Character of the works of St. Francis; III. Former editions of the works of St. Francis; IV. The present edition of the saint's works. The general introduction comprises some seventy-five pages.

In passing, we may refer to the admirable preface written by Dom Mackey to the English translation of *The Catholic*

* *Œuvres de Saint François de Sales, Évêque de Genève et Docteur de l'Église. Édition complète. Dédiée a sa Sainteté Léon XIII. Publiée sur l'invitation de Mgr. Isoard, Évêque d'Annecy, par les soins des Religieuses de la Visitation du Ier Monastère d'Annecy.* London: Burns & Oates.

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Controversy of St. Francis de Sales, and to the many contributions to Catholic literature from that group of learned Benedictines: Dom F. Cuthbert Doyle, Dom Francis Gasquet, D.D., and Dom H. Benedict Mackey.

After the general introduction there follows a scholarly preface to this first volume, which is also written by Dom Mackey. There is also a list of authors, Catholic and non-Catholic, quoted or named by St. Francis, and of works referred to. The list serves to show the great erudition of the saint. It is curious to note how thoroughly he was acquainted with the writings of Luther, there being no less than twenty-four of Luther's works mentioned in the list.

The main part of the volume, comprising some 387 pages, is devoted to *Les Controverses.* At the end are *Attestations d'authenticité jointes a l'autographe conservé à Rome dans la Bibliothèque Chigi.*

Finally the volume concludes with a *Glossaire des locutions et mots surannés employés par Saint François de Sales dans les Controverses*, and a table showing the new order followed in this edition as compared with the older ones.

The great importance of the works of the great modern Doctor of the Church is the warrant for sending out this magnificent edition of his works, and the care and attention shown in the publishing of this first volume is a pledge of the thoroughness with which the other volumes will be prepared.

4.—FOUARD'S SAINT PAUL.*

We have received from the hand of the author the history which he has just published of the three great missions of St. Paul the Apostle.

Such a work comes to our hands at this moment like a welcome visitor in a lonely hour. While we are preparing to follow in the footsteps of our great patron in evangelizing the non-Catholics of our land, we are often tired and weary. We take up such a work as this of the Abbé Fouard and read in the eloquent language, terse and vigorous, in which he writes, of the life and apostolic labors and journeys of the saint, and our hearts take fire and are filled with zeal to do great things

* *Saint Paul ses Missions.* Par l'Abbé C. Fouard. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

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for God. To those, and there are many, who are interested in the conversion of the people of our country to the faith, this book will be a guide and a help. There are many points which the men of this age and this generation have in common with the age and generation of St. Paul the Apostle. It will need men, therefore, with the spirit *omnia in omnibus* like him to meet the difficulties and needs of our people. The book shows how St. Paul met his audiences; shows who and what they were, and how the great apostle adapted himself to them. We commend it, therefore, to the serious and earnest study of our fellow-workmen in the priesthood. We are glad, also, to be able to say that there will be for sale very soon an English translation. We hope to give a more extended notice at that time.

We hope also, at some day in the not far distant future, to have another volume on St. Paul's conversion and preparation for his apostolate, and his last visit to and death at Rome.

5.—BROWNSON'S VIEWS.*

"Believing that many persons are deterred by the cost and the size of the complete edition of 'Brownson's Works,' in twenty volumes, from owning and reading them, it has been thought likely that a small book of extracts containing that writer's views on questions of great interest would be acceptable. In this busy age, also, men have not, or fancy they have not, time to read anything larger than a small duodecimo; and although it is impossible to make extracts from any author of the first order of genius that will not suffer by being torn from their connections, and consequently the author is placed at a disadvantage before the public, yet the spread of sound principles on the subjects embraced in this volume seems important enough to warrant the undertaking." These words are from the preface of the volume before us. They are true and wise. For the very reasons stated by Major Brownson his present work will prove most acceptable. During the past eighteen months the writer of this notice has entered the libraries of some twenty or more of his friends, in various parts of the country, chiefly those of clergymen, and in many of them he has seen the complete works of Brownson. A natural question has been, Do you read

* *Literary, Scientific, and Political Views of Orestes A. Brownson.* Selected from his works by Henry F. Brownson. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

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Brownson? And the answer has invariably been, Yes, and with profit always. Sometimes the question was put in these words: Have you read all of Brownson? An expression was at once visible on the face of the party addressed which showed that a foolish question had been asked. Indicating that your question was fair and earnest, you were answered by being asked, How and when could I, busy as I am with the cares of a parish, have had time to read twenty volumes, and read anything else? Major Brownson is right. Men have not, or fancy they have not, time to read anything larger than a duodecimo. In nine cases out of ten it is more fact than fancy. But Dr. Brownson is much read nevertheless. His works to those who have the means to possess them are reference books of great value, and his authority on most subjects of which he treats is of great weight. One clergyman to whom the question, "Have you read all of Brownson," was put, answered, "No, and do not expect to. But I often read him. In the evening, when I feel that I will not be interrupted, I take down a volume at random, and read with very great delight whatever I happen on." This may be a very inexact method, but it is the way of busy people. So this volume of extracts will prove valuable. It will serve as a sort of index to the complete works, for from the extracts one will be induced to go to the original for thorough information on the subject in hand. The book is sure to go into a second edition. When it does we suggest that not only the volume from which the extract is taken be indicated, but also the title of the work, essay, or review. The extracts are ample and to the point, and are arranged under the following captions: "Literature, Education, The Sciences, The United States, Political Economy, Civil and Religious Liberty, Philosophy, Philosophy of the Supernatural," making in all a volume of some four hundred pages of closely printed matter.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

IN the cozy parlor of a most successful Catholic writer a party of friends met about a year ago to talk over the prospects of the Catholic Reading Circle movement. The conversation was turned into a sort of guessing bee when the question was asked: "How many Catholics have written books of fiction?" Every one agreed, after mentioning many names, that the total number would hardly exceed one hundred. The Columbian Reading Union is now prepared to furnish a list of over two hundred Catholic writers of fiction, whose complete works would make a collection of about one thousand volumes. After many plans of arrangement had been tried and discarded, it was finally decided to limit the list to those story-writers and novelists whose names could be found on the title-page of a book; hence the names of many who have written exquisite stories for THE CATHOLIC WORLD and other publications could not be included. By the methods of co-operation which we have encouraged, this list can be fully completed if each one who perceives any omission will promptly send the information to the Columbian Reading Union.

* * *

For the tedious work involved in the preparation of the list of fiction-writers we are indebted to the Rev. John Talbot Smith. To him it was a labor of love for the sadly-neglected makers of our Catholic literature. He makes no attempt to disguise his indignation in pointing out some of the errors of catalogue-makers and publishers, who send forth books which are not as the authors wrote them; change titles, and make translations appear as original works, in many cases omitting even to mention the name of the author. Many stories have appeared whose authors are unknown. The Catholic Publication Society Co. deserves honorable mention for unrewarded efforts to classify accurately the works produced for the Catholic book-trade in the United States. Next in merit are the catalogues issued by Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

* * *

For the present we cannot undertake, for want of funds, to send this new list of Catholic writers of fiction free of cost to educational institutions. Only those who have paid one dollar for the year 1893 are entitled to the lists published by the Columbian Reading Union. No generous benefactor has yet appeared this year to pay the expense of sending our documents gratuitously to public libraries. Our efforts for the diffusion of good literature are limited by the funds at our disposal. We hope the friends of the movement in the past will promptly send a substantial proof of their continued interest in our work for Catholic literature.

* * *

The experiment of a Catholic Summer-School proved very successful at New London, Conn., where the first session was held in August, 1892. Since that

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time the question of a permanent location has been much discussed, and several places where inducements were offered were visited by members of the General Council. Every proposal was maturely considered before the site near Plattsburgh was finally accepted. The future home of the Summer-School, known at present as the Armstrong Farm, is beautifully located on Lake Champlain three miles south of Plattsburgh, and contains four hundred and fifty acres of land. There is about one mile of lake-front, and a large section of wooded land which can easily be transformed into a classic grove. The property includes the Bluff Point quarry, from which the United States government took stone to build the breakwater on Lake Champlain. There is a military post near by which the government is improving at a cost of $250,000. The Delaware and Hudson Railroad has a station near the property. There are several buildings on the estate which can be utilized. The estate was purchased by the citizens of Plattsburgh and the Delaware and Hudson Railroad Company for $36,000, and given in fee simple to the Catholic Summer-School. For the purposes of next summer's school the free use is offered of the Plattsburgh Opera House, the High School building, and the Normal School.

The Catholic Summer-School is now organized under a charter granted by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, so that its property will be exempt from taxation, and it will have authority to award diplomas. The General Council of the trustees is limited to twenty-five, of whom five must be business men. The remainder is made up of clergymen and professional men. At a recent meeting the Hon. John D. Crimmins, of New York; Major John Byrne, of New York; J. M. Mertens, of Syracuse; the Hon. John B. Riley, of Plattsburgh, and Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, of Boston, were elected to membership.

The officers of the association are: President, the Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia; First Vice-President, Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., of New York; Second Vice-President, George Parsons Lathrop, of New London; Treasurer, the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.; Secretary, Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, O.; Chairman of Board of Studies, the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.; Chairman of the Committee on Audits, George E. Hardy, of New York.

The Committee on Finance, which has charge of the property, consists of George Parsons Lathrop, of New London; the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.; Major John Byrne, of New York; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, of Boston, and W. R. Claxton, of Philadelphia.

The Executive Committee, which has supreme control of the work of the school, consists of seven members appointed by the Council.

* * *

Those who attended the school last summer have been anxiously awaiting the announcement of the programme for the second session. This programme has not yet been fully completed, but in deference to the many urgent requests the Board of Studies have consented to make a statement through their chairman, Rev. Thomas McMillan, of the plans thus far considered.

Six regular courses, to include at least thirty lectures, have been outlined on the following subjects: Educational epochs, philosophy of history, science and religion, literature, ethical problems, and mental philosophy. Final arrangements for these lectures cannot be completed until the next regular meeting of the General Council. Negotiations are under way, however, to secure Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., Vice-President of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, for the course

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on ethical problems; Brother Azarias, of the De La Salle Institute, New York City, for the course on educational epochs; Charles Warren Stoddard, of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., for the course on literature; Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., of the Notre Dame University, Indiana, for the course on science and religion; Rev. J. A. Doonan, S.J., of Boston College, for the course on mental philosophy, and Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J., of London, editor of *The Month*, for the course on the philosophy of history.

An invitation has been sent also to Brother Potamian, of the Christian Brothers' College at Tooting, England, who is recognized as one of the highest living authorities on electrical subjects. In union with the editor of *Engineering*, he prepared a standard work on the recent developments of electrical science. He received the degree of doctor of science from the London University, and was the first Catholic thus honored by an English university since the Reformation.

In addition to these distinguished names for the regular courses many prominent specialists are expected for the lectures on miscellaneous topics. Among them are Agnes Repplier; Agnes L. Sadlier; Judge Robinson, of Yale University; George Parsons Lathrop, of New London, Conn.; Revs. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., editor of *The Catholic World*; J. L. O'Neil, O.P., former editor of the *Rosary Magazine*; T. J. Conaty, D.D., editor of the *Home and School Magazine*; J. H. McMahon, of the New York Cathedral; D. J. O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, Vt., and William Livingston, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. Arrangements are also in progress for a series of illustrated lectures by Messrs. Thomas H. Cummings and Donald Downie.

* * *

The General Council decided unanimously to adopt the report presented at the recent meeting of that body, providing for the appointment of a women's committee of five members, to act in conjunction with the Board of Studies. This auxiliary committee is intended to prepare plans for securing the active co-operation of Reading Circles and other organizations, especially devoted to the interests of women. Except during the time of the session, this work will be carried on by letter. The secretary of the committee will prepare a detailed report for the Board of Studies on all matters calculated to protect women's interests at the Summer-School.

For 1893 the following ladies have been invited to act on this committee: Miss K. G. Broderick and Miss A. T. Horgan, of New York City; Miss E. C. Cronyn, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss E. Gaffney, of Rochester, N. Y., and Miss E. A. McMahon, Secretary, of Boston, Mass.

At the New London session women teachers and members of Reading Circles attended in large numbers, representing New York, Maryland, Kentucky, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, Minnesota, Georgia, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Michigan, Indiana, Louisiana, California, Missouri, the District of Columbia, and Nova Scotia. This list shows the widespread interest that was taken in the Summer-School.

The object of the Catholic Summer-School is to foster intellectual culture in harmony with Christian faith by means of lectures and special courses on university extension lines, conducted by competent instructors, while at the same time combining healthful recreation and profitable entertainment. On this line of principle and of thought the Catholic Summer-School proposes to offer to its students, young and old, abundant instruction in the various departments of knowledge. The spontaneous demand which arose for something of this kind

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met with hearty approval from high dignitaries of the Church in the United States and aroused much interest among laymen and clerics.

The plan adopted for the Summer-School does not conflict with existing educational institutions. It does not aim, nor does it advertise, to fill the wants provided for by colleges and universities, but, on the contrary, is intended to be a helpful auxiliary to them, besides doing a special work exclusively its own. In conjunction with the Reading-Circle movement, it will fill the wants of those who have completed the college course, and of those who never had nor expect to have an opportunity for a college course. It is for persons in professional and private life, graduates and under-graduates, for those who are ambitious in every walk of life to teach and to learn.

* * *

Miss Katharine E. Conway, of the Boston *Pilot*, had a large audience at Cathedral Hall, Rochester, N. Y., to hear her admirable paper on "The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate." Rev. T. A. Hendricks presided. The members of the Catholic Reading Circles were present in large numbers to testify their appreciation of one whose work at Boston has strengthened the Reading-Circle movement throughout the United States. We never felt in sympathy with the theory which would restrain women of acknowledged ability from expressing their thoughts on public questions in the home circle and in social gatherings. Under competent management there is also a work to be done by women, and for the advancement of women's interests, from the public platform, whether their utterances be called readings or lectures. After reading carefully the reports of Miss Conway's paper in the Rochester papers, kindly sent to us by a vigilant correspondent, we feel our convictions on this matter very much strengthened. In many places Catholic women are deprived of some of the best thoughts from thinkers of their own sex, on account of fanciful objections to women appearing to speak on public occasions.

The Rochester *Union and Advertiser* states that, although making no pretension to oratory, Miss Conway has a pleasing and expressive voice easily heard, so distinct is her enunciation. She dwelt on the influence of women in various spheres. In her opinion public life is not generally for woman, and she manifested no sympathy for female suffragists. Numerous instances of the influence of women on affairs of state, society, and religion were given in which she showed that these influences were exerted primarily in the domestic circle, where there was no loss of womanly character. On the question of a college education for girls Miss Conway's opinion was that it is all right for girls with college heads. There are a few women, she believed, fitted perhaps for professional life; but for most women the home is their proper place. Where one woman, by years of study and preparation, has attained a position of public influence, a hundred others, untried and unprepared, are rewarded with indifferent success at the expense of a life of usefulness in domestic circles. The biographies of such women, which appear in papers that thrive on human vanity, give an idea of the cheap and spectacular notoriety which has, in some minds, taken away dignity and comfort.

The regeneration of society will not come from club life, but from quiet, painstaking domesticity. When girls get out of college they should not forget home and its duties. Their standard should be the perfection of womanhood which is better than to be greatest in music, literature, or art. A happy home of virtue and blessedness surpasses the highest worldly fame ever won by women. The women who have wielded the greatest influence in the world were the women

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of the salons. Their power lay in the natural charm of highly developed womanhood. While there are men who quote Byron and Moore on women, there were never so many men who stood ready to encourage women as there are to-day. She is the dispenser of material and spiritual encouragement. In the morning call, the reception, and the dinner party her influence for good lies in generous and cultured hospitality.

* * *

How to Study is the title of a small pamphlet by a professor at Niagara University, New York. Bishop Spalding, in a letter to Father Downing, C.M., says it will be "a great help to students." Bishop Ryan approves it in these words: "The application of this method of study will assist the memory, and help to develop all the powers of the mind." So many patent remedies, which will not be given out for public investigation, are now in vogue, that we are disposed to welcome a learned professor who insists that undivided attention is the best aid to memory, and that the mind can be trained to habitual attention by reason and common sense. His method is plain and simple by question and answer. Having stated that a good memory is absolutely necessary to attain success in study, he proceeds as follows:

"Memory is the recalling of a past *mental impression;* but there can be no mental impression without attention; hence, when no attention has been paid, there is *nothing* to be remembered. You cannot take money out of your pocket if there is no money in it. You cannot recall a mental impression when no impression has been made on the mind.

"*Q.* But do I not remember some things to which I paid but little attention?

"*A.* You remember them just in proportion as you paid attention. If you were only half-attentive, you can only half-remember. Many people injure their memories by paying only partial attention; they expect memory to recall *distinctly* an impression which was *indistinctly* made.

"*Q.* Can you more clearly explain the meaning of the mental impression?

"*A.* Yes; after having steadfastly gazed upon Niagara Falls you easily remember this wonderful scene, because, while you were looking at the Falls your undivided attention imprinted upon your mind a *vivid picture, a photograph,* a 'mental impression.' You do not remember the people you met at the Falls, because, although you saw them, your slight attention to them left on your mind only a *weak* impression which soon *faded* out.

"*Q.* Can you give some illustrations of the effects of undivided attention?

"*A.* Yes. The sun's rays are so powerful when brought to a point by the sun-glass, they will kindle a fire; so when the powers of the mind are brought together by undivided attention, they make a more vivid and lasting impression. The flume collects the wayward waters of a river and puts them to good use. Undivided attention utilizes the powers of the mind by directing them into one channel. Undivided attention may be illustrated by the funnel which controls and unites streams of fluid which would otherwise be scattered and wasted."

A copy of this excellent pamphlet may be obtained for five cents; 100 copies, $3; 200 copies, $5. Send remittance with order to the Treasurer of Niagara University, Niagara County, N. Y.

M. C. M.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has earnestly contended for the principle of Home Rule in Ireland. Its many and vigorous articles during the past decade have done not a little to mould public opinion in favor of a large and generous effort to readjust the differences between the two countries. With considerable pleasure it joins in the general congratulations expressed at the universally accepted measure of Home Rule offered by Mr. Gladstone. The bill is a wonderful monument to the genius, perseverance, and historical insight of the great statesman who has played the chief part in its construction.

It may have a stormy time before it, but it is certain to triumph in the end. There is no section of Irish Nationalists, call themselves what they will, who will be bold enough or unpatriotic enough to attack it. Subject to amendments in some detail, it is frankly accepted by all. This is in itself a splendid augury, not only for the prospects of the bill, but for the no less serious problem of the future peace and progress of a long vexed and unhappy country.

In the able paper of George McDermot the only real objection as yet offered to the bill is effectually answered.

Father Ryder's article on "Modern Biblical Criticism" will be read with a great deal of interest in view of the many discussions among scholars as to the limits of "Inspiration." Among the sects higher criticism has almost demolished the last stronghold of their faith, and in the contention as to how far the divine responsibility extends many have entirely thrown aside the Sacred Book.

Father Ryder, with all his deep learning and theological acumen, gives us a luminous exposition of the Catholic position. The present article will be followed by another dealing with the vexed question of the "Obiter dicta."

Christian Reid's vivid description of the wonderful "Valenciana Mine," with its enormous output of silver, with its magnificent stairway leading for two thousand feet into the bowels of the earth, with its twenty-eight miles of underground passages, reads like a tale of the Arabian Nights. The *patio* process

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of reducing the ore seems quaint in comparison with our modern stamp-mill, but it is doubtful if any better process for a certain class of ore has ever been invented.

The interesting narrative taken from the Journal of the Sisters living at the Arctic Circle will induce many a generous one to bestow on them a little of what we enjoy so much living within the pale of civilization. They are now enduring as best they can the dreadful colds of an Alaskan winter. It will be July before they get the first news from the civilized world. The boat that leaves San Francisco in June should carry some generous donation from THE CATHOLIC WORLD readers.

CORRIGENDA.

For Arminians, on page 748, line 25, read Armenians.
For Driado, page 748, line 32, read Driedo.
For test., page 748, line 12, read lect.
For quod, page 752, line 32, read quoad.
For encourage, page 753, line 21, read envisage.

NEW BOOKS.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Words of Wisdom from the Scriptures. A Concordance to the Sapiential Books. Prepared from the French (Migne's collection). Edited by Rev. John J. Bell. With a Preface by Very Rev. A. Magnien, S.S., D.D.

George T. Dixon, Toronto:
The Archdiocese of Toronto and Archbishop Walsh, with an Introduction by His Grace the Archbishop (Jubilee volume). Illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
Froebel and Education by Self-Activity. By H. Courthope Bowen, M.A. (The Great Educators.)

Burns & Oates, London:
Œuvres de St. François de Sales. Tome I., Les Controverses.

Macmillan & Co., New York and London:
Don Orsino. By F. Marion Crawford.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
A Moral Dilemma. By Annie Thompson.

Catholic Truth Society of England:
A Mother's Sacrifice, and Other Tales. By A. M. Clarke.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago:
First Steps in Philosophy (Physical and Ethical). By William Mackintire Salter.

PAMPHLETS.

The Tenth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Indian Rights Association, 1892. Philadelphia: Arch Street.

The Theocracy and the Law of National Caducity. A Reply to recent dissertations on the *Temporal Power.* By the Author of "Civil Principality." London: Burns & Oates.

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